Érin Go
Bragh
by J G W

See description
above

1938

2206-1

Saturday

June 23

Light rain.

Arrived this afternoon about four, per Chas:

Rosalind Richards Henry Richards

Also Bob Arthur, Cookee, per truck with dunnage; also George Hunt, and John Black.

Found everything wonderfully far along, Walter having got more done than in any year hitherto: tents up, (all but Mammoth), float out, boats ready, painting done, pantry, kitchen, etc., clean as a whistle, ice in, wood down, etc, etc.

Mrs. Cook came to officiate until the Hammonds arrive on Wednesday. Chests were unpacked before supper-time, and contents stowed; beds were made up with time for a good little reading from "John Splendid" before bed.

3-154

Sunday,

June 24.

More light rain.

More unpacking was done today, until everything was pretty well stowed, and things began to look fine and ship-shape.

In the afternoon arrived:

Charles Wiggins Jr

John Wiggins

C. Wiggins III.

Good supper, and the beginning of "A King by Night", a desperate thriller.

Monday,

June 25

Again Showers.

Today there arrived per car:

Greg Wiggins
J. Arnold Lowell, Jr.
J. Randolph Burke (per A.S.)

bearing with them in triumph their wonderful gift of a new shell.

Also arrived per car: Richard T. Flood

And: James C. Cooley G

And later per train; Elizabeth Sherburne
Sara C. MacDermot.

fish were caught and noble work done in the store-room by R.T.F., J.C.C., and J.A.L.

6 BASS

Tuesday,

June 26.

Also Showery.

Today was marked by no new arrivals, but made famous by much labour. The boats and eggs were put out in the afternoon; and J.G.W. did mighty fishings, bringing in a fat bass.
2 Perch

TOTAL FOR SEASON

7 Bass
2 Perch

Wednesday

June 27.

Showers.

A day of many arrivals. Before breakfast came the early birds: Eliot T. Putnam Jr
John W. Putnam Jr

Then R.R, went in to Gardiner, and came out bringing with her: Laura E. Richards
Laura E. Wiggins
Rosalind Wiggins.

Later, per Lincoln, arrived: Laura Elizabeth Wiggins

and also Billy Bones whom Patsy endeavoured to keep in a proper attitude of submission, resulting in several incipient battles of great ferocity.

In time for supper arrived per car:
Robert H. Shaw
Elizabeth Shaw
Carleton A Shaw
Julia W Shaw
John D Shaw

Also came Mr. and Mrs. Hammond and Clayton Lynds.

On the afternoon train also came:
B. Preston Schoyer

J.G.W. caught 1 bass and 5 perch

Total for season:

8 bass
7 perch

Thursday

June 28

Cloudy but clearing.

Today again much labour. The pie-plant was planted in the afternoon, and the spring-board erected.

In the afternoon to our sorrow J.R.B. and J.A.L. jr. departed, bearing with them J.C.C., who will return, however, om Saturday with the boys.

John Richards June 28th

Theodore L. Reese Jr.

Friday
June 29
Cloudy

Everybody busy. Much checking of stock and finishing up of all jobs.

Just at lunchtime arrived Alice Sherburne, for the week-end, having come by auto from Brookline.

A terrific rainstorm after supper, in the middle of which came word that the good Lincoln - which had been conveying R.R., L.E.W., Charlie and Laura to Gardiner and Oakland - had found the hill on the other side of the baseball field too slippery and had refused to come up it. It was easily persuaded by about ten-man-power, the only mishap being that a few kind people got too near the rear wheels and received a perfect shower of mud.

The wanderers had supper with reading - or reading with supper, perhaps.

After supper also came

M. L. Miller

Saturday
June 30
Cloudy.

Right after breakfast the Wiggi departed in grand style for Deer Isle, where they will be this summer.

By the New York train arrived:

Lawrence Terry
Charles Cook

Just in time for lunch came Mrs. Richard and her eldest boy bringing: Trumbull Richard

Early in the afternoon came:

Malcolm Muir Jr.
John Mallory

All the last pickings up went off well, and everything was shipshape for the Grand Army which arrived, manned by J.C.C., at about 3:40; everybody being remarkably brown and fit, as if they had been in camp for weeks already.

Most of the Old Hands passed the Swimming Test, and the New Draft did wonderfully well. E. Sh. had already passed hers in the morning.

The early arrival hour allowed plenty of time for unpacking and looking about.

Spin the Platter in the evening: the Participants not yet in expert form, so there were many forfeits redeemed by a Wheel-Barrow race, clog-dancing, songs, cock-fights, and many more valiant deeds

The Upper House - The Half-Past Niners - are a good number, enough for all the half-past nine games, Black-Board Relay, etc;

Cutler
Wallace
Snelling
Jameson
Mallory
Pillsbury
Russell
Stevens S.

Saturday Con't.

The game of the evening was Conglomeration, which was started a little late to finish reading all the lists, but even so some very good ones were heard.

Lauriston L. Scaife

David Hall
Oliver H. Everett
John C Bates
Isaac Tucker Burr 3rd
F. Abbot Goodhue Jr.
Loring Swain Jr.
C. M. Talbot
Haven Ladd
Robert Hackett
R M Devens.
Sam Stevens
Stephen Stanton
William Wallace
W J Mixter
David Emmet Howe
Joseph O. Procter 3Rd
John S Howe
Peter Alsop

Daniel S. Cheever.
Roger Marvin Scaife
Daniel R. Sortwell Jr.
Robert B. Cutler
John W Ewell
Billy Butterfield
George Hall
Samuel R. Payson
Louis Griswold
Robert E Jameson
Fenton Trimingham
Howard Snelling Jr.
Cornish Bassett
Briscoe Bell Jr.
Robert G. Russell
Billie Goodwin
Gordon Auchincloss II
Samuel Pillsbury
Jim Stevens

Sunday
July 1.
T. 66.5
B. 29.67
Cloudy.

It rained hard (again!) most of the night, but this morning the clouds seem clearing up a little, and it may be fair.

Everybody seems in good form - all but J.D.S. who, alas, is in the infirmary with a sash.

The first bed-making and Laundry collecting went well. Service at ten, as usual, and after service those swimmers who had their letters written went out in boats.

Swim after the First Weighing, at eleven-thirty. All the New Draft but two or three passed their tests, and those few can swim a little, living up to last year's record of no non-swimmers.

After dinner, preparatory to the Shakespeare reading, Mrs. Richards read the Ancient Mariner through. Then each boy read two verses while Mrs. Richards and L.L.S. rated them for parts for Julius Caesar which will be read next Sunday.

Senior Soccer

St. Alphonsus	St. Pats
L.T.	J.G.W.
E.T.P.	J.C.C.
M.L.M.	R.T.F.
L.L.S.	T.I.R.
J.W.P.	B.P.S.
Stevens S.	Cutler
Mallory	Jameson
Wallace	Snelling
Russell	Trimmingham
Pillsbury	Muir
Stanton	Howe J.

The Soccer season started well, and the game, having many veterans in the line-up, was most thrilling. For the St. Alphonsus,

Sunday Con't.

E.T.P., L.T., Pillsbury and Russell did much good work, while for the St. Pats J.G.W., J.C.C., and Muir starred.

First Quarter: And a very exciting one too. Many threats of scores were made before about half-way through E.T.P. made a spectacular goal from the side.

Second Quarter: This quarter was marked by much rushing from goal to goal, and T.I.R. evened the score for the St. Pats, making it 1-1.

Third Quarter: At first the St. Alphonsus' rushed ahead with two goals made by L.T. and Russell, but the St. Pats rallied nobly with a goal by R.T.F., leaving the score 3-2-

Fourth Quarter: Another exciting quarter brought the score to 4-2 for the St. Alphonsus' with a good goal by Pillsbury.

Junior Soccer

St. Aloysius	Pere Marquette
Buttfield	Mixter
Alsop	Bassett
Bettle	Auchincloss
Bates J.	Devens
Everett	Cheever
Shaw R.H.	Hall C.E.
Burr I.T.	Ewell
Payson	Cook
Ladd	Richard
Talbot	Swaim
Goodhue	Goodwin
Griswold	Hackett
Hall D.F.	Howe D.
Procter	Scaife
Sortwell	Stevens J.

First Junior Soccer was played with much energy, which was, however, not as skillfully directed as it will be later on. There was much rushing up and down, several near goals, and some wild scrambles, which, due to very evenly matched sides, left the game at the end of the fourth quarter at 0-0.

The picnic was in the Living Room, because of spattering rain, and was a very good one. A new kind of sausage was tried out for possible use for fishing picnics.

J.R. read the Toll House by W.W.Jacobs, a good ghost story, after which hymns went very well for the first Sunday.

For Half-Past Niners, as always on the first Sunday evening, Mrs. Richards read The Feet of The Young Men, and.007.

Monday
July 2
B. 29.78
T. 67
Warm and clear

The first fair warm day. May there be many of them! In morning reading we began Pilgrim's Progress and a Gipsy of the Horn by Rex Clements, a good sea story.

First squads went off well. The aquarium was cleaned out, the yard squad picked up around, and lamps were cleaned. Most of the new draft however went over the scouting field with J.R. to learn the ropes a little.

This morning also marked the opening of the University with J.G.W. and L.T. in charge and E.T.P. in the annex. Those enrolled are: Mixter, Howe D. , Sortwell, Cook, Snelling, Wallace, Scaife, Hackett, and Devens, with possible others to join later.

In the afternoon reading Pickwick Papers was started and the parts for Julius Caesar to be read next Sunday given out.

Baseball Practice

Boston Braves

Cutler
Howe J.
Jameson
Mallory
Pillsbury
Russell
Shaw R.
Snelling
Stevens S.
Trimmingham
Wallace
Buttfield
Howe D.
Muir
Mixter

Providence

Alsop
Auchincloss
Bassett
Bates J.
Bettle
Burr I.T.
Cheever
Cook
Devens
Everett
Ewell
Goodhue
Goodwin
Griswold
Hackett
Hall D.P.
Hall G.E.
Ladd
Payson
Procter
Richard
Scaife
Sortwell
Stanton
Stevens J.
Swaim
Talbot

Boston Braves: This was mostly a practice period, with a few innings put in at the end. E.T.P. and R.T.F. pitched and caught for both sides. J.W.P. also will make promising catching material for Senior Ball. Of the boys Cutler and Shaw R. shone especially.

Providence: This also was a practice period with five innings at the end. Scaife shows up as a good pitcher, and Auchincloss did fine work catching. Altogether there are all the signs of a most exciting season ahead.

A perfect, hot, still evening brought forth boats. Crews went down to the Lagoon to light marsh gas, and returned rather promptly, devoured by mosquitoes. There were also fishing crews, which brought back one bass; and an expedition to Oak. The Ouananiche had her first run of the season, commanded by J.G.W. It seemed good to see her out again. The ever-popular canoe-men lay luxuriously about, propelled hither and yon by vigorous crews.

For the Half-Past Niners Mrs. Richards started The Three Hostages by John Buchan, a good thriller.

J.G.W. caught 26 perch

Total for season:
9 bass 33 perch.

Tuesday
July 3.
B. 29.78
T. 81
Clear and hot

Squads. First Shell Navigation under J.R.

Goodwin
Goodhue
Swaim
Procter
Howe, J.
Buttfield
Muir
Auchincloss

It went off very well with only one catastrophe, when Goodhue upset. J.R. and T.I.R. took out the Pair Oar for the first time. J.C.C. took out the first bushwhacking squad which started work on the northeast corner of the Scouting Field.

During afternoon reading the fishing license man came and gave out licenses to Cutler, Jameson, Pillsbury, and Snelling. Others have been applied for and will be given out when the man comes again.

Sundry Stunts

Ouananiche
J.R.
Hall, D.
Goodhue
Howe, D.
Procter
Stanton
Hackett
Bates, J.
Ladd
Richard
R.T.F.
Swaim

Williwaw
Mallory
Snelling
Everett
Stevens, J.

Pantasote
L.L.S.
Stevens, S.
Burr, I.T.
Ewell

Yammerschooner
J.W.P.
Bassett
Griswold
Sortwell

Identical
B.P.S.
Shaw, R.H.
Cook
Payson

Carrabassett
J.C.C.
Wallace
Howe, J.
Cutler

Erebus
T.I.R.
Trimingham
Devens
Goodwin

Tuesday cont.

Fishing

Arklet	Wobbler	Hornpout
L.T.	J.G.W.	E.T.P.
Muir	Scaife	Buttfield
Talbot	Alsop	Auchincloss
1 bass 1 perch	26 perch	3 perch

Chub	Peanut	Terror
M.L.M.	J.D.S.	Jameson
Mixter	Pillsbury	Russell
Bettle	Hall, G.E.	Cheever
1 perch	10 perch	26 perch

The Ouananiche went over to the west shore, around Monkey point and came home around Oak. They took a fairly leisurely trip as the day was hot and the crew inexperienced, but returned in time for a good swim.

The Williwaw, Yammerschooner, Pantasote, Identical, and Erebus went down to South Beach where they played five very exciting games of Skowhegan. B.P.S. and T.I.R. were the Captains. B.P.S.' side won two games, T.I.R. won two, then by a narrow margin of one shot B.P.S. gathered in the laurels with a score of 3-2.

The Carrabassett went down to Bog Brook, and going up a little way found some bladder-wort which they brought home to the Aquarium.

The fishing was, as the records show, very good and the season is starting in well.

After supper every one went as they pleased until half-past eight, most of the Camp taking advantage of the second still evening to embark in boats.

Total fish:	67 perch 1 bass	For Season:	100 perch 10 bass

The following from J.A.L., who had nobly undertaken shoppings, explains itself.

June 29.

Dear Madam:

At one o'clock today your Mr. Lowell stepped in out of the rain, which appeared to have slightly moistened his straw hat, and opened negotiations with me about double boilers. When he mentioned the size I felt like asking him what his business was, but he reassured me by stating that he was buying said article far a summer camp.

When he mentioned the name of your camp, I remarked playfully that some one had an incurable if not foolish streak of optimism at which he smiled ever so slightly and said, "What about mustard jars and spoons appertaining thereto?"

"What kind of spoons?" said I.

"Wooden spoons," said he.

"A chip of the old block," said I, and the fight was on. At the close thereof, I had contracted to send to your camp, by American Express, one fifteenquart double boiler, and five mustard jars and their attendant spoons, and had further stipulated, under pressure from him, that you were at complete liberty to return any or all of same if same did not meet with your unbounded satisfaction, provided that you did not take all summer about so doing. He on his part said that we would surely get paid for it some day, if your Mr. Flood got round to it and could spell the various names of our firm. His further inquiries about white enamel pitchers rearoused my suspicions, and I asked him if he could show me a sample of your product. He said no, but that if I should go to the North Station Saturday morning, I would see about thirty-seven of them in a raw and unvarnished state, and that the puzzle would be to find the leader. While I was pondering over this remark he seems to have left.

Yours for multi-quart business,

Aloysius G. Dolan.

P.S. Your agent informed us during our conversation that he had had a swell, keen, and nifty time on his last visit to your camp.

Wednesday
July 4.
B.28.79
T.70
Clear.

The glorious Fourth opened with threatening skies which quickly changed to brilliant sunlight and a rising south-west wind. Firecrackers, torpedoes and salutes resounded from the hill, until at nine o'clock every one gathered while Skipper read the Declaration of Independence, first telling us how it had come about. Then we sang The Star Spangled Banner, The Battle Hymn of the Republic, and America. After this the wind rose quite a little, and M.L.M,J.D.S.,B.P.S.,J.W.P., and Cutler, Jameson, and Russell all went out for practice canoe tests. There were only two upsets.

For dinner of course we had George Washington's favorite desert, and in afternoon reading, as always, we had Zadoc Pine, it is better than ever each time it is read.

After reading a sharp williwaw put off the Baseball for a while, but the rain soon stopped and every thing dried off quickly.

Senior Ball.

Ancient and Honourable Artillery Company	King's Own Light Hussars.
E.T.P.	R.T.F.
L.T.	J.W.P.
T.I.R.	J.R.
J.D.S.	B.P.S.
Shaw R.	Cutler
J.C.C.	M.L.M.
Procter	Howe
Mallory	Russell
Wallace	Pillsbury

Despite the heat both teams seemed to be in mid-season form. The A&H.A.C. got to R.T.F. in the first frome to push two tallies across the dish. The Hussars in turn found E.T.P. for two runs to knot the count.

The game resolved itself thenceforth into a tight-mound duel until the sixth frame with the score tied at 4 all

Wednesday Con't.

In their half of the sixth the K.O.L.H. broke the tie with a rally featured by a two base hit from M.L.M's bludgeon, and two fielders choices.

With two out in the first half of the seventh the A. & H.A. bunched hits, notably a triple by L.T. and pushed six men over the rubber to put the ball-game on ice. L.T. in his second trip up succumbed to R.T.F.'s slants and ended the big inning through overconfidence.

In the ninth the K.O.L.H. tried in their turn to rally, but doubles by R.T.F. and J.W.P. fell short when J.R. failed to solve E.T.P.'s delivery to produce runs.

Procter's flying catch of M.L.M's fly in the eighth was the feature play of the day.

J.C.C. crashed through with the base running gem of the matinee, when he hit into the right field woods for an apparent circuit clout, only to be nipped at second base by a sterling play, with B.P.S. in on the business of a double play.

L.T. carried off batting honours when he garnered three hits of R.T.F.'s delivery for a total of seven bases.

A large and colorful crowd did not balk at the inclement weather, and turned out to witness a first class holiday performance.

E.T.P. and R.T.F.

Bug League

Ku Klux Klan

Scaife
Mixter
Talbot
Buttfield
Muir
Howe D.
Everett
Cheever
Burr

Rotary Internationals.

Goodhue
Auchincloss
Swaim
Snelling
Goodwin
Jameson
Cook
Devens
Bettle

[illegible] vs. [illegible] of ______ at ______ 192_

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
0	0	0	1 Howe	7	K		K			4-3			1-3				4				
2	3	0	2 B.P.S	4	2•3 3		4-3	B1			1-3		3				5	1	1		
2	6	0	3 R.T.F.	1	2-3		— S S		6-3		1-3		— 2 2				5		2		2
7	2	0	4 J.W.P.		— E-4 2		B1		K		E-4		=				5	1	2		
12	1	0	5 J.R.	3	1-3			B4	1-3		9 7		1-3				5				
1	2	2	6 M.L.M.	6		— E-3 3		E-6 3 2•3		= 2	—	B3					4	2	2		
2	0	1	7 Cutler	5		K		1		E-3		K					4				
1	1	0	8 Russell	7		6-3		E-6 2 1•2		E-6 S		K2					4	1			1
0	1	0	9 Pillsbury	9		1-3		— 2		B4			= •2				4	1	2		
		0	10																		
		0	11																		
27		3	TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	2/2	0/2	0/2	2/4	0/4	1/5	0/5	0/5	1/6	/	/	/			9		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.
						1-b. on errors.
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.
						Batt'y errors.

Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.

Umpire Double plays por Pillsbury - R.T.F. - Cutler of ______ Scorer ______

R.T.F. - J.R. and J.D.S. - J.R.R.

Ancient and Hon vs. [illegible] of [illegible] at ______ 192_

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
0	0	0	1 Mallory	8	4 2•2		— 4 2•4	— 5 2		K	— 2•0		4-3				5	3	2		1
1	3	0	2 J.D.S	4	= •3 2		E-5 5 4•4	1-3		—	— 2 3•2						5	3	3		1
4	7	1	3 E.T.P	1	2-3		K	1-3		K	=						5		1		
5	1	2	4 L.T	2	E-6		— 3 5•2		= 2		≡ ,6	K					5	2	3		1
14		2	5 T.I.R	3	B		— 2-5		6-4		5•5	— 4-5					4				1
0	2	2	6 J.C.C.	6	6-3		— 2		K		K	6-4					4				
1	0	1	7 Wallace	9		1-3	—		6-3		K						5		1		
1	0	0	8 S[illegible]	5		1-3	3			4-3	H.P. •		— 1-3				4	1			
1	0	0	9 Paxton	7		B8		B6		— 3	E-6 3•2		B1				5	1			
			10																		
			11																		
27		8	TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	2/2	0/2	2/4	0/4	0/4	0/4	6/10	0/10	0/10	/	/	/			17		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.
						1-b. on errors.
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.
						Batt'y errors.

Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
	L.T.	L.T.		
Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.

Umpire R.R. of ______ Scorer E.S[illegible]

Game played at ____________ *On* ____________ *19*

	No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB	R	IB	SH	PO	A	E
BUTTERFIELD	4																		
SCAIFE	1																		
TALBOT	3																		
MIXTER	2																		
MUIR	5																		
EVERETT	7																		
RUGG	9																		
HOWE	6																		
CHEEVER	8																		
TOTALS		2/2	6/8	2/10	0/10	0/10	3/13	2/15											

Between [illegible] *and* [illegible]

	No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	AB	R	IB	SH	PO	A	E
GOODHUE	1.																		
AUCHINCLOSS	2.																		
SWAIN	3																		
SNELLING	4																		
[illegible]	5																		
JAMESON	6																		
COOK	7																		
DEVENS	8																		
BATTLE	9																		
TOTALS		0/0	0/0	0/0	5/5														

A very exciting and spectacular game. The first three innings were much alike. The K.K.K.'s got two runs in the first, six in the second and two again in the third, while the R.I.'s gave a fine exhibit of errors and were put out, one, two, three in a row whenever they came to bat. We prepared ourselves for an unexciting walk-over. In the fourth inning however the R.I.'s took a sudden brace, and tightened up. A fly was caught, a man put out stealing, and one struck out. They held the K.K.K.'s and when they came to bat themselves they rolled up five runs before Goodhue was put out at first.

In the fifth the K.K.K.'s again did not score while for the R.I.'s Swaim made a hit and Goodwin brought him in, before Muir struck out their last man.

With the score standing 10-6 in their favor the K.K.K.'s pulled in 3 more runs in the sixth, but the R.I.'s rallied again and with Goodhue, Auchincloss and Swaim making hits brought in 4 runs, lessening the difference in scores to only three.

In the first half of the seventh the K.K.K.'s hoping to make sure of the game made two more runs but in the last half the R.I.'s stiffened again to a man while their opponents, confident of victory loosened up on pitching and fielding. Amidst wild cheers and delirious excitment the first six R.I.'s who came to bat walked, ran, and stole around the bases until to every one's surprise they carried off the game with a score of 15-16.

When at length it grew dark we had our fire-works. They were all very good, especially the big rockets which burst into

Wednesday Con't.

the most beautiful stars. The mosquitoes were with us as always but we rejoiced to see many of them burnt up in the red lights. Afterwards taps were sung by all hands, in the regulation three circles - shrimps in the middle.

During the thunderstorm two of the white boats had worked loose, broken their cradles, and worked under the slip where they bumped a good deal, but weren't hurt, and were rescued after Faculty Supper.

J.G.W. caught
2 bass
2 perch
1 sunfish.

Total for season:
12 bass
102 perch
1 sunfish
1 chub

Thursday
July 5
B. 29.67
T.70
Clear.

The big event of the day was the arrival we had so long hoped for of:

Dr. Mack md.

H.R. and R.R. drove in town on errands most of which - milk cans, covers, pans, ambroid etc, etc got themselves done successfully.

Sundry Suppers Out

Ouananiche
J.C.C.
E.S.
Richard
Alsop
Hackett
Wallace
E.S.
Goodwin
Talbot
Auchincloss
Mixter
Sortwell

Yammerschooner
J.W.P.
Bassett
Cheever
Hall G.E.

Identical
J.D.S.
Procter
Devens
Griswold

Carabassett
J.R.
Swaim
Ewell
Jameson

Erebus
Pillsbury
Stevens J.
Bates J.

Williwaw
T.I.R.
Howe J.
Cook
Payson

Corker
E.T.P.
Muir
Shaw R.H.
Mallory

Pantasote
B.P.S.
Snelling
Buttfield

Terror
Stevens S.
Russell
Bettle

Fishing

Chub	Wobbler	Arklet	Hornpout	Peanut
J.G.W.	L.T.	M.L.M.	P.N.M.	L.L.S.
Stanton	Cutler	Trimmingham	Goodhue	Ladd
Howe D.	Scaife	Everett	Burr I.T.	Hall D.
55 perch	26 perch	34 perch 1 bass 2½ lb.	31 perch	20 perch

Total 166 perch, 1bass

For Season 268 perch
13 bass

Phillip Mountain

The Ouananiche, Yammerschooner and Identical crews had a good climb up Philip, although a large contingent managed to get themselves lost when they turned to the right, following the old Balsam Brook Path, instead of striking directly up the mountain, and traversed the swamp on the east side of the mountain before finding the path again. They came on the road and went north again up through rising pastures filled with juniper and ferns, through an old maple grove that had been used for sugar, up onto the cliff bluffs to the flat rocks on top.

We could see all of our own Pond, and across the Sandy River to the large group of the Dead River and Rangely Mountains, the largest of which, Mt. Bigelow is 50 miles away.

All hands joined in a spirited game of Wolf before we descended to our suppers, which we ate with the mosquitoes at a very nice place under a big tree, a little way up from the water. The paddle back was very pleasant through a flat calm.

The Islanders

The crews of the Carabassett and the Erebus under escort of J.R. constituted themselves the Islanders, and did a wholly new stunt. They paddled and rowed to the north end of Hoyt's and climbed the highest point of the island (no view, but a nice climb through woods); then visited and explored Indian Island, the small round island in the north-west reach of the Pond, then to Crooked Island, long and thin, one of the most delightful on the Pond, and had a good swim. Last they went up the west side of Chute, through the narrows at the head of the island, down the east side to the south end where they supped, then home: a good trip. (But Sam Pill left his glasses behind on Crooked Island, and they had a lively paddle back for them.)

The Cave-Men

The Cave-Men having landed much further north than usual, had difficulty in locating the object of their journey. During a rest period, however, Sam Stevens yelled through the woods that all was well and we found the caves not a hundred yards away. Those that were not too tired, notably Bobby Shaw, explored the mysteries of the huge rocks. Mallory then showed his Boy Scout training by bringing us right to our landing place, and all swam for half an hour. A quick supper, during which most of the food fell into the water, and then an easy paddle home, around the north end of Hoyt's Island.

Scouting on Oak.

The Williwaw and the Pantasote rowed over to Oak Island and scouted. They played eleven games, each 10 minutes long. The sides were even and the games very close and exciting. In the end T.I.R. won 6-5. After that all hands enjoyed a good swim before their suppers. Snelling attempted a little unsuccessful fishing, and some table games were played ; a good afternoon.

The Stay-at-Homes, H.R., L.E.R., R.R., S.M., and R.T.F., had a good and cozy supper (part of it wild strawberries), and then watched the boats come in against the sunset: a wonderful one, first rose-colour, then purple, the water and sky both glowing all over.

A brief round of Earth, Air and Water after the boats were in. J.G.W. and R.T.F. fished, getting one bass.

Three Hostages for Half-Past Niners.

Total Fish: 268 perch, 14 bass

Friday
July 6
T. 61
B. 29.78
Clear

H.R. began a series of Morning Talks on Ship Building, telling of the long supremacy of English ship-building and its causes; then of our Colonial ship-building, the "King's Pines" marked with His Majesty's Government's "Broad Arrow," etc.

At theend of the First Talk a brief word was said about not being tenderfeet as to eating. The Belgrade Lakes have been well-known fishing grounds for seventy-five years, and we don't want the Camp's fine fishing record to diminish: and only Tenderfeet let themselves be too "choosy" about food, whether fish or game.

Trial Skowhegan

A perfect Scouting afternoon, bright, with enough East breeze for a good rustle on both sides of the ridge; weather, or something, resulting in far the keenest and most exciting First Official Skowhegan ever known in Camp.

The usual jam at the door copying the list, then the usual rush and scurry getting caps and getting to the two assembly places. J.C.C. was scorer, and J.R., E.T.P., R.T.F., M.L.M., roved over the field, observing, and, as needed, admonishing. (You darnes young sucker, don'tpop up like a woodchuck, showing your full height! etc., etc.)

First Game. The starts from both ends were a little slow, that of the Duffers, from the north, a little the speedier. B.P.S. was the first killed, coming in at the end of ten minutes, Talbot a few minutes later, then Swaim.

The new Scouts chiefly showed inexperience in being too cautious, getting down to crawl sooner than was necessary, and so not getting into enemy contact as speedily as they might have. Some of the smaller Braves showed themselves much too much, especially along the Ridge (a few mistakenly choosing the very middle of the path, sitting upright, like woodchucks, and even standing up.)

A lot had to be learned about reporting, not talking loud in the Boneyard, not telling what is going on, not pointing or rubbering, etc. But the play for the first game was good. The fact that the score was tied five-all halfway through shows a very good beginning.

A very good bit of strategy, which we will not give away by describing, was worked out by Shaw and Mixter; and the latter carried off the honors of the game, coming in with a score of five shots and one - the only - run of the game.

Second Game. The second game was a bit faster than the first, though from the Boneyard it seemed quieter, the killed trickling in one at a time, with not much playing visible. The Boobs were weak in both guards and rovers; the guards were killed early, and the rovers, one of the past captains observed, were sitting on the ground, back of the guards, well along in the game.

Well towards the end, everything happened at once, with a lot of firstrate playing. Trimingham brought off a good coup, which cannot, however, be tried often. He Rubber-Ghosted, walking down the middle of the path as if he were a ghost or a non-combatant, killed both the guards before they could realize his real status and what he was about, and scored a run for the Boobs. Sortwell also made a run for the Boobs, good work for a new Brave. Muir, for the Duffers, got into a group

Friday cont'd

of four Boobs at the swamp at the North End (if not rovers, they must have been playing overly slow, to be so far back at that time) shot three of them; crept down below and shot the swamp guard, and scored a run. Scaife also scored a run in the same corner, another new Brave doing good work.

Third Game. The Duffers, as in bothe other games, made the speedier start and played a conquering hand all through. The first Brave to fall, Mixter, overran, and was killed on the first burst.

The next three braves were brought down just as they reached the Boneyard. Mallory did a bit of Rubber Ghosting. Some unwise talking gave away the presenceof one or two men who came in, killed and indignant.

The Duffers had big massed formations on both the woods and sweet-fern sides, both of which overpowered the Boobs. The big battle in the Sweet Fern shot off the Boobs badly, and that in the woods was a massacre. The rush of Duffer Braves bewildered the Home Guard, Trimingham, after they had got Jameson, and he fell, leaving the line undefended.

By four forty-five, fourteen Boobs were killed, and only three Duffers. By four-thirty, the Boobs were so nearly annihilated that the Duffers cast caution aside, stood up, and ran openly at full height, soon even their guards running, a thing seldom heard of. A tremendous score mounted up momently, while the Boobs were being wiped out of existence. By five-forty, only two - T.I.R. and Payson - were left alive, and by the time the runners were sent out to call All In the

Skowhegan

Boobs vs. Duffers

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
T.I.R.		••		X	••		X		
J.D.S	✓				•⊙		X		
Alsop	✓			X			X	•	
Auchincloss	✓			✓			X		
Bettle	✓			X			X		
Buttfield	✓			X	•		X		
Cook	X			X			X	••	
Cutler	✓			X			X	•	/
Ewell	✓				•		X		
Griswold	✓			✓			X		
Hackett	X			X			X		
Hall, D.	X			✓			X		
Jameson	✓			X	••		X	⊙	
Ladd	X			✓			X		
Mixter	X	•••••	1	X			X		
Payson	X			X			X	•	
Pillsbury	✓			X			X		
Scaife	X			✓			X		/
Shaw	X			X			X		
Sortwell	X					1	X		
Stevens, J.		•••		X			X		
Swaim	X			X			X		
Trimingham	✓				•••	1	X		
	10	11	1	11	11	2	29	6	2

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
B.P.S.	X			X	••	1		•	[illegible]
J.W.P.	X				•				[illegible]
Bassett		•X			••	1		•	[illegible]
Bates, J.	✓			✓				•	/
Burr, I.T.	X			✓					/
Cheever	X	••			•			•	[illegible]
Devens	X			X				•	
Everett	✓			X					[illegible]
Goodhue	X			✓			X	•	[illegible]
Goodwin	X	•		X		1	X		
Howe, D.	X	•				1	X	•	
Howe, J.		•		X					[illegible]
Hall, G.	X	•		X					[illegible]
Mallory		•			•			•••	[illegible]
Muir	✓				••••	1		••••	[illegible]
Procter	✓			X	•				[illegible]
Richard	X			X			X		/
Russell	X			X					[illegible]
Snelling	✓			✓					[illegible]
Stanton	X	••			••			•••	
Stevens, S.	X				•	1	X	••	
Talbot	X			X				••	[illegible]
Wallace	✓			X			X	•	/
	13	10	0	11	[illegible]	6	6	[illegible]	36

Friday cont'd

twenty-third Boob, Payson, had fallen; and all the time the runs piled up - two runs, three runs per man (B.P.S. four runs, J.W.P. three runs, Muir, Talbot, Snelling, three runs!) to the utterly unprecedented score of 36-2 - a holocaust!

Things were too tense and keyed up for anything but Digestion Club, and we began the Nemesis of Fire, a hair-raising story by Algernon Blackwood, by the big rock beyond the Rest House. It seemed almost sacrilege to be reading aloud while the Hermit Thrush "sang his rare chime" just overhead.

To everyone's regret, Louis Griswold received word that he must leave Camp tomorrow, his mother having returned unexpectedly from Paris, where she had expected to pass the summer.

Three Hostages for half-past-niners, with very good fudge made by S.M.

Saturday
July 7.
B.
T.
Clear.

After breakfast came the first wrestling.

Goodwin W:82¼
Hall D. W:82½ - Draw.

Ewell W:84¼
Hall G. W:83¼ - Ewell. T: 2' 55"

Cutler W:133
Bassett W:133½ - Draw.

Jameson W:131
Stevens S. W:138 - Draw

Auchincloss W:121
Richard W:114 - Auchincloss T:52½"

Talbot W:82
Buttfield W:82½ - Talbot T:2'54".

To our regret Louis Griswold left before breakfast.

Sad to say, when it was tried out this morning, we found that the aquarium did not hold water, and all the sand must be taken out again, and more asphalt paint put on. Another regrettable but unavoidable occurnce came when one of the dogs discovered a Hermit Thrush's nest. Most of it had been disposed of when Billy Buttfield rescued one baby thrush, and is now keeping it in a nest of cotton wool where it seems quite healthy and devours, for its size, enormous amounts of worm.

Word came this morning that the Wiggins' house at Deer Isle very nearly burnt up yesterday, through a defective stove pipe. Flames had begun to crackle before it was discovered, and proved difficult enough to manage with only the water from a wheezy pump. L.E.W. and C.W. managed however to get it well under control without any outside assistance, and no serious damage was done. If it had been noticed two minute later though, it might very well have been too late.

Mr. Muir arrived today to spend the day.

Saturday Con't.

First Boat and Canoe Practice

Officials:

Float - J.R.
Carriers Out - E.T.P., M.L.M.
Pickers Up - L.T., R.T.F., P.N.M, J.C.C.
Press Boat - L.L.S., R.R., E.Sh'e.

Rangeley Doubles

Time 1:40 3/5

1. Bates J, Howe D., and Sortwell (c.) - Identical
2. Burr, Swaim, and Scaife (c.) - Williwaw.
3. Bettle, Buttfield, and HallD. (c.) - Yammer.
4. Goodwin, Payson, and Everett (c.) - Pantasote.
5. Devens, Hall G., and Cook (c.) - Erebus.
6. Ladd, Ewell, and Cheever (c.) - Terror.

The first three in this race were very close, all within a length. Wild steering slowed down the last three, as none of the allowed quite enough for the wind, which was a brisk south-west.

Rangeley Singles

Time 1:49 2/5.

1. Scaife - Williwaw
2. Everett - Pantasote
3. Sortwell - Identical
4. Cheever - Terror
5. Hall D. - Yammer
6. Cook - Erebus

The first two were quite ahead of the others, and fairly well separated. The race for third, fourth, and fifth places was very exciting, and close however. Cook was handicapped by a violent encounter with the pie-plant, where he got quite mixed up.

Senior Singles - standing

First Heat

Time 2:53 4/5

1. Stevens S. - Grayling
2. Pillsbury - Hecuba
3. Snelling - Pink
4. Bassett - Squannacook

Stevens set a fast stroke at the start, and pulled to a good lead, Pillsbury gradually crawling up on him, however. Steve made the turn first, very neatly, and from the turn in they came in the order they finished. The first two were close, as were the second two also.

Second Heat

Time 4:14 1/5.

1. Jameson - Hecuba
2. Russell - Grayling
3. Trimmingham - Pink
4. Howe J. - Squannacook.

J A stronger, rising wind resuted in poor steering in this rac

Jameson made a poor start, and Russell led the race to the turn where he lost headway, and Jameson, and Trimmingham, made the turn first, neck and neck with Russell close behind them. On the home stretch, Jameson took the lead, and Trimmingham and Russell fought a close battle for the second place, afetr considerable fouling, Russell darted ahead just at the last. A very exciting race.

Third Heat — Time 2:43 3/5

1. Cutler - Hecuba
2. Mallory - Grayling
3. Wallace - Squannacook
4. Shaw - Pink.

From the first Cutler was leading with a very good stroke Shaw was second to the turn, where he lost his headway, and began to sag to leeward. Cutler continued to hold his lead, and won with plenty to spare, while the race for second place was very close.

Finals — Time 2:51 4/5

1. Cutler - Hecuba
2. Stevens - Squannacook
3. Jameson - Pink

A very close race. Cutler had the best start, and paddled very well. Stevens pushed him hard, although not paddling as well, since he changed his paddle from side to side. Jameson made a poor start, but followed close. Cutler made a very good turn coming around inside Stevens, and thereafter held the lead. Stevens paddled hard, but Cutler gained steadily, and won by about two lengths. A very good, well-paddled, and exciting race.

Junior Doubles

First Heat — Time 2:45 1/5

1. Mixter (s.) and Hackett - Grayling
2. Ewell (s.) and Hall G. - Squannacook
3. Auchincloss (s.) and Richard - Hecuba
4. Talbot (s.) and Procter - Pink (upset after turn)

The Grayling got off to a good start, with the Squannacook second, and the Pink third. The Pink made a very quick turn, only to upset just afterwards. The race was now between the Grayling and the Squannacook, the first gaining steadily to win by two lengths or more

Second Heat — Time 2 :55 1/5

1. Stevens (s.) and Swaim - Pink
2. Muir (s.) and Howe D. - Grayling
3. Alsop (s,) ans Stanton - Hecuba
4. Goodhue (s.) and Buttfield - Squannacook.

Muir and Howe led for the first half, paddling steadily, Stevens J. and Swaim however made a better turn, and came on a level with them. From the half-way mark Stevens gained slowly but steadily to win handily over Muir..

Saturday Con't.

Finals. Time 2:55

3. Mixter (s.) and Hackett - Grayling
4. Muir (s.) and Howe - Hecuba
1. Stevens J. (s.) and Swaim - Pink.
2. Ewell (s) and Hall G. - Squannacook.

All made a poor start, but soon recovered, Ewell and Hall made a very good turn, but Stevens and Swaim set a fast stroke and passed them on the last half. The Pink was really disqualified when she went around the buoy in the wrong direction.

Senior Four Paddlers

Time 2:9 3/5

1. Jameson (s.) Howe J, Trimmingham, and Shaw R. - Worro.
2. Stevens S. (s.), Bassett, Snelling, and Pillsbury - Corker
3. Cutler (s.), Wallace, Stanton, and Russell. - Carrabass

One of the best starts so far. Cutler pulled ahead, but was passed by Jameson. All three made good turns, and came down the last half in a bunch, and sprinting finely at the end, Jameson passing Stevens.

Junior Four Paddlers

Time

1. Hall (s.) Howe, Auchicloss, and Alsop - Carabassett
2. Goodhue (s.) Goodwin, Payson, Stevens J. - Worromontogus
3. Mixter (s.) Burr, Swaim, and Ewell - Abol
4. Muir (s.) Hackett, Stanton, and Talbot - Corker
5. Procter (s.) Buttfield, Ladd, and Richard - Eben.

Another poor start, the wind had risen still more and the wind carried them down below the buoys. On the home stretch, however they lined up in the finishing order, and came in well.

First Sing-Song

1. Overture - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - L.L.S.
2. Violin Solo. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - M.L.M.
3. Merryweather Quartette
4. Choruses: Voice of the Bell; Drink, Puppy, Drink; Camp Chantey.
5. Song - - - - - - - - - - Two Little Blue Birds: E.T.P., R.T.F.
6. Stunt -R.R. et al.
7. Stunt: Dick Frye's Revenge - - - - - - -- The Prefects.
8. Camp Song.

It was good to hear L.L.S. at the piano again, we missed him last year. "May Night" was charming, and charmingly played.

Next M.L.M. played for us on his violin two lovely and familiar airs, "The Tombigbee River" and "The Old Kentucky Home" to the great enjoyment of all.

We hailed with delight the Merryweather Quartette, consisting of J.R., L.T., R.T.F., and E.T.P. First they tried to put The Kentucky Babe to sleep, but the infant was wakeful, so they abandonned it and sang sweetly of Daniel and Jonah, also of the Bulldog on the Bank, Pharaoh's Daughter and Little Moses etc, etc.

The choruses went very well for the first time, and showed the great advantage of a "practice sing" beforehand.

The next number was announced as #Two Little Blue Birds" so we were hardly prepared for the appearance of E.T.P. and R.T.F. heavily bearded and crowned with the Brown Derbies. They were tunefully eloquent on the subject of "The Great McClosky Fight" which seems to have been a terrible affair.

The first stunt of the season, was a brief scene from Railway (Station) Life. Cutler, ticket agent, and telegraph operator, sat at his instrument, busily at work. Beside him stretched the rails, running north and south, east and west. Enter, on the further side of the track, Josiah (Mallory), and Mrs. Josiah (Wallace) Mrs J. is hard of hearing and nervous. She will not cross the tracks, there might be a train coming: "Josiah, you go ask that man if there's any train coming coming from the north. I ain't goin' to be killed " etc, etc. Josiah crosses the rails, and puts his question: the operator shakes his head. "No, no train coming from the north. " J. reports to his Missus, but this is not enough. A train might be coming from the south. "Josiah, did you ask that man if there were any trains comin' from the south? You didn't? Well you go straight back and ask him, I ain't " etc, etc. So it went on through all four points of the compass, and not till the exasperated operator declared that no train at all was coming from anywhere did Mrs. J. pick up her voluminous skirts and cautiously step across the dreaded rails.

A funny stuntlet, very well acted.

Then came the sensation of the evening: a Play, no less! Written by T.I.R., and acted by the Prefects Four

Dramatis Personae

Bill Morris (hero) - - - - - - - - - - J.D.S.
Mary Robinson (heroine) - - - - - - - - T.I.R.
Tom Sheffield (villain) - - - - - - -B.P.S.
Father - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - J.W.P.
Property Man - - - - - ---- - - - - - -Payson.

Enter, before the curtain, the first-mentioned four, a theatrical troupe, in great trouble because of the disappearance of their Property Man, considered necessary for the performance of the drama, "Dick Frye's Revenge". It must be given up, no performance possible without a property man.

"We can'tgive it up! Look at this great audience!" As they debate anxiously, enter Aloysius Prune Jr. (Payson).

"I hear you want a property man: here I am!" Much discussion, he has had no experience, but thinks he can"do the job all right". He is dismissed but on the despairing plea of the Heroine is called back and engaged, briefly instructed in his duties. He is to ring the telephone at the proper time, light the electric fire, prompt the actors when necessary etc, etc. He promises faithful performance; but it may as well be said here once and for all - does nothing at all!

Scene Two presents:

Dick Frye's Revenge

The plot is one of villainy and heroism, with the hero (J.D.S.) receiving the paternal (J.W.P.) consent to marry the beautiful lady (T.I.R.), and the villain (B.P.S.) dead. But the carrying out of the plot was not so simple. All was not as it should be behind the scenes. Desperate attempts to light the stage fire resulted in no cheery glow, and the effort was finally given up. On another occasion, the poor villain had to repeat his speech, "Well, I'll be -" three times, looking more and more worried, and then to say, "I think I heard a knock!" No one else had been able to hear it, but he went to the door; nobody there - but the hero enters by another door, which, although it takes the villain by surprise, seems to astonish the hero himself a little too. Cues are missed on every occasion. There is a grand moment when the hero declares ominously that the room is double-locked and impossible of access - when the door is gently opened and in strolls Patsy. The killing of the villain is accompanied by much difficulty, the gun missing fire twice and then going off unexpectedly and hitting the hero in the toe. The result is successful, though, as the villain falls dead - saying "Ouch" when he hits the hard floor, and sneezing a few moments later. But somehow the performance is not as smooth as we should expect of such experienced actors, and we rather suspect that the innumerable sins of omission and commission can be traced to the amateur Property Man. The actors are to be commended for their forbearance in not hurling him out through the curtains at the end of the performance.

It was a most original idea and a very funny stunt!

Sunday
July 8
B. 28.78
T. 63
Clear

Although today started threateningly, it cleared off early into a perfect day.

Hymns at service went very well, with a great deal of spirit. After service came the first measuring.

Picnic at Lord's Beach

Ouananiche
J.R.
Pillsbury Snelling
Goodhue Ladd
Stanton Stevens,J.
Goodwin Hall,D.
R.R. Richard
L.E.R.
Payson

Carrabassett	Worry	Corker	Abol
P.N.M.	J.G.W.	L.T.	C.F.B.
Ewell	Hall,G.	Buttfield	Howe,J.
Scaife	Swaim	Howe,D.	Procter
Cutler	Russell	E.Sh'w	Jameson

Eben	Cobb	Willi	Terror
J.C.C.	E.T.P.	T.I.R.	J.W.P.
Mixter	Muir	Alsop	Auchincloss
Shaw	Talbot	Cheever	Burr,T.
Mallory	Stevens,S.	M.L.B.	Sortwell

Ident	Pantasote	Erebus	Yammer
B.P.S.	J.D.S.	M.L.M.	R.T.F.
Bassett	Wallace	Trimingham	L.L.S.
Bettle	Cook	Devens	Bates,J.
Everett	Hackett		E.Sh'e

The first Water Picnic was a very good one. The weather, just right, with a nice light breeze, and the Fleet made a pretty start and rowed and paddled well and easily.

Lord's Hill Beach, on the southwest shore, where we went, is about the nicest of all picnic places; very pretty, and within easy distance, and it is the best Wolf ground on the pond.

We made an easy landing, the Canoes, then the Ouananiche, being run up and out quickly. A good game of Wolf followed, Ewell being the last sheep. Then all hands came back for supper by the landing place, where an "enjoyable meal was had." The new brand of chocolate is a success.

Sunday cont'd

Going home, the Fleet kept up a very pretty line. When we had nearly reached the Point, the familiar call of "Rowboats stay back; canoes land first!" brought on the usual lively scrimmage of a race. A good swim cooled everybody off well before hymns. Everything about the boats went well; no paddles were forgotten, and nobody caught crabs. The New Draft show that they are mostly used to boating.

Lord's Landing, besides being one of the prettiest places on the pond, is the one place where all the nine local varieties of evergreen (one of them the rare Yew) are found, and also many varieties of Sedges; it is also the best example on the Pond (Sunshine Alley is another) of a "Pressure Ridge," a narrow rampart of shore pushed up above ground on a lower level, not by Glacial Action, but in recent times by the yearly action of the ice.

Hymns went very well. For half-past-niners, we had My Lord the Elephant. I should have said that before Hymns, just after we got back from the Picnic, C.F.B. and M.L.B. left. It was so nice to have them here.

Heights

July 8, 1928

Alsop	5'	4"
Auchincloss	5'	
Bates,J.	5'	1 7/8"
Bates,M.		
Bassett	5'	6 3/4"
Bettle	4'	8 1/2"
Burr,T.	5'	1 1/2"
Buttfield	4'	11 1/8"
Cheever	4'	10"
Cook	4'	8"
Cutler	5'	8 3/4"
Devens	4'	11 1/4"
Everett	4'	9 1/2"
Ewell	4'	9 1/2"
Goodhue	5'	3 3/4"
Goodwin	4'	10"
Hackett	5'	4 1/2"
Hall,D.	4'	11 1/2"
Hall,G.	4'	11 1/2"
Howe,D.	5'	1/4"
Howe,J.	5'	1 7/8"
Jameson	5'	5 3/8"
Ladd	5'	1/2"
Mallory	5'	9"
Mixter	5'	1"
Muir	5'	2 3/8"
Payson	4'	11 1/2"
Pillsbury	5'	6 1/4"
Procter	5'	2 1/4"
Richard	5'	2 1/8"
Russell	5'	7 1/2"
Scaife	4'	11 1/4"
Shaw	5'	5 3/4"
Snelling	5'	3 1/4"
Sortwell	4'	8 1/4"
Stanton	5'	6 3/8"
Stevens,J.	5'	4"
Stevens,S.	5'	8 1/2"
Swaim	4'	11 1/2"
Talbot	4'	11 3/4"
Trimingham	5'	5 3/4"
Wallace	5'	5 3/8"

Monday
July 9.
Clear.

No weather boy this morning to give us our barometer and thermometer. However it is quite warm and fair.

Canoe Navigation Squad this morning under J.C.C. went very well, with no upsets. There was also a squad for marking the boundaries of the Scouting Field under J.R.

R.R. and H.R. went in to Gardiner this morning for another bout of errands.

In the afternoon:

Senior Soccer

Brookline Geraldines	Sons of Natick
L.T.	P.N.M.
T.I.R.	J.G.W.
E.T.P.	J.C.C.
J.W.P.	R.T.F.
B.P.S.	M.L.M.
J.D.S.	L.L.S.
Cutler	Stevens
Pillsbury	Jameson
Mallory	Wallace
Shaw R.	Procter
Russell	Snelling.

First Quarter: The game openned with a rush down the field by the B.G.'s, and an attack on the S.N. Goal. This was successfully warded off, only to be followed by another attack, again unsuccessful. Then the S.N.'s rallied and retaliated by pushing the ball up the field for a goal by P.N.M. After this each side made two attempts on the other's goal without producing any score. In spite of the very hot afternoon the playing was fast and the game exciting.

Second Quarter : This Quarter again began with an attack on the S.N. goal which was fended off by a long kick by P.N.M. Three more times the B.G.'s came back trying for goals. E.T.P. nearly made one, B.P.S. almost scored, but the S.N.'s came back with a threat of a goal by J.C.C., they were rushed back, down the field again however when L.T. evened the score for the B.G.'s.

Monday Con't.

Third Quarter: Some good guarding by E.T.P. prevented the S.N.'s from scoring early in the quarter, but in spite of much good defence work, notably by P.N.M. and M.D.M. the B.G.'s made another goal by L.T.

Fourth Quarter: L.T. kicked off, and E.T.P. almost made a goal, but was stopped by the good guarding of P.N.M. After a good many other. attempts a rush to the S.N.'s goal raked in another score - a quick play by E.T.P. was taken for a goal by J.W.P. No more scoring however was accomplished after that, due mostly to the good guard work of P.N.M.

Junior Soccer.

Tottenham Hotspurs	Aston Villas.
Mixter (cap't.)	Muir (cap't.)
Ewell	Buttfield
Alsop	Bassett
Auchincloss	Howe D.
Stanton	Talbot
Swaim	Howe J.
Trimmingham	Cheever
Cook	Payson S.
Hackett	Hall G.E.
Stevens J.	Bates J.
Devens.	Sortwell

The afternoon by this time had become so hot that the players were feeling more ready for their swim than for their game, so that a good deal of forceful urging was required to urge them on to very energetic soccer. At first the playing was in bunches in the middle of the field,but soon it pepped up and the A.V.'s rushed the ball down to the T.H.'s goal where Talbot managed a score. Although Trimmingham, Ewell, Hackett and Mixter all played well the T.H.'s did not manage to score through the rest of the game. On the A.S.'s Muir, Talbot and Howe J. played well.

After supper we finished the Nemesis of Fire in Digestion

Monday Con't.

Club. After that we played quiet games: Mythology, Birds, Anagrams, and other games of Checkers, and Baseball. Three Hostages for the Half-Past Niners.

Tuesday
July 10.
B.T.
Cloudy but
Clearing.

A steady breeze this morning brought out many practice canoe-tests. R.T.F., J.D.S., B.P.S., J.W.P. Trimingham, Jameson, Cutler, and Russell were all out and did well.

J.R. went in to Gardiner in Katrinka this morning, he met with various mishaps on the way, water in the carburetor, etc, and so did not get back to dinner as he had expected, but arrived about the middle of the afternoon.

P.N.M. spent the day with some friends across the pond.

In the afternoon:

First Track and Field Trials.

A.
Alsop
Cutler
Jameson
Stevens S.
Wallace
Russell
Pillsbury
Mallory
Trimingham
Bassett
Snelling

B.
Buttfield
Ewell
Goodhue
Hackett
Hall G.E.
Howe J.
Mixter
Muir
Procter
Shaw R.H.
Stanton
Stevens J.
Talbot

C.
Cheever
Cook
Devens
Everett
Hall D.P.
Ladd
Payson
Richard
Sortwell
Swaim
Auchincloss
Bates J.
Bettle
Burr
Howe D.
Scaife.

CLASS A. Hundred Yard Dash

First Heat: Time: 13 3/5

1. Stevens S.
2. Jameson
3. Pillsbury
4. Alsop
Bassett

Not very close, all came in well strung out; no one straining themselves particularly.

Second Heat: Time: 14 1/5

1. Wallace
2. Cutler
3. Russell
Triminham
Snelling

Tuesday Con't.

This heat had somewhat more spirit, except for Mallory who walked the last few yards.

Final Heat: Time: 14 3/5

1. Cutler
2. Stevens S.
3. Russell
   Jamesom
   Pillsbury
   Wallace

A very close, very spirited race, with only a few inches between Cutler and Stevens, and Russell and Jameson.

Broad Jump

1.Pillsbury. 15' 4½"
2. Stevens S. 14' 4½"
3. Snelling 14' ½"

In the Broad Jump, Pillsbury did consistently well, while Snelling showed great progress.

Shot Put

1. Pillsbury 23' 8"
2. Cutler 22' 4"
3. Stevens 22' 3"

Even in the Class A Shot Put, there were quite a few fouls, but the first three were evenly matched, and the contest was very excitting.

High Jump

1. Stevens S. 4'
2. Cutler 3' 11"
3. Trimingham 3' 10"

A very exciting contest between Cutler and Stevens.

CLASS B.

Hundred Yard Dash

First Heat Time: 14 3/5

1. Hackett
2. Ewell
3. Goodhue
   Goodwin

A very hard run race, although the runners came in fairly well strung out.

Second Heat Time: 15 1/5

1. Muir
2. Howe
3. Hall
   Stanton

This heat was not so good, no one strained themselves to make good time.

Third Heat

1. Shaw R. 3. Talbot 4. Procter Time: 14 4/5
2. Stevens

Tuesday Con't.

Every one ran hard, they were well grouped, and the finish was close.

Finals.

1. Hackett
2. Shaw R.
3. Muir

Stevens
Ewlell
Howe

Hard run, quite a close finish, Hackett won by five feet, but the othere places were close together.

Broad Jump

1. Shaw R.H.	13' 2½"
2. Muir	12' 7"
3. Howe J.	12' 6"

In the Broad Jump, Shaw was in a class by himself. The rest of the places were hotly contested. Muir's form was impressive. Hackett deserved a place, but was deprived of a chance by two fouls.

Shot Put.

1. Shaw R.H.	17' 1"
2. Hackett	15' 6"
3. Procter	14' 8"

Hacketts very first shot of the afterhoon, was the second best of all but unluckily spoiled by a foul, of which there were a good many altogether.

High Jump

1. Talbot	3' 9"
2. Muir	3' 8"
3. Shaw R.H.	3' 7"

This jumping was very exciting, especially between Talbot and Muir.

CLASS C

Hundred Yard Dash

First Heat. Time: 15 2/5

1. Cheever
2. Everett
3. Devens

Cook
Hall D.
Ladd

This heat was well run, with quite good form, and much spirit.

Second Heat. Time: 16.

1. Swaim
2. Auchincloss
3. Richard

Sortwell
Payson.

The running in this was rather wild. The runners did not strain themselves in the least.

Third Heat.

Tuesday Con't.

Third Heat. Time 16.

1. Scaife
2. Howe D.
3. Burr

Bates
Bettle

Not run very hard - the winners were quite strung out.

Final. Time: 15 1/5

1. Scaife
2. Cheever
3. Howe D.

Swaim
Everett
Auchincloss

A very good race. All came in very close, running well and in good form.

Broad Jump.

1. Swaim	10' 10"
2. Scaife	10' 8"
3. Howe D.	10' 1"

The duel between Scaife and Swaim was the feature of this event Not far behind in interest was the battle waged between Payson and Bettle for low man, Bettle finally victoriuos

Shot Put

1. Bates J.	19' 1½"
2. Howe D.	19'
3. Scaife	17' 6"

The best put of the afternoon in this class was Howe D. who made 21'4". Fouls were rampant, in fact Scaife would have been second if he had not fouled, and Swaim third on the same conditions.

High Jump

1. Swaim	3' 8"
2. Howe D.	3' 7"
3. Everett	3' 6"

The duel between HoweD and Swaim was very exciting, but even at the end Swaim was jumping much more easily.

There was not time for the usual 440

For Half-Past Eighters there was first Digestion Club, finishing the Nemesis of Fire, and then Boston. Three Hostages for Half-Past Niners. I should have said before that during Track and Field there arrived: Mrs. Harkott

who will spend a few days with us.

Fish:

2 Chub

Total for season: 268 perch, 14 bass.

Wednesday
July 11.
Clear

This morning was the second wrestling which went rather better than the first.

Cook - Cook 1m. 52s.
Sortwell

HoweD. - Howe 1m .29s
Hall D.

Mixter - Mixter 1m. 3½s.
Bates J.

Stevens J. - Pillsbury 15s.
Pillsbury

Howe J. - Howe 1m. 22s.
Scaife

Trimingham - Triminham 52s.
Stanton

Burr - Burr 17s.
Bettle

Ladd - Ladd 51 s.
Goodwin

Hackett - Draw 3m.
Procter

In the afternoon, Base-ball and Sundry Stunts.

Senior Ball

Philadelphia Colored Giants

P.N.M.
L.T.
T.I.R.
B.P.S.
R.T.F.
Shaw R.
Pillsbury
Russell
Wallace

Boston Tigers

E.T.P.
J.W.P.
J.D.S.
M.L.M.
J.C.C.
Cutler
Procter
Mallory
Howe J.

Bug League

Ward A.C.

Scaife
Alsop
Swaim
Devens
Goodwin
Muir
Cheever
Burr
Stevens S.

Nedrols.

Goodhue
Mixter
Talbot
Bates J.
Howe D.
Snelling
Everett
Cook
Bassett.

Wedneday Con't.

Fishing

Williwawa	Yammer.
J.G.W.	Jameson
Buttfield	Ewell
Trimingham	Hall G.E.
1 chub	3 perch.
1 hornpout	

Ouananiche

J.R.	
Stanton	Sortwell
Alsop	Richard
Stevens J.	Bettle
Ladd	Payson
Hall D.	Hackett
R.R.	

Fish Hatchery: The Ouananiche with J.R. had a cosy little expedition to the Hatchery. We started out into the bid thunder-storm, very menacing, and fled before it across Gleason's Bay in a wallowing sea, the sky growing momently darker. We paddled a little way up Damren's Stream(the inlet from Ellis and McGraw Ponds), landed and pulled the boat up in a pretty swamp meadow by the saw-mill, just as the storm struck, with dazzling flashes and sharp cracks of thunder. We took refuge in a hospitable farm-house, and the shower passed very quickly, piling up very black ahead, and, as we learned later, giving Waterville a tremendous electric storm, with heavy hail.

The Hatchery was interesting, a long low building, very cool from the running water, with the different sizes of trout and salmon in thousands in diffreent tanks. Thousands of the bigger fish are in tanks outside also.

The warden told us a little about the work. for many years up to three years ago, the fry were put into the lakes in their first year. The fishing gained very little, if at all, and the new fish, being too little to hold their ground against enemies, chiefly pickerel and bass. Three years ago the wardens changed their policy, keeping the fish in the Hatcheries until two years old when they seem able to hold their own entirely. The fishing in Ellis Pond has increased 60% since this plan went into effect.

He told us that the Wall-Eyed Pike, or Pike Perch, which were planted in Great Pond ten years ago through a mistake in shipment, and which at first were so distructive of the bass, are dying out of themselves as the Togue or Lake Trout which have been planted are mostly dying out.

He said that the Togue are indegenous in a few Maine Lakes, Moosehead, Flying Pond (near us) Chemquassakanticook, and a few others. They survive when planted in a few other lakes, such as Narrows Pond, near Winthrop, but can live in a very few others, no one can tell why.

Ice-cream at the store completed a pleasant little expedition. On the way home the famous Ouananiche Sneeze.

Senior Ball: The game between the Philadelphia Colored Giants, and the Boston Tigers was a rather one-sided exhibition. Until the Giants made a rather feeble rally in the eighth inning the Tigers were secure and the game was on ice. The play was halted in the second inning by a thunderstorm, but was resumed again in about ten minutes.

The Giants opened the first inning with a hit by R.T.F. who scored a run on it, and one by P.N.M. who was put out by L.T. Shaw R. and T.I.R. both struck out. The Tiger's turn at the stick netted them two runs, one by J.D.S. and another by E.T.P. who lahded a three-bagger and then stole home.

The secondinning was a total loss to the Giants, B.P.S. and Wallace striking out and Russell being put out at first. The Tigers, on the other hand got busy and scored six runs. J.C.C., J.W.P., and E.T.P. getting three two-baggers in succession.

Wednesday Con't.

The third inning also was dark for the Giants, giving them only one run by R.T.F. while the Tigers boosted their score by five runs, one of them a sensational circuit clout by E.TP.

The fourth inning was a total loss to both sides; no runs came in, and no hits were made.

The fifth inning gave the Giants one run by L.T., and the Tigers one run by J.D.S.

The sixth also was rather void of excitment. The Giants netted neither runs nor hits, while the Tigers chalked up two more runs, one by J.D.S. and one by Mallory.

In the seventh, the Giants tried a feeble rally; a run by R.T.F., and a two-bagger by P.N.M. were the results. The Tigers suffered a slump, E.T.P. getting their only hit.

The Giants, tired and discouraged, came to bat in the eighth with the score sixteen to four against them. Realizing that it was their last chance to rally they rallied. Shaw R. knocked a two-bagger, R.T.F. slammed out a terrific home run, while T.I.R., B.P.S., Russell and Pillsbury each got a hit. When they finally left the bat, they had scored five more runs, giving them a totla of nine.

The Tigers had just come to bat, when the rain began again in earnest, and the game was called, leaving the final count at sixteen to nine with the Tigers on the large end.

For the Giants, R.T.F. and P.N.M. played well, while the Tigers, playing air-tight ball, were noticeable especially for E.T.P.'s spectacular work, both on the mound and with the big stick.

T.I.R.

Bug League: After the exciting game last week, we were disappointed to find this such a one-sided contest. Up to the third inning when it began to rain, each side had put the other out very promptly, but already the Nedrols had piled up five runs, while the Ward A.C.'s had a blank score.

The W.A.C.'s however, refreshed by the rain, managed to pull in three runs in the fourth inning, Devens and Swaim both making hits. In the fifth however the Nedrols put the game on ice by six more runs, due mostly to many errors, and weak pitching. The W.A.C's made an attempt to rally in the sixth and managed three more runs, butt the Nedrols also brought in two more, and it being a six inning game left the score at thirteen to six. Talbot, Goodhue, and Mixter played well for the Nedrols, and Swaim and Scaife for the Ward A.C.'s. Altogether there were far too many errors to make the game interesting.

First Charade Evening

1. J.G.W. Barbarous

Scene 1. "Barber". A barber shop with J.G.W. and P.N.M. as barbers, and E.Sher. as manicurist. After a brief preliminary conversation enter Goodhue and Richard who are shaved with great dispatch and efficiency, and also B.P.S., evidently a gay Lothario, who has a most elaborate manicure, being most particular about the fine points of the polish etc. Presently, when Goodhue and Richard have been shaved and have refused the various hair-tonics with which they are plied, enter Cook and Hall D. to be shaved. Shrouded ih sheets they are thickly lathered, when enter Snelling, an irate parent, demanding children, aged six and seven, whom he percieves under their sheets. Angry arguments, then exeunt father dragging children, while bewildered barbers shrug their shoulders.

Scene 2. "Barbarous": Evidently some very foreign court. P.N.M. sits, turbaned, enthroned, with his feet upon some humble slave (Alsop). J.G.W., his favorite servant enters, speaking of some newly captured prisoners. Upon their command B.P.S. drags in the prisoners to recieve their various sentences. Strange to say two are from the United States. These are to be placed in boiling oil, touched up with muriatic acid; but the next, hailing from Canada, needs no more punishment and is set free, condemned however to always wear his hat so that he may be recognized.

2. J.C.C. "Chaldean"

Scene 1. "Cal": Calvin Coolidge (J.C.C.) sitting at his desk in meditation. Enter Mellon (M.L.M.) to inquire about the Republican platform. His modest requests meet with monosyllabic, or non-syllabic answers, in a most "Calvinesque" manner.

Scene 2. "Dean": The College Dean's Office (and a very realistic one too!) with the dean (L.L.S.) and his secretary (S.M.) looking up records. Enter a professor (J.D.S.) to report the unsatisfactory progress of various of his pupils. Then the Dean, with an ominous frown, calls in, and in the correct tactful language intimates to sundry scholars the severance of their connections with the Alma Mater.

Scene 3. "Chaldean": Again the scholarly atmosphere! L.L.S. this time presiding at a Chaldean Class Day, and giving out the prizes in a most dignified fashion.

Wednesday Con't.

3. L.T. Cut-Throat

Scene 1. "Cut". And it was the Gordion Knot that was to be cut too! L.T. was King Gordius, who presided over the knot, tied to the yoke of a most impressive chariot (we were told it was only an old wheel-barrow with a piece of rope tied to it!). After various unsatisfactory trials enter Alexander, who impetuously siezes his sword and saws the rope in two.

Scene 2. "Throat"! A doctors office, with L.T. the M.D. in question. His methods appear to have been the most drastic, for in any illness, major or minor, his one practise was to tie up the injured portion of the patient's anatomy with a piece of rope. The climax is reached when after a series of sashes, broken arms and legs etc, a patient comes in with a sore throat and is promptly strangled.

Scene 3. "Cut-Throat"! A dark and ominous street in some forgotten section of the city! The Cut-Throats (the villainous L.T. and R.T.F.) pick out their victims, a group of men-about-town dressed in derbies and opera hats. What is their surprise, when their supposed victims fight back with the greatest violence and vigour and the Cut*Throats have the tables turned upon them.

Very fine charades on the whole!

Reading for the Half-Past Niners.

Total Fish - 5.

For season : 271 perch, 14 bass,

Ward A.C.

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	1B.	S.B	S.H.
			2	Stevens					FC											
			1	Scott																
			3	Mack	FC		B	FC												
			4	[illegible]																
			5	Goodwin				E 4												
			6	Simmons																
			7	Kerr				FC	K											
			8	[illegible]				2 B	B											
			9	[illegible]			B		B											
				Totals	0/0	0/0	0/0	3/3	3/6											

Nedrcls

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	1B.	S.B	S.H.
			2	Murphy																
			1	Goodwin					E											
			3	West					B											
			4	Smalling	K															
			5	Everett		B	K		B	B										
			6	Howard					K											
			7	Parker						K										
			8	Prewitt						FC										
			9	Cook				K	K											
				Totals	1/1	1/2	2/[illegible]	0/[illegible]	6/11	[illegible]										

Earned Runs........................ Two Base Hits............ Three Base Hits............ Home Runs............
First on Balls—off..; off..
Struck out—by..; by..
Left on Bases........................;........................ Double Plays..
Wild Pitches........................ .... Passed Balls..
First Base on Errors.. Hit by Pitcher..

Philadelphia Colored Giants – 9 vs. Boston Tigers – 16

At Braves Field when July 11, 19[illegible]

P.D.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	1B.	S.B	S.H.
			5	[illegible] R	K											5	1	1		
1		1	6	R T F	E5											[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]		
11			2	L T												5	1			
			1	P N M												[illegible]		[illegible]		
[illegible]		3	3	T J R	K		K		K							5		1		
1			4	B P S		K										4		1		
			2	Russell		3				K						4	1	1		
			1	Walker		K		K								5	1			
			7	P[illegible]			B									4	1	1		
	21			Totals 9	1/2	1/0	2/4	2/4	2/6	3/6	4/7	9/12								

[illegible] pitched 3–8 innings

Time........h........m. Umpires Roland [illegible] Scorer [illegible]

P.D.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	1B.	S.B	S.H.
2			3	J D S	E3	E3										4	5	2		
3			4	J C C												4	2	3		
9			2	J W P	K				SH	K						4	2	3		1
3		1	1	E T P	S											4	3	4	1	
		1	6	M L M	E3 OS						K					5	0	2		
			7	Procter	K	E6 S	K									4	1	0		
1		1	5	Cutter		K	S	K			K					5	0	2		
			8	[illegible]		SH	K									4	1	1		
			1	[illegible]		S										3	2	1		
				Totals 16	2/1	5/5	13/12	13/[illegible]	14/14	16/[illegible]	16/									

Earned Runs........................ Two Base Hits [illegible]........ Three Base Hits E.T.P. .... Home Runs [illegible]

First on Balls--off E.T.P. – 3 (6, 4, 4); off P.N.M. – 2 (3 & 9), R.T.F. – 3 [illegible]

Struck out—by E.T.P. – 9; by P.N.M. – 1, R.T.F. – 3

Left on Bases........................;........................ Double Plays........................

Wild Pitches........................ Passed Balls........................

First Base on Errors........................ Hit by Pitcher E.T.P.

Kickapoos

	I Killed	I Shots	I Runs	II Killed	II Shots	II Runs	III Killed	III Shots	III Runs
J.R.		●●		X			X	●	
J.G.W.	X	●●●●	/	X	●●		X		
L.T.	✓			X	●			●●●●	
E.T.P.		●●		X	●●		X	●●	
L.L.S.	X			X			X	●	
T.I.R.		●		✓			X		
B.P.S.	X			X	●●●		X	●	
Alsop	✓				●		X	●	
Bassett	✓			X	●		X		
Buttfield	X	●●		X	●		X	●	
Devens	X			X			X		
Goodhue	X			X			X		
Goodwin		●●		X			X		
Hall, D.P.	X	●		X					
Howe, J.	✓			✓			X	●	
Ladd	X			X			✓		
Mallory	X			X			✓		
Mixter		●●	1	X	●		X	●	
Payson	✓			✓			X	●	
Richard	X	●		X			X		
Russell	✓			X			X		
Shaw,	X	●		X			✓		
Snelling			1	X			X		
Stanton	✓			✓			X	●●	
Stevens, J	X			✓			X	●●●	
Trimingham	X	●		X	●●			●●	
	13	19	3	20	14	0	2[illegible]	21	0

Kaskaskias

	I Killed	I Shots	I Runs	II Killed	II Shots	II Runs	III Killed	III Shots	III Runs
J.C.C.	✓			X	●		X	●●	
P.N.M.	X	●●●			●		X	●	
J.D.S.		●●●		X	●			●	
M.L.M.	X	●		X			X		
R.T.F.	X				●			●●	
J.W.P.	X			✓			X		
Auchincloss	X			X	●		X		
Bates, J.	X			X	●		X	●	
Bettle	X			✓			X		
Burr, I.T.	X				●●●		X		
Cheever.	X	●●		X	●●		X		
Everett		●●		X			X		/
Ewell	X			✓				●	
Hackett	✓			X			X		/
Hall, G.	X			✓			X	●●	
Howe D.	X			X			X		
Jameson	X			X			X		
Muir	✓			X			X	●	
Pillsbury	X			X			X		
Procter	X				●●●●●			●●●●●	
Scaife	X			✓			X		
Sortwell	X			X		/	X		
Stevens, S.	✓				●	/	X	●●	/
Wallace				✓				●●	
Swaim	✓				●●		X		
Talbot	X	●		✓			X		
Culler	X			X	●		X	●	
	19	12	0	14	20	2	22		3

Thursday
July 12.
B. 29.78
T. 67.
Warm and
Clear.

Navigation Squad this morning, with shells. They did well, and had no upsets.

During swim Devens passed the swimming test. He was the last of the non*swimmers, and it is great to have all the tests passed.

In the afternoon came Trial Scouting

First Game: The Kickapoos from the north made a very fast start over-running and killing a good part of the Kaskaskias middle woods party, J.G.W. and PN.M. doing great slaughter. Some of their younger braves however threw the game away by surprising carelessness, five at least, strolling or runnung along at full height well into the area which the enemy were sure to have reached, and D. Hall spending considerable time in full sight on a log. R.T.F. covered the entire course at great speed and almost scored a run, but was killed by the guard. There were some encounters in the Sweet Fern, though most of the play was a tremendous battle on the shore and in the woods. Just begore the five minutes call J.G.W. came in with the score of four shots and one run. Mixter killed both the Kaskaskias Mammoth guard, Cutler, and their shore guard and scored a second run, Snelling also scoring the score remained 3 - 0 for the Kickapoos, who also won heavily by shots, 13 killed to 20. On the playing in general we would say that there is much too much giving away of positions and play by unconsidered talking in the Boneyard.

"Who killed you?"
"The Doctor, he's right down there!"
"Captain John is the swamp guard, I'm sure. He's killing lots of people. He's right in between those trees, I think and over. Terry is right there too."

"There are lots of people in the woods right here."

Such conversations will bring down blessings from both Captains. It isn't always easy to remember all the players in the first game, but the Brave, who as guard, murdered one of his own side certainly won distinction

Second Game; Several of the big Braves ran with tremendous speed and crashed at the first encounter, notably J.C.C. and J.G.W.

After this the play was much slower from the really tremendous heat. The play naturally was chiefly on the shore side for the sake of the slight breeze. There were a good many slow battles, both sides unable to maove for many minutes, but for the most part the killed marched in steadily, rather than coming in big bunches.

One player was at fault for not getting up when his name was called.

Burr made a very good play as Rubber Ghost, strolling along as if killed, killing his men on the Boneyard; afterwards exposing himself rather too much by crawling down the middle of the path a little too high up on hands and knees.

Stevens S. killed a guard, and he and Sortwell made runs. Good playing, especially for the latter who is not very tall.

The Kaskaskias won by shots as well as runs: 14 killed to 20, practically reversing the score of the last game.

Third Game: J.G.W. fell at the first encounter very far forward at the hands of J.C.C. Once again there were very heavy shore parties. Burr rubber-ghosted very realistically again, but was shot before he could bring down an enemy.

The Kickapoos score mounted steadily, if slowly, 6-13

Killed with only ten minutes to go.

Cutler killed the other guard, but was killed. Stevens S brought down the first guard, Stealthy Steve, and he and Hackett scored runs. Everett also made a run, very good work for a new hand.

I forgot to say that Mrs. Hackett left this morning, on her way back to Rome, where Dr. Hackett, who is an old Merryweather is in charge of the work of the Rockerfellar Foundation for stamping out malaria through the whole of Italy. Before this he was for four years in charge of the same work in Brazil, and before that he was in charge of stamping out hook-worm through the South.

During the second Scouting Game there arrived:

Philip K. Allen

Fish for today: 10 perch
6 bass
Total for season: 281 perch
20 bass

Friday
July 13.
B.
T.
Cloudy.

This morning came this first chinning, Class B. Hackett and Everett starred, Hackett chinning himself eleven times and Everett eight times.

R.R. had a small Doodle-bugging Squad this morning.

In the afternoon there came

Rubber Water Sports

1. Hand Paddling in Rangeleys.

1. Yammer	2. Williwaw.	3. Identical	4. Pantasote
Pillsbury	Stevens S.	Jameson	Cutler
Russell	Snelling	Mallory	Wallace
Bassett	Bates J.	Alsop	Auchincloss
Buttfield	Cheever	Bettle	Burr I.T.
Everett	Ewell	Cook	Devens
Hackett	Hall D.P.	Goodhue	Goodwin
Howe J.	Ladd	Hall G.E.	Howe D.
Payson	Procter	Mixter	Muir
Shaw R.H.	Sortwell	Richard	Scaife.
Swaim.	Talbot	Stanton	Stevens J.

The Yammer forged ahead at once to a splendid lead which increased to almost three lengths and which she held till the finish. The Pantasote was coming finely as a second until she failed to keep her direction and swerved off to the starboard. The The Williwaw and Identical were, neck and neck then for second, until the Pantasote and the Identical collided, the Identical swamping, and sinking just beside the float. The large crews had of course made all the boats very low in the water. All four paddled with great spirit and it was largely due to Pillsbury's Captaincy of the Yammer, for he kept his crew more or less in stroke and fighting together, that she came in first.

2. Swimming Tug of War - Senior

Wallace Cap't.	Russell Cap't.
Alsop	Cutler
Stevens S.	Snelling
Mixter	Bassett
Jameson	Howe J.
Auchincloss	Shaw R.H.
Muir	Ewell
Howe D.	Trimmingham

Russell's team had the South end, and at the signal to go seemed to get the immediate advantage over Wallace's team. There were mighty struggles, and the water was churned up all about but united effort, and skilfull generalship kept the rope moving steadily with Russell's team toward the winning post, this team seemed to have better form, and to drawn less than Wallace's men who in spite of Titanic efforts were unable to hold them back.

Friday Con't.

3. Swimming Tug of War - Junior.

Hall G.E.
Bettle
Cook
Goodhue
Richard
Burr I.T.
Scaife
Goodwin

Hall D.P.
Buttfield
Ladd
Everett
Hackett
Payson
Swaim
Cheever.

This was a very hard fought and close battle. Both teams worked hard, with much loud out-cry. The handkerchief however remained in almost the exact middle for a long time, until at length Hall G.E. team managed to pull it a little way toward the north end and were declared the victors.

4. Moab Races
1. Heat -

1.Bettle vs. Burr (sank).
Burr started out with a heavy, strong stroke, which however proved his downfall for he managed to splash a great deal of water into tub and sank just about half way down the course. Bettle's sroke was slow and steady, and he kept his tub quite dry.

2. Heat -

1. Swaim vs. Cheever (sank)
Cheever started with a swift stroke, but his stering was very erratic, and he soon sank. Swaim held a very fast pace, but was steady and so did not swamp.

3. Heat -

1. Cook vs. 2.Devens.
Devens failed to keep any direction, mostly turning round and round, and when he finally did get straightened out Cook having paddled rather slowly but quite steadily was at the finish line.

4. Heat -

1. Everett vs. Sortwell (sank).
Both made a good start and it looked like an exciting race, but Sortwell lost his direction, collided with Everett, and filling with water soon sank.

1.Semi-finals Time 1:10.

1. Swaim vs. Bettle (sank)
In this race, Swaim proved himself a brilliant Moabist, his pace was fast but steady, and he pulled easily away from Bettle. The latter became somewhat confused, and sank about half-way along.

Friday Con't.

2. Semi-Finals. Time 1:23 4/5.

1. Everett vs. 2.Cook.

Everett pulled slowly but steadily away from Cook, who seemed to lose all interest in making head-way early in the race. Everett showed a nice stroke, although the speed was not very great.

Finals. Time 51 s.

1. Swaim vs. 2. Everett.

This was much the best race of all, as is shown by the time. The paddling was scientific and swift. Swaim drew away from Everett early in the race, but both men worked hard through-out.

Bow-Paddling

1. Russell - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Hecuba.
2. Wallace - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Pink.
3. Mallory - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Squannacook.
Pillsbury - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Grayling. (over)

The regulation against back paddling resulted in swallow-like dartings, hither and thither towards every point of the compass. Pillsbury went over early in the race. But the other three were very close, there being much speculation on thefloat as to the number of circles each would have to turn before he should arrive at the finish line.

Junior Tilting

First Heat :

1. Trimmingham and Buttfield (T.) in Squannacook.
2. Bassett and Hackett (T.) in Pink.

Hackett fell over-board before evan the first encounter.

Second Heat:

1. Goodhue and Ewell (T.) in Squannacook.
2. Howe J. and Goodwin (T.) in Pink.

At the first encounter there was no real tilting accomplished, the second was most exciting and at the third Howe J. fell out.

Third Heat:

1. Shaw R.H. and Hall G.E. (T.) in Squannacook.
2. Muir and Mixter (T.) in Pink.

At the first encounter there were some good solid jabs given and taken, bu at the secons Muir went over.

Fourth Heat:

1. Procter and Scaife (T.) in Squannacook.
2. Stevens J. and Talbot (T.) in Pink.

1. A most exciting battle - many encounters with real fighting, jabbing and punching on both sides. Many blows were exchanged at close quarters, until Procter and Scaife were wedged almost under the Spring-Board. Then witha terrific volley of jabs, both StevensJ. and Talbot were sent over-board.

1. Semi-Finals:

1. Trimingham and Buttfield (T.) in Squannacook.
2. Goodhue and Ewell (T.) in Pink.

Friday Con't.

The battle in this heat was very fierce - Buttfield's attack was fiery. After two of three encounters however, Ewell^went over with a nice clean spill.

2. Semi-Finals.

1.Proeter and Scaife (T.). in Squannacook.
2.Shaw and Hall G.E. (T.) in the Pink.

Scaife shortened up with his weapon to get more force in to it and after several encounters managed to get Hall down twice. They came together a great many times, neither paddler seeming very expert in managing their canoe, but at length Scaife managed to pull Hall's canoe near him, and with a tremendous jab send him over. It was the longest and fiercest tilting that the editor has ever seen.

Finals:

. Procter and Scaife (T.) in Pink
. Trimmingham and Buttfield in Sqannacook.

Another fierce and fiery encounter. Both canoes worked very hard, and the contest seemed very close. Buttfield however was knocked down several times, and once went really out of the canoe, only managing to pull himself in with the untmost difficulty. On this account although in the end Scaife was knocked overboard the conflict was called a draw

Senior Tilting

First Heat:

1.Mallory and Jameson (T.) in Pink.
2. Ruseell and Cutler (T.) in Squannacook.

The first attack was sudden and fierce but almost immediately both Russell and Cutler went over,

Second Heat:

1. Snelling and Stevens S. (T.) in Squannacook.
2. Wallace and Pillsbury (T.). in Pink.

This heat also was very short, Pillsbury and Wallace swamping at the first encounter.

Finals:

1. Snelling and Stevens S. (T.) in Squannacook.
2. Mallory and Jameson (T.) in Pink.

After one spirited clash Jameson and Mallory went over, leaving Snelling nd Stevens the victors.

Enemy in Camp

Senior Heat:

1. Worry:

Stevens S. (s.)
Alsop
Russell
Ewell (e.)

Cobb (swamped)

Mallory (s.)
Muir
Bassett
Procter (e.)

Cauc. (swamped)
Wallace (s.)
Trimingham
Pillsbury
Shaw (e.)

Abol. (swamped)
Cutler (s.)
Howe J.
Snelling
Mixter (e.)

The Worry led from the first, all hands paddling in splendid style, but the enemy not working as hard as he might. The first to go over was the Corker, whose enemy, Shaw, showed great energy, next went the Cobb. The Abaol and the Worry were very close nearing the finish, but close to the float the Abol slowly swamped and the Worry was the only canoe to finish. After they had been declared the winners however, they evidently decided that their turn had come, and swamped themselves near the Ouananiche Slip.

1. Abol.
Hall G. (s.)
Cook
Hackett
Goodwin (e.)

Cobb. (swamped.)
Stanton (s.)
Bates J.
Talbot
Buttfield (e.)

Corker. (swamped.)
Auchincloss (s.)
Richard
Goodhue
Payson (e.)

Worry. (swamped)
Stevens J.
Ladd
Burr
Howe D. (e.)

The enemies, none of them, seemed to be straining themselves particularly, and it was quite a while before any of the canoes swamped. The first to go down was the Corker, and the the Cobb. Again the race for First place appeared at first close, but the Worry lost her chances when the enemy put on a sudden access of energy and they swamped near the float.

Leander Race.

1. Stevens S.	Pillsbury
2. Trimmingham	Wallace
3. Cutler	Snelling
4. Russell	Bassett

Friday Con't.
At the first Trimingham evidently out-classed all the others he undressed quicker, and holding his clothes in a neat bundle at arm's length, overhead, he swam on his back very rapidly to the float. But all the contestants were not as happy in their mode of procedure. Pillsbury and Snelling immediately plunged their clothes below the water, and holding them there swam laboriously and slowly along. Russell was disqualified early in the race by walking along the bottom, Bassett lost his clothes completely and spent the rest of the time culling them from the bottom of the Pond. Trimingham was in the boat-house before any of his competitors had reached the float, and out again first, neat but a trifle damp and hurried looking, next came Stevens S. the model of perfection, a veritable Beau Brummel, and carried off first place through appearance rather than time.

Call To Matins.

Trimingham	4:25
Mallory	4:45
Mixter	4:12
Stevens J.	4:23
Procter.	
Howe J.	4:42
Talbot	4:47
Hall D.	11:30

The afternoon ended with a most wonderful race. All lined up on the porch in wrappers. At the signal they rushed for the Boat House, put on their bathing-suitand made for the water. Every one had to touch the Float - wild excitement reigned. Triminham was first to touch the float, but Mixter gained on him getting into the Boat*House, and managed to get into his clothes first. It may be of interest to know that the best time for this year was one second lower than last year's, but that the worst time was two minutes more.

Games on the Hill, followed by spirited, and strange and wonderful to say rather scientifically quiet Boston.

Reading for Half-Past Niners.

J.G.W. fished, catching three fish. Others also fished

Total for season: 231 perch
23 bass

M.L.M. had to leave today, as his aunt is ill; he will not be able to return.

Round the Horn

A cluster of Faculty lanterns on the float about ten-thirty last night, whispered talk, and the very quiet launching of a canoe and muffled digs of paddles, showed that an all-night Round the Horn was coming off; and about five-thirty this morning the Round the Horners, J.C.C. and B.P.S.,slipped noiselessly past the Point and Sunshine Alley to the float on their return.

They reported a wonderful trip:bright starlight across Great Pond and down Long Pond, the last quarter of the moon from the Railroad Bridge onward and down as they came into Messalonskee.

For the benefit of the new Brethren we will explain that paddling Round the Horn at night has been a traditional exploit. Horn means four miles across Great Pond, a short distance through Great Pond Stream, a short carry into Long Pond, four or five miles down this latter southward, and into the long mileage of Messalonskee River, southward, soon heading due East; a carry round the dam and Saw-Mill to East Mount Vernon, then into Messalonskee, the twelve mile long lake by the railroad: up it, northwards, to the station, (about eight miles), then the four-mile carry from the Station, past Ellis Pond. And finally into Great Pond again, the Gleason shore, and home. Twenty-seven miles; with three carries,---one of them four miles long,---between bed-time and breakfast.

We may say that last night's Round the Horners showed themselves up to highest standard, keeping on the job all day, according to Camp tradition, and not dropping off to sleep, even in Evening Reading.(This last a point not very often equalled.)

Saturday
July 14
B.
T.
Rainy.

The first rainy day since camp began, and it was a regular one too! Small lakes began to form in front of the Tutorium, and between the Annex and Short. After reading there was half an hour of practice singing for Sing-Song tonight Then in Squads came the first Boat-Building Squad of the year. After furious torrents of rain all morning it began to lighten a little in the afternoon and we had soccer.

Senior Soccer.

Panamas	Fedoras
P.N.M.	L.T.
R.T.F.	J.G.W.
E.T.P.	J.C.C.
T.I.R.	J.W.P.
J.D.S.	B.P.S.
P.K.A.	L.L.S.
Pillsbury	Cutler
Russell	Shaw R.
Snelling	Stevens
Wallace	Trimingham
Mallory	Howe J.

First Quarter: The game openned with a rush down the field by the Fedoras, ending with an attempt at a goal by B.P.S. which was foiled by some good guarding by Pillsbury. Then there was a great deal of rushing up and down, aided by much good kicking by T.I.R. and J.D.S., andskilful playing by P.K.A. In spite of their efforts however the Fedoras managed to collect a goal by J.C.C.

Second Quarter: No goals were made in this quarter but there was some tremendous playing. P.N.M., and P.K.A. and L.T. worked very hard and many threats atscoring were made.

Third Quarter: quite early in the quarter R.T.F. made a goal by a beautifully-angled shot which hit the left side of the goal posts and then went in.

Fourth Quarter: Almost immediately the Fedoras took the ball

Saturday Con't.

being surprised in the midst of his wicked designs by Mr. Wardle (Shaw R.) and his friens (Goodhue, Russell)

The second scene was the one in which Mr. Pickwick (Wallce) climbs nervously over the wall into the boarding school garden, ably assisted by Sam Weller (Burr I.T.), and once there is discovered by the mistress of the school (R.R.) and assembled teachers and pupils to their horror and amazement. Piercing shrieks were realistically rendered, and Mr. Pickwick protests his innocent intentions in vain. Locked up in a closet he recites his tale only to find that the ignoble Job Trotter has basely decieved him, in this dreadful predicament his friends appear and bear up his story, with Sam Weller somewhat stumblinly but with most evidently blood-thirsty intentions promising to lay into any one who does not believe his story. The Camp Song ended a very good Sing-Song.

Reading for the Half-Past Niners.

Sunday
July 15.
B.
T.
Cloudy but
Clearing.

This morning a good stiff breeze brought out a good many trial canoe tests.

Hymns at service went rather better than last Sunday, but there is still room for improvement.

Dr. and Mrs. Risley came out from Waterville for lunch today.

After lunch the breeze was still fairly strong, so we had Skowhegan on the ridge.

Skowhegan

The field for the Skowhegan was from Faculty Coffee to the Pine Parlor. We started out with the Boneyard about half way along the Fourway path, but the observer and scorer found the mosquitoes decidedly too friendly and so moved up to a rock near the big oak.

In the first game the first killed were Swaim, Muir and Russell, with B.P.S. also getting shot early. J.W.P. managed to get through with one, the only, run, and the Gaffs also won on shots, 9 - 13.

In the second Game the observers found that their new boneyard gave them a view of a most exciting battle. The party from the North end could run at full height as fast as they could go from beyond the regular Boneyard to the crest of the hill, just beyond the big oak, and once there could pick off the struggling Braves of the Southern Party while they were still panting up the hill. A good deal of speed was required for this manoeuver, but when the Party arrived on time there were terrific killings. There was also a big battle on the shore, where almost evry one of each party was wiped out.

There were a good many murders in this game, but the Booms

Sunday Con't.

won with two runs to none and the shots 17-12.

The Third Game saw the manoeuvers on the hill-top repeated with, if anything greater success, the northern party being in shooting distance before the relay of the Southern Party had yet been touched. There was another shore battle with even more disastrous results, many dead coming in from that direction.. Each side made three runs in this game, but the Booms won on shots 17-13.

In the fourth game there were a great many stray shots, most of which reached their unintentional destinations, to the wrath and anger of all concerned. The Gaffs won this game by two runs to one, and also by 21-13 shots. Although this tied the score in games it was too hot and too late to have another so a very satisfactory Skowhegan afternoon was left with the Booms having won two games and the Gaffs two games.

Picnic at Pine Parlor. L.E.R. and the food went up in Rangeleys but everyone else walked leisurely up. Before and after eating there were great fellings of dead trees.

We had our first rounds, and they went very well when the pies were evened up.: John the Boat-man, Dick Whittington and The Street Cries of London were all sung, finishing up with John Brown's Body. Hymns are going better each Sunday evening but we hope to see more spirit put in them next week.

The Tomb of His Ancestors for half-past niners - one of the best!

We forgot to say that L.L.S. has been laid low by a mild attack of grippe, we missed him very much, especially during hymns. Also Dr. Hill came today to take cultures of the boy's

Sunday Con't.

throats. He is interested in finding the effect of fresh water upon the membranes of the nose and throat, but found all but one of the ones he examined quite disappointingly normal.

The weighings mostly show good gains, quite a few having put on seven pounds already - very good for a fortnight.

R.T.F. left very early this morning to take his car back to Boston, he is coming back Monday morning.

Monday
July 16
B.
T.
Clear.

Very early this morning R.T.F. arrived (about three, to be exact), he has hurt his hand with an exploding rocket and somewhat resembles the wounded hero.

R.R., Bates and Bettle went in to Waterville this morning, R.R. to do vatious errands, Bates to see the dentist and Bettle on mysterious business whose purport shall be disclosed later.

After reading, a camping trip started off; they had an enthusiastic farewell, and are going to the Itchfield Carry.

A good wind, steadily rising brought out some more trial canoe tests, and many hoped to see it good enough for real ones but were disappointed.

In the afternoon there was Go As You Please and Junior Ball for the others.

Junior Ball

St. Aloysius	House of David
P.K.A.	J.W.P.
B.P.S.	J.D.S.
Cutler	Muir
Talbot	Scaife
Shaw R.	Procter
Pillsbury	Swaim
Howe J.	Wallace
Goodwin	Auchincloss
Mixter	Goodhue

Camping Trip
July 16th

Ewell
Everett
Mallory
Russell
J.C.C.
T.I.R.

Aboljockamegus
Caughcomgomoc

First Inning: The St. Aloysius were up first, but not for long, Shaw R. made a hit, but two other men struck out and Shaw was put out stealing third. When the House of David came to bat, the first man walked, the second struck out, but J.D.S. rallied around with a nice two-bagger before the side was put out.

Second Inning: P.K.A. started the second with a two-ply wallop, and tied the count on an overthrow. In the last half of the second Scaife scintillated on the bases, and scored on a sacrifice by Swaim.

Monday Con't.

rd Inning : J.D.S. dominated the first half of the inning by forcing Talbot to pop out to him, and followed by fanning the next two batters to face him.

A barrage of hits rippled off the bats of The House of David's ~~bats~~, and when the smoke had cleared away, five runs had crossed the platter. Scaife, Procter, and Auchincloss played a big part in the rally.

Fourth Inning: This inning was a fairly drab affair with no runs scored.

Fifth Inning: With two out and Talbot and Goodwin waiting out bases on balls, J.W.P. stopped a potential rally when he nipped Goodwin trying to steal second. More hits featured by a J.W.P. triple and sloppy ball in the field, put the game on ice for the House of David.

Sixth Inning: In the second half P.K.A. took the mound for the St. Aloysius, and held his opponents to one run. Cutler pivoted well on a nice double play.

Seventh Inning: There was no scoring in the lucky seventh, but in the

Eighth Inning: the St. Aloysius produced a barrage of hits that resulted in six runs to tighten the score to 13-8. Shaw R., B.P.S., Cutler and Talbot, all contributed valuable hits. J.W.P. meanwhile had taken the mound for the House of David. In the last half the House of David increased their lead, a J.W.P. double being the feature. No ninth inning was played.

In the evening were games on the Hill, followed by the Observation Game. Just before supper had arrived:

Henry H. Richards

Julia C. Richards

Nancy Richards

Henry H. Richards Jr

Tudor Richards

Hamilton Richards

Junior Baseball

St. Aloysius – 8 vs. House of David – 15

At Brauer Field when July 16, 1928

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9 8	10 9	11	A.B	R.	1B.	S.B	S.
			6	Shaw, R.	— 0-3		K			1-3		— 3 3		4-3		5	1	2		
3			4	Pillsbury	K			K		K		K		= /		5		1		
1			1	B.P.S. (P-5-7-8)	K			1-3		1-3		— 2 2		K		5	1	1		
11	.		2	P.K.A. (P-5-7)		= E-2 /		— S S			=	E-5 2 2				4	3	3	2	
8			3	Cutler		K		2-4			K	— 4 S 4				3	1	1		
1			5	Howe, J.		3			1-3		3	K				4				
			7	Mirter		K			K		3	9 0-3				3				
			8	Talbot			C1		2 /			3 S	—			2	1	1		
			9	Goodwin			K		2-4			2 /		4		1	1			
				Totals	0/1	1/2	1/2	1/3	1/3	1/3	2/4	8/8	—	8/9			8	9		

Time........h........m. Umpires E.T.P. – R.T.F. Scorer E. S. [illegible]

Howe, J. in for Shaw, R. in the 8th

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	1B.	S.B	S.H.
2			5	Procter	2		— 3 2 2	C1	K			— 0.T. 2 2				4	3	2		
			9	Auchinleck	K		— 2 2	3	4-3			— 5-3				4	1	2		
4			1	J.D.S. (P-9)	= /		= 4 /		— 2 2 2	0.T. /		2 2				3	4	3		
10	.		2	J.W.P. (P-8-9)	K		3 3		= 0.T.	E-1 S-2		= /				4	2	2		
3			3	Muir	K		K		3 2 S	K		K				4	1		1	
3			4	Wallace		K	E-4 2 E-2 2		E-4 3 2 3	1-3		C1				5	2			
			6	Scaife		E-1 2 /	— 5-3		1-3		4-3					4	1	1		
			8	Swim		S.H. 4-3	E-3		— E-4		1					3	1	1		1
			7	Goodhue		4-3		1-3	F-2 /		1					4				
				Totals	1/1	2/1	7/5	7/5	12/8	13/8	13/8	15/11					15	11		

Earned Runs.......................... Two Base Hits P.K.A., J.D.S. – 2, J.W.P. [illegible] Three Base Hits J.W.P., P.K.A. Home Runs —

First on Balls—off J.D.S. – 3 J.W.P. – 4; off B.P.S. – 3 P.K.A. – 3

Struck out—by J.D.S. – 9 J.W.P. – 9; by B.P.S. – 6 P.K.A. – 5

Left on Bases........................; Double Plays P.K.A. – Cutler – B.P.S. 6. Wallace [illegible]

Wild Pitches.......................... Passed Balls..........................

First Base on Errors.......................... Hit by Pitcher..........................

"How They Brought the Canoes and Tents by Night

I sprang to the paddle, as also did T.
I.R., and Bob Russell, and John Malloree,
And John Beppo Ewell, and Oliver E.;
We paddled, they paddled, we paddled each three.
"'Ware bear!" cried the Skipper, as both boats
withdrew;
"Bear," echoed the Point to each swift-passing
crew;
Behind us is Gleason', the narrows are past,
And up to the Camp we paddle at last.

Just a word to each other, we start in the race
Thwart to neck, pack to back, often slacking our
pace.
I turned to Bob Russell and made his girths
tight

Then shortened each tump-line and set the pack right
Then loaded John Mallory, loaded the kids
And we galloped away from the lake of the Yids.

Twas noontide at starting; and while we drew near
The side of the hill we began to feel queer
Half-way up we were puffing for any to see
And higher, were mourning ~~for any to see~~ as sore as could be
And when, near the summit we heard the bells chime
Young Beppo broke silence with, "Gosh, what a climb!"

At the summit up leaped of a sudden the breeze
And we rested – for Zounds we were weak in the knees
But soon quam celerime downhill we passed

And we saw our objective of East Pond at last
With resolute shoulders we butted away
And launched our canoes through the reeds, and were gay.

At Barefoot MacDougal's our table was laid
To swim and to eat, but no longer, we stayed
Then away along East Pond and into the stream
Where bald headed eagles and eaglesses scream

By Smithfield we groaned, and cried Beppo - "Oh, sir!
Let's have us a sody, - my throat's like a burr -
Please remember our aches" - This was thought a good wheeze,
So we ate, - stretched our backs - Then again on our knees

Pushed on across North Pond and soon on
the bank
Of Little Pond's camp-ground we shuddered and
sank.

Next day very early T·R and I
Rolled out of our blankets — No cloud in the sky
A bath and a breakfast and then with a laugh
We packed up the duffle; rolled into our craf-
T and on to the northward past cottages
white
"Come, paddle," cried Ted, "for Beech Hill is
in sight."

We arrive at the landing — "Hi, there, let her
run"
Then away to the road, though our feet
weigh a ton
And we hurry along, not a stop nor a
wait
We are soon at the top, and once up have a fête

With choc'late we filled ourselves up to the
brim
And sated our thirst from the canteen's
smooth rim

Then back to our camp, we our buff coats
let fall
Shook off all our sneakers, let go belt and all
Took a dive, – then the sizzle – so welcome to
ear –
Of beans and of bacon – a meal without peer.
Next we git up and git – Meadowbrook – going
good –
Till at length into camp we all paddled
and stood.

And all we remember is – friends flocking round
As we sat with our heads 'twixt our knees
on the ground.

And no voice but praised us, but no more —
for, think,
They'd poured down their own throats the
last pint of pink drink
Which we had expected by common consent
Would be given to us of the canoe and tent.

Tuesday
July 17.
B.
T.
Fair and windy.

SKIPPER'S BIRTHDAY!

The Big Day dawned bright and clear, and began with the arrival, well before the Five Minute Bell, of A.G.D.

Skipper was greeted at breakfast with a roar of Many Happy Returns of the Day, all standing.

The Aquarium Squad brought a fine outfit of fish including a ten inch pickerel, the biggest we have yet had in the aquarium. The Aquarium Squad should be congratulated on having worked out a fish trap in the Lagoon which is working finely. This is the only good way of getting the aquarium started, but Clinton Hollister, who was prefect in 1925 is till now the only person who had made a successful one.

Canoe Navigation did good work under E.T.P., but the big event was the arrival of:

Louis C. Zahner
Abbot Stevens
Arthur [illegible]
Samuel C. [illegible]

Followed a little later by:

Alice Sherburne

The Graduate Quartette met at Abe Stevens' at North Andover yesterday afternoon and had a very merry party, and then set their alarm clock heroically for four thirty A.M., and, what is more got up!

Alice S. started late yesterday afternoon, spent the night at Brunswick, and started at five this morning.

After breakfast Skipper's family gave him their birthday present, two wonderful Indian Figures, Algonquin and Iroquois that J.G.W. carved from unfinished mahogany. Besides they're

Tuesday Con't.

being most delightful to the eye they are very accurate representations of the detailed dress and weapons of each tribe, J.G.W., having had a great deal of anthropological study of the Western Tribes.

At dinner we were very gay, with pink drink.

Sundry Stunts

Ouananiche
H.R.
A.S. S.C.B.
A.S.S. L.C.Z.
E.Sher. E.Shaw
Stanton Mixter
Auchincloss Richard.

Erebus
J.D.S.
Cutler
Payson

To Gather Material for Aquarium

Williwaw
J.R.
Alsop
Sortwell

Yammer
Shaw R.
Trimingham
Bettle

Hamilton Pond

Worry
H.H.R.
And
Family

Cobb
P.N.M.
Goodhue
Hall G.
A.S.

Terror
Stevens S.
Wallace
Cheever

Fishing

Chub
B.P.S.
Buttfield
Cook

Arklet
R.T.F.
Howe D.
Hall D.

Hornpout
J.W.P.
Talbot
Scaife

Wobbler
Jameson
Bates J.
Burr I.T.

Bickford Hill Walk for All Others with E.T.P.

The Chief event of the afternoon was the Ouanani trip with four of the old guard, and the Skipper himself at the helm. She went with a splendid long-stroke and sweep, with all flags flying She went for an island cruise, first around Chute, then behind Crooked, then skirted the shore of Hoyt's and continued south around Oak, and so home. It was a fine trip.

J.R. had a happy and successful Bog Brook trip, and brought home two packed pails of Bladder-wort - enough to keep the aquarium well stocked and aerated for some time.

sday Con't.

The Hamilton Pond group also had a good trip. They went at a good pace down there, only being delayed by the fact that certain members of the party were firmly convinced that the first instead of the second pond that they came to was Hamilton Pond. The mosquitoes and flies were so bad that they did not go in swimming but returned shortly, striking a bad cross-wind coming back across the Pond.

The walkers to Bickford Hill had a rather hot, but otherwise good trip.

The fishers had quite wonderful luck, catching a total of sixty fish.

Just before supper arrived the Wiggi, to wit:

John Wiggins
Laura Wiggins
Laura Elizabeth Wiggins
Rosalind Wiggins

Then came supper, with almost a record dining room full, there were seventy-five all told, and we had a Bink, the step-child of the Tink.Things were very gay and festive, the Mammoth Cave supplying the butlers in order to further certain mysterious plans of their own. And in fact, as soon as the Buttling was over they brought in their presents for the Skipper and wonderful presents they were too! A beautiful clock for the mantelpiece, a splendid boat hook, and an ever-sharp pencil. Hurrah for the Mammoth Cavers, they made a little presentation Speech, and were uproariously applauded by all hands!

Then after that came in The Cake! Blazing with eighty candles, made by Mrs. Hammond and lettered by J.G.W. it was a miracle of flavor and artistry.

A little while after supper all hands gathered in the big room. L.E.R. rose and announced that she had been fortunate

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enough to secure the services of some old and trusty friends for our entertainment tonight. For the Old Guard no more was needed than to see the faces of the Nussbaum brothers as they made their way, attired in faultless evening dress, bowing and smiling, through the audience. Together they stood before the curtain, Gebhardt (J.G.W.) Fritz (L.T.) and their cousin Gottlieb Spiegelberger (J.R.). Their faces were glowing with true Germanic enthusiasm, their beards were glossy and soignes, as their spokesman, Gebhardt explained the purpose of their visit and their plans for the evning's entertainment. He spoke of their recent occupations, "showing der way to the the Johnsons" and of their connections with Beebe, "der picture off der pig lizzard in dere book, dot vas Fritz", they also spoke sadly of the absent brother, Rudolf, "vas he climbing Mt. McKinley, or Everest?" (reference to notes!) "No, he vas at Groton." Finally said that they had been engaged in a "geological, ethnological, genealogical, metrological, and logical study of Maine and Belgrade, but, as you know ve are not simbly sciendifig, ve are artists, dramatists und men of letters. So, ve haf vorked out two hisdorical Bageants, virst the Cycle of Philip Snow, the first settler in Belgrade, und also the Kennebec Cycle especially the Hebraic Invasion, vor the beables comes in great vaves, de Red Man, de Anglo-Saxon, de Irish, de Jewish, und now ve are threatened with the invasion of de Canadian etc, etc."

The "Historical Bageant" was acted in dumb show, explained by Gebhardt from scene to scene. The first scene was of Philip Snow buying the land from Amybessy Cook and

Maranda Cook for a pair of Dutchess Trousers (guarranteed not to rip etc.) Chief Squannacook who witnessed this dubious deal cursed Philip Snow in a variety of ways and the following scenes showed the different ways in which this cursing had influenced the nomenclature of this region in the dire events it had produced. Incidentally the transaction took place on an island, which has ever since been know as Crooked Island.

Scene Two showed us Philip Snow going on a long carry up a mountain, in the distance appeared the sinister figure of Chief Squannacook muttering incantations, and suddenly something bit Philip Snow, he writhed in agony, he scratched, he jumped, he rolled, but the Big Chief's words were evidently potent, and ever since, that carry has been known as the Itchfield Carry.

In Scene Three: Poor Philip is bitten by a snake, because of the curse he must bear the rest of his life, and now we know the scene of that disaster as Snake Point.

In Scene Four He catches a very severe cold, and staggers across the scene wracked by coughs and sneezes, our hearts bled, our eyes watered for him, is it any wonder that on the scene of this misfortune should be placed for ever after the name of Horse Point?

Scene Five was tradgedy, pure and simple , Philip Snow, seated on one island at what he fool-hardily considered a safe distance from his enemy, proceeded to rag the Big Chief, to get his Goat, but the Indian's revenge was sure and swift, an arrow in his bow, a sinewy arm drawn back, and before we realized what was happening Philip Snow was hammering his heels on the ground in his death struggle! And so today in memory of this greatest of

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conflicts, we call the two islands, Goat, and Chute.

We were desolated to find that the time had passed all too swiftly, and there was not enough for the Pageant of the Hebraic Invasion, we were consoled however by the presentation of the three beautiful songs which follow on another page. The three Nussbaums sang them with the unequaled feeling and expression for which they are so famous.

Es Regnet es Regnet.

My name it is Isaac
I never am late,
I feel dot I should be
Der Gamp's fashion plate.

Der shirt tails iss foolish
To bodder about
I like it much better
To have dem hang out.

Und garters und soch like
I dink iss a bore
I lige for my sdoggings
To mop up der floor

Vy beables vant buttons
I don't see, I svear,
Mit close flopping round you
You get much more air.

Und der moral of diss iss
You plainly can see
Dot oll off diss Gamp here
Iss crazy,but me.

A Lamend

Oh my name is David Hall, David Hall,
Oh my name is David Hall
Und I hate you one and all
You are nasdy peoples all
Go avay.

The first day I came to camp, came to camp
The first day I came to camp
They played soccer in the damp
And I'd rather clean a lamp
Any Day

Next come their sondry stonts, sondry stonts
Next come their sondry stonts
Und for dot enoff iss vonce
Oh! Dot gamp iss von pig Donce
Sfot I say.

Den dey all go scouting round, scouting round
Den dey all go scouting round
Mit der tummies on der ground
Like a half-wit beagle hound
I von't play.

All dis business makes me sick, makes me sick
All dis business makes me sick
Effry vere I've god a kick
Effry kid's a little mick
Mr. Cooley is a hick
Dose fool dootters make me sick
Mr. Putnam thinks he's slick
Captain John iss mean und thick
Off the dock I'll bounce a brick
Flood's a lamp without a wick
Scaife's a clock without a tick
Go Avay.

Konig von Thule

Der vass an ancient mariner
Vat sailed der vaters blue
Vat had no use for put boats
But sailed in a canoe

He feared not any vedder
nor rain nor vind nor hail
He's ask for nodding better
Dan face der raging gale.

But bold men haf der accidents
Der bravest meet defeat
Der vicious waves may swallow
Der finest of der fleet

So vass it mit dis sailor bold
For on von fatal day
Der storm wind did surprise him
Upon his vattery vay.

Surprise him I should say so
It domp him in der drink
Before in soch a crisis
He got der time to tink.

Der on Great Ponds brod waters
He prafely schwimm around
Der seagods do der bestest
Diss noble soul to drown.

But vat iss diss a goming
Troo storm vinds and typhoons?
A schpeed pot making poffings
Und two pig hearted coons.

Dey pull him off der vater
Dey set him on der shore
Der storm gods dey haf thwarted
Amid der tempests roar.

But soch shocks leafs der margs pehind
Der pold eyes flash no more
His knees are veek und shaky
He's not vat vass pefore.

No more he prests der pillows
He planches at a preeze
Der prave spirit is proken
Vat vonce did lord der seas.

Wednesday
July 18
B. 29.7
T. 77
Clear

This morning H.H.R. gave a very interesting talk on Montan, a process for preserving indefinitely wood which may be used for telegraph poles, railroad ties, furniture, shingles, almost anything that requires a wood that will stand exposure to weather.

A.S. had, to our sorrow, left very early in the morning, before breakfast - about 4 A.M., to be exact.

After breakfast the Wiggins all left for Deer Isle. And after dinner left L.C.Z., A.Stevens, A.Sweeny, and S.C.B., Before they left, however, they had gone out fishing and came in with 44 perch!

L.L.S. made a trip to Waterville with John Bates to see the dentist.

In the afternoon, Go As You Please, and a Soccer Game was organized.

Soccer

List to the Port	List to the Starboard
L.T.	P.N.M.
J.G.W.	E.T.P.
R.T.F.	L.L.S.
J.W.P.	J.C.C.
B.P.S.	Cutler
Russell	Jameson
Muir	Howe,J.
Richard	Cook
Goodhue	Procter
T.I.R.	Stevens,S.

First Quarter. Almost at once the List to the Ports crashed through with a goal by R.T.F., and for most of the rest of the quarter they managed to keep most of the playing at the opposite end of the field, and several more attempts were made. About half way through the quarter, it began to rain very hard, which made the field slippery, but the play

Wednesday
July 18
comt'd

was fast, notwithstanding.

Second Quarter. J.W.P. started off this quarter by making a goal very soon, which was followed by a very pretty clean kick by R.T.F., making another goal for the List to the Ports. The Starboards retaliated at length with a goal by E.T.P., which bounced against the goal post and then popped in. In spite of all their endeavors, however, R.T.F. made another goal, making a total of four for the Ports and one for the Starboards.

Third Quarter. L.T. made another goal for the Ports quite soon, but the Starboards rallied again with two goals by E.T.P. and one by P.N.M., E.T.P. making a third valiant attempt which went too high.

Fourth Quarter. In this quarter, L.T. and R.T.F. both made goals for the Ports and E.T.P. for the Starboards. There were several other goals threatened, but none were made.

We forgot to say that there was wrestling again this morning. The results follow:

Bassett Jameson	Draw
Alsop Goodhue	Alsop 25 seconds
Hall, D. Ewell	Ewell 1 minute, 5 seconds
Muir Payson	Muir 23 seconds
Bates, J. Howe, J.	Howe, J. 1 minute, 1 second
Stanton Russell	Russell 40 seconds
Swaim Everett	Draw

Wednesday Procter
July 18 Trimingham Trimingham 2 minutes, 24 sec.
cont'd

The other Go As You Pleasers mostly went fishing, but had to come in when it began to rain.

In the evening there were no Charades, but after Games on the Hill we played Dumb Crambo. There was a good deal of very skilful acting, the Hunting of the Snark being one of the best scenes.

For the half-past-niners, there was more Three Hostages.

Total Fish: 385 perch, 23 bass.

Thursday
July 19
B. 29.6.
T. 70
W. N.

This morning there was a noble worm squad which brought home as many as 425 worms and night crawlers. There was also canoe navigation under J.C.C.

The great event of the day was the arrival, during afternoon reading of: J. Randolph Burke

H.H.R. went in to Gardiner to lunch, doing various errands and bringing back lettuce etc.

In the afternoon was the First Scouting. The northwest wind had struck down about nine thirty, giving hopes of the right sort of an afternoon, and though it would have taken half a gale to blow away the fortnight's mugginess, at least things were better by starting time than on the last Scouting Day, with a fair breeze through the woods and along the shore.

First Game

The game began with the liveliest sort of an encounter in the middle woods, where a great mix-up was reported; both sides crawlingall among and about each other. F.N.M. fell at the first clash;L.T. (killed by Burr) fell almost immediately R.T.F., Everett, Sortwell, et alii: six Iroquois, and two Algonquins in the first encounter. J.R.B. followed almost at once, and J.G.W., both from the middle woods, well south. B.P.S. and J.D.S. came up from the sweet-fern (almost the only ghosts to come up from the east side. most of the Sweet-fern party coming up at the end of the game unscathed).

The Algonquins Middle Woods Party was a very powerful one, and the Algonquins held the lead till just before the end. Cutler and L.L.S. got within fifty yards of the line, when the guard got them. (L.L.S. declares that just at the

Thursday Con't.

the critical moment he swallowed a beetle and, and choked and coughe giving away their position). J.R. made a "sacrifice hit", engaging the shore guard, Jim Stevens creeping around and scoring a run, the score in shots being tied. This seemed to give the game to the Algonquins, but Pillsbury came in having scored a run in the swamp, tying the score in runs and by a last shot, at the last second gave the game to the Iroquois, twelve killed to thirteen, as close as a game can well be.

Second Game

The second game began with a dramatic indident. P.N.M. coming from the north made a phenominally, fast run getting past the oak group west of the Boneyard, at the first dash, and on past the three red pines and to the tiny birch scarcely ten seconds later. L.T. had also made a very fast run up the hill from the south, and each held the other in check for a few minutes, then P.N.M'S rifle cracked out and L.T. fell.

The killed came in scatteringly, the difference between the trial games and the first real scouting showing everywhere in closer tighter playing (but Burr still chooses the middle of the path for inconspicuous crawling!) At four thirty the score was twelve to eleven in favor of the Iroquois, at four thirty-five it was tied, Everett coming in killed, but with the fine score og four shots. The last quarter of an hour was wonderfully fast. P.N.M. got past the guard and was within a pace of the line, but misjudged the time, and did not score his run in time. S.Stevens did score although he forgot to mention it when making his report. E.T.P. meanwhile scored a run for the Algonquins (made by very fast running) and Bassett made a second run through the swamp., then kept right on the job, in spite of the heat, and almost scored again. This gave the game to the Algonquins on both counts two runs to one, and fifteen killed to seventeen, and tied the score of games for the season. The ALL IN was not called throughly enough in this game, and failed to reach the shore guard.

Third Game

A most vociferous start among the smaller Braves! A small band of Algonquins from the North End came on as conversationally as at an afternoon tea, and a group of young Iroquois countered by announcing the incoming enemy in loud voices - "There's Mr. Terry! There's Mr. Wiggins !" Thus giving their own positions away.

A steady falling of the Iroquois. By four thirty the score was thriteen killled to four, in favor of the Algonquins, a good deal of this due to skilful back-trailing of the Iroquois' entire shore party by E.T.P. and others near the north line. A big Iroquois Sweet-fern party got up to run upright with only one Algonquin rover, B.P.S. to stand against them. He got Bates, Everett and Stevens S, before he fell himself. Hackett got through and scored, but was at once killed on the return trip. At five forty-four Talbot was the only Iroquois left beside the guard.

The final score leaves the Algonquins one game up for the season. A few of the younger players showed themselves very young in understanding the responsibilities of the game, but in the main all the games were well and keenly played. The last game showed need for more developing of liaison, especially in watching the Boneyard. A Rover can find out vital things about the condition of the game. The big scores of runs recorded in the log have nearly

Thursday Con't.

always been brought in because a Rover or some other good Scout brought word to the different groups of his side of likelihood of getting through. With all the Iroquois forward players but one fallen, it would seem as if some Algonquin might have taken in the situation by sizing up the group on the Boneyard, and getting word to groups of their Braves that open running was safe, at least till within range of the guards. As one of the Algonquin chiefs who was killed early said "too many of the younger warriors contented themselves with sitting still and looking astern. The smallest players have the easiest chance of getting through; and wonderful work is often by a quick-witted and keen-playing younger scout.

As always, when possible, when Scouting comes on a Thursday afternoon, Mrs. Cook relieved the dish-washing squad of their work.

Digestion Club gave a little account of the origin of the Merryweather Souting Game, and of different Merryweathers in the Great War. Afterwards the Half-Past Eighters had a round Earth, Air and Water.

In Half-Past Nine reading we finished the Three Hostages.

Fish 1.Perch

	Algonquins										Iroquois								
	I			II			III				I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs		Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
E.T.P.		●●			●	/		●●●●●		P.N.M.	X				●●		✓		
J.R.	X	●			●			●		J.C.C.	✓			X	●			●	
J.G.W.	X	●●		X			X	●●●		R.T.F.	X	●		X			X		
L.T.	X	●●		X			✓			J.W.P.		●		X			X		
L.L.S.	X			X			✓			J.D.S.	X	●		✓			X	●●	
T.I.R.	✓			X			✓			Auchincloss	X				●●●		X		
B.P.S.	X			X	●●		X	●●●		Bates, J.	✓			✓			X		
Alsop	✓			X				●●	/	Bates, M.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○		○
Bassett	✓				●●	/	X			Bettle	✓			X	●		X	⊗	
Buttfield	✓				●●		X	●●		Burr, I.T.	X	●		X			X		
Devens	X			X			X	●●		Cheever ✓	X	●		✓				●●	
Cook	X			X			X			Everett	X			X	●●●●		X		
Cutler	X			X	●		✓			Ewell	X				●		X		
Goodwin	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	Goodhue ✓	✓				●		X	●	
Hall, D.P.	✓			X			✓			Hackett ✓	✓			X			X	●	/
Howe, J.		●		X			X			Hall, G.		●●		X	●		X		
Ladd	✓			✓			X			Howe, D.	X			X	●		X		
Mallory		●			●●		✓			Jameson		●●		X			X		
Mixter	X	●			●●		X			Muir	✓			✓			X		
Payson	X			✓			✓			Pillsbury			/	X			X		
Richard	✓			X			X			Procter ✓	✓			✓			X	●	
Russell	✓			X			✓			Scaife	✓			X			X		
Shaw	X			✓			✓			Sortwell	X			✓			X		
Snelling ✓	✓	●		X	●			●		Stevens, S. ✓	X			X		/	X	●	
Stanton				✓			✓			Swaim		●		X			X		
Stevens, J.	X		/	✓			✓	●		Talbot ✓	X	●		X			X	●	
Trimingham ✓	✓			X	●			●●		Wallace ✓		●●		X			X	●	
	X						X				17	13	1	16	15	1	22	11	1

Friday
July 20
B. 29.65
T. 62
W. South

This morning came the second Class B. Chinning. The results show a great improvement over last time.

Alsop	3	Hall,D.	0
Auchincloss	4	Hall,G.	5
Bates,J.	7	Howe,J.	6
Bettle	0	Ladd	0
Burr,T.	0	Mixter	1
Buttfield	3	Muir	2
Cheever	1	Payson	0
Cook	0	Richard	0
Devens	3	Scaife	1
Everett	12	Sortwell	3
Ewell	1	Stanton	0
Goodhue	4	Stevens,J.	7
Goodwin	1	Swaim	4
Hackett	13	Talbot	9

In the afternoon

Sundry Suppers Out

Philip Mountain

Williwaw	Ouananiche		Identical
J.D.S.	J.R.B.		T.I.R.
Jameson	S.M.	Bettle	Hackett
Auchincloss	Bassett	Stanton	Bates,J.
Ewell	Devens	Howe,J.	Howe,D.
	Goodhue	Stevens,J.	
	Richards,H.	Cook	
	Richards,T.	Mallory	

Rocky Mountain

Pantasote	Carrabassett	Yammer
B.P.S.	E.T.P.	J.W.P.
Stevens,S.	Scaife	Cutler
Burr	Procter	Payson
Hall,D.	Wallace	Ladd

Caves

Terror	Cobb	Erebus
L.L.S.	J.C.C.	R.T.F.
Trimingham	Hall,G.	Shaw
Cheever	Swaim	Goodwin
Sortwell	E.S.	E.S.

Friday
cont'd

Fishing

Hornpout	Arklet
L.T. Buttfield Russell (59, 3 of them bass)	J.R. Talbot Snelling (50, 3 of them bass)

Wobbler	Peanut	Chub
J.G.W. Muir Mixter (69, 1 a bass)	H.H.Richards Richard Pillsbury (21,1 a bass)	P.N.M. Everett Alsop (71, 3 Of them bass)

Total: 270 fish (11 bass, 259 perch)
Total for Season:

655 perch
35 bass

Philip Mountain

The Ouani, accompanied by the Williwaw and the Identical, made good time to Philip. The trip was made somewhat less pleasant for a time by the attentions of pleasure seekers, who in outboard motor boats circled around, filling the air with unholy noise.

The climb up went fairly fast, and the view at the top was wonderful, the air being very clear.

Some of us had good luck amongst the raspberries on the way down. Supper at the landing place and an easy paddle home completed a good sundry stunt.

Rocky Mountain

The Rocky Mountaineers reached the northwest corner of Long Pond in an hour and a half from Camp. Three of the smallest boys stayed at the landing place while the others puffed through the woods to the top of the mountain, with Scaife and

Friday cont'd Burr doing nobly, in spite of a fast pace. Being pressed for time, we stayed but a minute on top, and then headed back to the boats, making the trip down in fifteen minutes.

We had a quick dip and supper at Beaver Spring, and left for Camp at six-forty-five. We made the Mills carry in ten minutes, and from the Mills back to Camp in forty minutes, getting back about eight-fifteen.

This is a great Sundry Supper-Out - long enough to keep you moving all the time, yet varied enough to relieve any monotony. The view from Rocky Mountain is worth a long paddlee.

The Caves

The Cavers had a pleasant trip across the Pond, and after a little cruising around found the landing place. We scrambled up the hill, and came upon the Caves in about twenty-five minutes. We explored them very thoroughly, going through a good many, and did quite a little stiff climbing. After spending quite a while at the top we came down, had a short swim, and ate our suppers by the landing place. A leisurely trip back completed a very nice trip.

The stay-at-homes had a very cosy little time. H.H.K. and Nancy went out fishing but (fortunately!) caught nothing.

The Half-past-eighters went as they pleased after they came in, and for the Half-past-niners we atarted the Voice in the Rice.

Saturday
July 21.
B.
T.
Clear.

A perfect day, one of the best yet!

In the morning before reading, came wrestling.

Devens Ladd	-	Devens	26s.
Stevens J. Mallory	-	Mallory	30s.
Stevens S. Jameson	-	Draw	3m.
Hall G.E. Howe D.	-	Draw	3m.
Buttfield Swaim	-	Buttfield	8s.
Mixter Scaife	-	Draw	
Cutler Bassett	-	Bassett	2m 5s
Cook Everett	-	Everett	2m 10s

This was reported to be the best wrestling so far, especially the match between Stevens S. and Jameson.

The pond was so calm that there was another shell navigation squad this morning, as well as an enormous fish-cleaning squad.

During reading H.H.R. and family left for Squam, it has been so nice to have them here, and we are very sorry to have them leave.

Senior Ball.

Hornpouts	Chubs
P.N.M.	E.R.P.
L.T.	J.W.P.
R.T.F.	T.I.R.
Shaw R.	B.P.S.
J.C.C.	J.D.S.
Mallory	Cutler
Russell	Howe J.
Procter	Pillsbury
Muir	Wallace.

Saturday Con't.

First Inning: The first inning was opened with the Hornpouts at bat L.T. obtained the only hit, a one bagger, but was left on third when P.N.M. was put out at first, thus retiring the side. The Chub's turn at bat netted them three runs by J.D.S.m J.W.P., and E.T.P. E.T.P. slammed aut a driving liner almost to the road for a Home Run. Howe J. struck out, B.P.S. was put out at first, and T.I.R. retird the side by a fly to Russell.

Second Inning: For the Hornpouts this inning was short and not so sweet. J.C.C. struck out, Shaw was put out at first, and Procter at second on a fielder's choice. For the Chubs it was shorter and rathe bitter, Wallace and Cutler being stopped at first and Pillsbury striking out.

Third Inning: The first two Hornpouts at bat were put out at first. R.T.F. got a two bagger but did not score, L.T. being put out at fir. The Chubs came to bat for a brief stay, three men being put out in quick succesion, leaving the score at 3-0 in favor of the Chubs.

Fourth Inning; The Hornpouts were shut out out by two grounders to E.T.P. who nabbed their hitters at first, and a strikeout by Shaw. The Chubs came to bat in the fourth with the first man on their batting order at the stick. This inning proved a Waterloo for the Hornpouts. The Chubs brought in eight runs with a total of six hits and four bases on balls. E.T.P. making his second circuit cloutof the game, and leaving the score 11-2 Cub-wards

Fifth Inning: The Hornpouts opened by a rather weak rally, getting three hits, but no tally was chalked up. The Chubs were put out by three fast strike-outs.

Sixth Inning: The Hornpouts this inning really made a strong rally, getting fivr hits by Mallory, R.T.F., P.N.M., J.C.C., and Russell.

R.T.F.'s being a three bagger, and J.C.C.'s and Russells each two-baggers. This inning netted five runs for the Hornpouts.

The Chubs got only three hits this inning, E.T.P. a three-bagger and T.I.R. and Wallace each a single. J.W.P. and E.T.P. each scored, putting the score at 13 - 6 for the Chubs.

Seventh Inning: For the Hornpouts J.C.C. got the only hit, a one-bagger, P.N.M. being put out at first, and Shaw R. striking out. The Chubs also got only one hit, a three-bagger by E.T.P. and one run leaving the score at 14 - 6.

Eighth Inning: The Hornpouts this inning obtained two hits, one by Procter, and one by Muir; but their score of six runs did not change. The Chubs came to bat and got one hit by T.I.R. but no runs were brought in.

Ninth Inning: The Hornpouts in their last chance at the plate got two two-baggers, one by R.T.F. and one by P.N.M. R.T.F. was the only scorer however and the game was over when Shaw R. was put out at first.

E.T.P. was again the outstanding player batting for a thousand with two-home runs, two three base hits and a one bagger, being at bat five times. For the Hornpouts J.C.C. and Shaw R. did good work in the field.

Bug Ball.

Sixes	Sevens
Goodhue	Swaim
Auchincloss	Scaife
Talbot	Alsop
Bates J.	Ewell
Howe D.	Mixter
Goodwin	Everett
Cook	Devens
Cheever	Bassett
Bettle	Stevens J.

Saturday Con't.

The Sevens came to bat first, but did not stay there long. Scaife made a hit, but Talbot had fanned his third man before he could get home. In the second half of the inning Talbot made a good two-bagger, and both he and Bates came in for runs. The Sevens however made up for their poor strat in the next inning and five runs came in. When the Sixes came to bat they held them and the first three men were put out at first in quick succesion. The Sixes rallied however in the third and Brought in seven counts to the Seven's one, thus making the score nine to six in their favor,.

The other two innings were short and snappy with each side only making one run apiece. There were many errors made throughout the game but there was also some good playing, notably from Talbot and from Everettt at bat.

Second Charade Evening

1. R.R. "Moscow"

Scene 1. "Moss". This scene was of a squad collecting Sphagnum under the able leadership of E.T.P.

Scene 2. "Cow" J.B.H., a maidenly instructress, was conducting a select Nature Class of little girls. After having had their picnic they were being treated to a model dissertation on the subject of how great oaks from little acorns grow, especially when "they are trampled on by cows and thus forced down into the ground. At this jucture a cow bell is heard in the distance. Enter cow, mooing, Exit class shrieking.

Scene 3. "Moscow"! A scene of wild carousal. T.I.R., J.B.H. and Cutler are discovered, dressed a Russians, seated around a table, drinking and singing. They denounce in the most lively terms Peter the Great

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5 4	6 5	7 6	8 7	9 8	10	11	A.B	R.	1B.	S.B	S.H.
			9	Howe	K		K	6-3		K		E-6 2	1-3			6				
12			3	J. D. S.	3 2		4-3	2 2			6-3	1-3				4	2	1		
7	3	•	2	J. W. P.	E-5 2 2 2		K	=			E-5 2 2 2	4-3				5	2	1		
3	7		1	E. T. P.	≡ H			— 4 2 3	≡ H		≡ E-3	≡				5	4	5		
	1		6	B. P. S.	4-3			— 4 2 3	2		1-3	3				4	1	1		
4	1	•	4	T. I. R.	F8			— 4 2 3	1-3		— 2 2		— 1-2 2 2			5	1	3		
.			8	Wallace		4-3		4 2 3		E-1	—		E-5 2			4	1	1		
1	1	•	5	Cutler		4-3		4 2 3		K	K		F			4	1			
			7	Pillsbury		K		3 2 3		K		4 2 3	K			3	2			
27	13	3		**Totals**	3/1	3/1	3/1	11/7	11/7	11/7	13/10	14/11	14/12	/	/		14	12		

Earned Runs .... Two Base Hits R.T.F.-2 J.W.P. J.C.C. [illegible] P.N.M. Three Base Hits E.T.P.-2 R.T.F. Home Runs E.T.P.-3

First on Balls—off P.N.M. -6; off E.T.P. -2

Struck out—by P.N.M. -9; by E.T.P. -7

Left on Bases ....; Double Plays ....

Wild Pitches .... Passed Balls ....

First Base on Errors .... Hit by Pitcher ....

6

Hornpouts -7 vs. Clubs -14

At Braves Field when July 21, 1928

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	1B.	S.B	S.H.
1		••	5	Mallory	K		F4		— O.T.	— 2 2 2		K				5	1	2		
12			3	R.T.F.	1-3		=		F4	≡			= 3			5	1	3		
10		•	2	L.T.	—		5-3		F3	F1			S.H.			4		1		1
.	4	•	1	P.N.M	1-3			1-5		— E-4 E-5	4-3		= O.T.			5	1	2		
	2	•	6	J.C.C.		K		1-3		= E-2	—					5	1	2		
	5		4	Shaw, R.		1-3		K		K	K		1-3			5				
			7	Procter		K			F1	F1		— 2-4				3		1		
1			8	Russell		F.C.			— 2	=		K				4	2	2		
			9	Muir			1-3		— 2 O	3 2 3		— 2				3	1	2		
																	7	15		
24	11	5		**Totals**	0/1	0/1	0/2	0/2	1/5	6/10	6/11	6/13	7/15	/	/					

Time ...... h .... m. Umpires J.B.H. .... Scorer E. Sherburne

Sixes vs. Sevens

At when

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	1B.	S.B	S.H.
			1.	Talbot																
			2.	Bates																
			3	[illegible]																
			4	[illegible]																
			[illegible]	[illegible]																
			[illegible]	[illegible]																
			7	[illegible]																
			[illegible]	[illegible]			B													
			[illegible]	[illegible]				B												
				Totals	2 / 2	/ 2			1 / 10											

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	1B.	S.B	S.H.
			3	[illegible]	K															
			1.	[illegible]																
			6	[illegible]	K															
			4.	[illegible]																
			2.	[illegible]	K		K													
			[illegible]	Everett					K											
			7.	[illegible]			K													
			8	[illegible]																
			9.	[illegible]		K	K													
				Totals			1 / 6	1												

Earned Runs Two Base Hits Three Base Hits Home Runs
First on Balls--off ; off
Struck out--by ; by
Left on Bases ; Double Plays
Wild Pitches Passed Balls
First Base on Errors Hit by Pitcher

whom they imagine to be safely out of the way. Their surprise is great when he appears on the scene, brandishing an immense sword. Without more ado he kills them all, and the pealing of bells fills the air.

2. J.C.C."Capsize"

Scene 1. "Cap-size" L.L.S. is discovered seated at a table giving out Scouting Caps to boys. Some difficulty is experienced in getting them to fit the various head-sixes. Also a certain amount of discipline is found necessary.At last however all are out-fitted except one remaining Scout whose head cannot be fitted

Scene 2. "Capsize". In this scene there appeared J.D.S. and Pillsbury in a small sailing vessels, which after much valiant seamanship capsized and the poor mariners were forced to swim for their lives.

3. L.T. Hypnosis

Scene 1. "HYp." This scene was at the ring-side of a fight between Butcher LaCoste (Howe D.) and Bull Kobar (Auchincloss). The Announcer (R.T.F.) told the audience what they were about to witness, L.T. as referee gave the wrestlers their rules and the fight was on! After some terrific mauling LaCoste succeeds in putting down Kobar, and is declared the Heavy-Weight Champion of the World.

Scene 2."No, Sis." Again we see the familiar Blue-Beard scene. The poor Fatima (E.S.) scrubs at her stained keys to no avail, and all too soon there enters the blood-thirsty Blue-Beard. To Fatima's anquished entreaties the coy sister Anne (L.T.) peeping shyly over the screen in the back, could only reply, "No, sister, no one is coming, no, sis , there is nothing in sight", until at length the manly brother appears on the scene (R.W.H.), slays the villain and rescues poor Fatima.

Saturday Con't.

Scene 3. "Hypnosis". A masterpiece of occult science! L.T. as the magician, appeared before the audience asking for volunteers to be hypnotised. Before the words were out of his mouth Hall G. had stepped up from the back of the audience and the game was on. Laid on a flat board he was covered with blankets, which, the magician assured us would be warm but harmless. Then with a few mysterious passes of the hand the patient was rendered as stiff as the board on wich he was lying. To prove this somewhat startling statement, both the board on which he hwas lying and the chairs which supported the board were removed from beneath him, and Georgie remained suspended in air, but looking exactly as if he were still lying on the board. It was most mystyfying, and we were all rather relieved when with some more passes and mutterings the subject was returned to consciousness and came down the aisle again looking as healthy as when he had gone up.

For Half-Past Niners, more reading.

We forgot to say that during the ball games there arrived:

Richard Rush - John B. Hawes, 3rd Richard W. Hale Jr.

And Mrs. Vaughan came to lunch.

Sunday
July21.
B. 29.8.
Overcast.

Appointments for the week:

Flag - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -Ewell.

Weather - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Bettle

Inspectors - - - - - - - - - - - - - Russell and Muir.

During Morning Service there arrived:

Waters Kellogg

Mr. and Mrs. Hall, and the three Miss Halls came to lunch.

In the afternoon it began to rain, and so there was Senior Soccer, a run to Goose Beach and some Go as You Pleasers.

Senior Soccer

Greenbergh High and Muir or Kelley, Burke and Shea.	Die Allsterne
J.R.L.T.	P.N.M.
J.R.T.F.	E.T.P.
J.G.W.	J.C.C.
J.W.P.	L.L.S.
J.B.H.	R.R.
J.R.B.	R.W.H.
J.W.K.	T.I.K.
Cutler	B.P.S.
Jameson	J.D.S.
Wallace	Russell
Muir.	Trimingham.

Go as You Please.

Auchincloss
Bettle
Buttfield
Cook
Howe D.
Hackett
Sortwell.

The rest run to Goose Beach.

Senior Soccer - First Quarter: L.T. kicked off for the G.H.S. and P.N.M. took the ball down to the G.H.S. goal in the first minute, but did not score. However after some play in the centre of the field, he again took the ball for a goal from the left side of the field. Then again within the next few minutes L.T. made a goal for the G.H.S., tying the score.

Sunday Con't.

There was no further scoring in this period although the playing was very fast and both goals were threatened a good many times.

Second Quarter: The G.H.S. scored in the first few minutes, with a goal by J.W.P., but the score was again tied with a gaol by J.C.C.

Third Quarter: A very good try for a goal by E.T.P. went too high, but soon afterwards, R.R. made a goal taking the ball on the rebound from E.T.P.. This was followed by a goal by L.T. and another by J.W.P. thus bringing the score to 4 - 3 in favor of the G.H.S.

Fourth Quarter: There was no scoring for about fifteen minutes, when E.T.P. tied the score for the D.A. The ground was by this time very slippery, but the playing was very exciting.

The bad weather made a parlor picnic necessary, but it was a very jolly one. Afterwards R.R. read a very terrifying ghost story The Lower Berth. Hymms continue to go better each Sunday and they were most spirited tonight.

For the Half-Past Niners, The Incarnation of Krishna Mulvaney.

Monday
July 23.
B. 29.1.
T. 60
Wind N.E.
Overcast.

This morning there was singing for a half an hour, after reading, to practise the songs for next Sing Song.

There were also mighty shell repairings most of the morning.

In the afternoon was both Junior and Senior Soccer and Boat Building.

Senior Soccer

G.A.R.	Convalescent Home
P.N.M.	L.T.
J.G.W.	J.C.C.
E.T.P.	R.T.F.
B.P.S.	J.R.B.
J.W.P.	J.W.K.
R.W.H.	J.B.H.
Cutler	L.L.S.
Russell	Jameson
Mallory	Pillsbury
Stevens S.	Shaw R.
Muir	Procter

Score: 3 - 1.

First Quarter: At the start the playing was rather slow, but it soon speeded up in to a good game. During this quarter the ball was kept mostly down at the Convalescent Home end of the field, with P.N.M. scoring a goal for the G.A.R.'s. There was a good deal of play in the centre of the field however, and also several attempts to score for the Convalescent Home were made by J.C.C.

Second Quarter: This quarter began with a tremendous melee about The Convalescent Home's goal with the result of another count for the G.A.R. made by E.T.P. There were several other threats of score but no other goals were made. Some good playing by Russell and Cutler Was noticeable and also some very good guarding by Procter.

Third Quarter: A new scheme of kicking off was demonstrated by the G.A.R.'s when P.N.M. instead of kicking the ball when he came

Monday Con't.

to it, sheered off to the left, passing it and E.T.P. following him did the same thing to the right, so that J.W.P. the third man following kicked off. This worked well in getting the ball down to the Convalescent Home goal, but it was taken back to the G.A.R. goal for a score by J.C.C.

Fourth Quarter: There was a terrific rush down the field headed by L.T. but no score was made, and the ball was shortly retirned to the Convalescent Home goal with the result of another count for the G.A.R. made by B.P.S. The game was on the whole a very fast and exciting one, P.N.M., J.G.W.;L.T., J.C.C., and Cutler and Russell playing particularly well.

Junior Soccer

Morons	Half - Wits
Howe J.	Mixter
Talbot	Swaim
Trimingham	Scaife
Howe D.	Hall G.E.
Goodwin	Goodhue
Stevens J.	Ewell
Cheever	Burr I.T.
Cook	Bates J.
Auchincloss	Alsop
Bassett	Bettle
Payson	Hall D.P.

It took considerable coaching to persuade the members of the two teams to play at all in their positions, but after a while things began to get speeded up into quite a good game. The Morons seemed to have the best team right along, and worked up a score of four to nothing. The best players seemed to be Howe J., Talbot, and Mixter and Swaim.

For supper the Mammoth Cave had a picnic on the point with R.R. and E.Shaw. A squad in the morning had collected fire-wood and we cooked eggs and bacon over a nice fire. Afterwards when every thing was cleaned up R.R. told the story of the Indian Stunt which J.G.W. had given on the Point. Then there was just time for one game of Skowhegan before the Horn blew for Going to Jerusalem.

The Going to Jerusalem went very well. Snelling won the first round, E.Sher the second, and the third which was for Half-Past Eighters exclusively was won by Mixter.

Mr. and Mrs. Procter came for a while in the afternoon and watched the Soccer, Mr. and Mrs. Pillsbury also came and brought a delightful gift of peanuts.

After Half-Past Eight. J.W.K. went out and climbed the flag-pole, a noble feat!

For Half-Past Niners more of The Voice in the Rice.

Tuesday
July 24. A big event was the arrival of the first of all
B.
T. the Merryweather prefects (Alas, only for the day!)
Clear.
Wind N.W. to see Haven Ladd. It was almost fortunate that he
was out of Scouting so that he could take his father fishing.

Second Scouting Afternoon

"The day dawned" ideal for Scouting; partly overcast, yet with sparkling air, and a good north breeze. the Chiefs considered an All Day Expedition, but it seemed too perfect for Scouting to let go. As has happened every time this year though the wind flattened, and by the middle of the afternoon it was clear, still, and uncomfortably hat.

The Algonquins had to play without two of their strongest men. J.G.W. was telephoned for to Pomfret, his Mother not being well, and J.R. took him to the station. Buttfield, Ladd, and Hackett were kept from playing by water on the knee, a boil, and a scraped shin, respectively. W.K. and R.W.H. however played with the Algonquins, and J.B.H. with the Iroquois.

First Game

There was a larger Sweet fern party than in the previous games this season: Mallory, Burr, Pillsbury, B.P.S., and others came up killed from this side. Pillsbury had tried to back-track a party but they were going at great speed and he could not come up into them.

The Algonquins took the lead from the first showing the better marksmanship. At the end of the first quarter of an hour the score was four killed to eight in their favor. The Iroquois gained somewhat as the game went on, but the Algonquins kept a halter-long lead, finishing however fourteen to fourteen, when David Howe for the Iroquois slipped past the Algonquin's

Mammoth Cave guard, and scored a run giving his side the game.

Patsy and Toots, we will say evaded the Ladies when they came to tie them up, and balled up the game as thoroughly as two lively black and white setters well could. They sniffed at hidden players, then frisked about them, wagging their tails and barking, great aids to secrecy. J.R.B. among others owed his death to them. He back-tracked Patsy who was at the moment on a hunt for wood-chucks, for fifteen minutes and was killed in the process.

Second Game

There was no over-running for either side this time, and it was quite a while before any dead arrived. W.K. and Pillsbury both came in and then there was an even longer wait before any others appeared. The game was rather slow, but very close. Even when ghosts began to trickle in it was in an almost even stream - first an Algonquin, and then an Iroquois, then an Iroquois followed by an Algonquin. The Algonquins had begun to climb ahead a little at the end, eleven shots to fifteen, when J.B.H. came in with a run for the Iroquois, thus winning the second game for them.

Third Game

The game went on, hotter and hotter, but the playing did not slacken, or only among the smallest players.

The best shots of the afternoon were E.T.P., B.P.S. and Bassett, three each.

The playing was wonderfully even and at the end of the first half hour, the score was tied, twelve to twelve. Just after that,

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
E.T.P.		●		✓			X	●●●	1
J.R.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
J.G.W.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
L.T.	X	●●			●●		X		
J.R.B.	X	●		X	●		✓		
L.L.S.	✓				●		X		
T.I.R.	✓			X	●		✓		
B.P.S.	X			✓				●●●	
R.W.H.	✓			X			X		1
Alsop		●●		✓			✓		
Bassett	X				●		X	●●●	
Devens	X			✓			X		1
Cook	X	●		X			X	●	
Cutler	✓			X			✓		
Goodwin		●			●●			●	
Hall, B.P.	X			X			X	●	
Howe	✓				●			●	
Kellogg	X			X			X		
Mallory	X			X				●	
Mixter	X	●			●		X	●	
Payson	X			X			X		
Richard	✓			✓			X	●	
Russell	X			✓			✓		
Shaw	✓			X	●●		X		
Snelling	X	●			●		✓		
Stanton	✓				●		X		
Stevens, J.		●		✓			X		
Trimingham	X	●●●		X	●		X	●●	

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
P.N.M.	X			✓			X	●	
J.C.C.	X	●		✓			X	●●	
R.T.F.	X			X			X	●	
J.W.P.	✓			X	●			●	
J.D.S.		●		X			✓		
J.B.H.	✓				●●	1		●	
Auchincloss	X			X			X		
Bates, J.	✓			X			X		
Bettle	X			✓			X		
Burr, I.T.	X			X	●		X		
Cheever		●●●		X			X		
Everett	X			X			X		
Ewell	✓				●			●●	
Goodhue	✓			X	●		X		
Hackett	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Hall, G.		●●		✓			X		
Howe, D.	X	●	1	X	●●●		X	●●	
Jameson	✓			X			✓		
Muir	X	●			●			●	
Pillsbury	X			X			✓		
Procter	X	●		✓			X		
Scaife	✓			X			X		
Sorlwell	X	●		✓			X		
Stevens, S.	X				●		X	●	
Swaim		●		X			X	●●	
Talbot	X			X			X		
Wallace		●●		✓				●●	
	14	14	1	15	11	1	18	16	0

though, E.T.P. killed the Swamp Guard, P.N.M., and got through coming in with the score of three shots and one run, and letting through R.W.H. and Devens who also scored. J.B.H. for the Iroquois by speed and good play got through with a run at the South End, but the Game was the Algonquins on b oth counts, threeruns to one, and eighteen killed to sixteen. this leaves the games tied for the season, the best way to have it (as has often happened) up to the last game of the last afternoon. Here's hoping it will be thus this year!

Boats, after supper, the third boat evening, were delightful as always. The one out was that two or three crews forgot to keep track of their time and came in late. Two boats fished catching 13 white perch and two bass.

Second Round the Horn! J.B.H. and W.K. set out across the Pond along the path of a wonderful half moon, that lasted them well on their way. It was a perfect night for it!

There was also a very pleasant Ladies' Kyaking party that ended however in a curious misunderstanding!

We should have said before that during supper then arrived Mrs. Bates, bringing with her: Mandon Bates

He has been sick, and unable to come before.

For Half-Past Niners we finished the Voice in the Rice.

Total Fish: 668 perch, 37 bass

Wednesday
July 25.
Clear.

Our weather boy has again forsaken us, but it is a lovely day, clear and cool, with a west wind,.

In the morning before reading came wrestling, which seems to have been mostly draws.

Alsop Auchincloss	-	Alsop	59s.
Bates M. Shaw R.	-	Shaw	2m. 25s.
Burr Stanton	-	Draw	
Payson Bettle	-	Draw	
Hall G. Goodwin	-	Draw	
Ewell Talbot	-	Draw	

R.R. had a doodle-bug squad for boys during regular squad time and then a little faculty one just after swim.

In the morning there arrived:

Mary Vaughan Marvin

And to our sorrow W.K. departed right after breakfast.

In the afternoon were:

Sundry Stunts

Report to J.R.B.

Procter
Talbot
Mixter
Devens

Ouananiche

J.R.
Bassett
Richard
Goodhue
Scaife
Cheever
Cutler
Burr I.T.
Hackett
Bettle
Howe J.
Sortwell
Ladd
To Fish Hatchery

Report to L.T.

Russell
Pillsbury
Everett
Snelling
Stevens S.

Williwaw

Auchincloss
Stevens J.
Bates J.
Cook.

Wednesday Con't.

Worry	Yammerschooner
P.N.M.	Wallace
HoweD.	Bates M.
Swaim	Goodwin
Mallory	

Fishing

Erebus	Pantasote	Terror	Arklet
T.I.R.	R.T.F.	E.T.P.	J.D.S.
Alsop	Buttfield	Ewell	Hall G.E.
Muir	Hall D.P.	Payson	Trimmingham
1.bass		2 bass.	1 bass
3.perch			2 perch

Hornpout
Jameson
Stanton
Shaw R.H.
5 perch

Total 16 perch
4 bass.

It was a very pleasant expedition to the Mills. In spite of a powerful crew, it was rather slow going over against the wind, but once there the usual feed was doubly appreciated. Before we came back however the wind had risen even more and we came back roaring,with it.

Those who reported to L.T. went up to work on the cabin. This is a log cabin that was built last year by J.G.W. and L.T., and today work was done bringing up stones for the fire-place, and fixing the door.

Those who went to the Fish Hatchery had an uneventful trip over. The fish and eggs were very interesting to see, and the ice cream that was indulged in afterwards was found even more interesting. A swim was contemplated but the stream did not seems a very favorable place, so all walked back to the boats and started home. The wind in the mean while had risen, and the passage home was directly against it. The Worry went in to the Lagoon, and carried home, and the Williwaw also went into the Lagoon, but being unable to make the carry had to come out again, and row, two men to each pair of oars, around the Point.

Third Charade Evening

1. J.C.C. "Charade"

Scenel. "Shah". An oriental scene, presided over in due form by L.L.S., the Shah of Turkey. Enter various Potentates, anounced impressively by J.C.C.,one by one they make their various requsts of the Shah, and then leave.

Scene 2. "Raid". A most dramatic representation of "the Sword of the Lord and of Gideon". The sleepers on the ground are aroused by a most terrific blast of of the trumpet, and the entrance of Gideon, brandishing his long sword. With cries of terror they flee the spot.

Scene 3."Charade". J.C.C., S.M., L.L.S., J.D.S., are discovered seated at a table with bent brows trying to find a word for a charade. In vain they puzzle and ponder. From time to time youths appear at the door, asking if they are ready, only to be violently refused admission, and so it continues until in despair they are about to give up, when half-past seven in announced and they exit tearing their hair.

2. J.R."Moccasin"

Scene 1. "Mockers".A most educational scene. Enter Elisha, about to climb the mountain (J.R.) followed by jeering children, who taunt him in every rude way they can think of. "Go up, thou Bald-Head " they say to him. But his wrath is great and he curses them, bringing out from the woods a great she bear who chases them around and around the mountain. A very dramatic incident!

Scene 2. "in". Noah (Trimmingham) stands in the pelting rain under an umbrella, herding the animals into the ark. Most of them are not sorry to go in as the rain, from which Father Noah was so comfortably sheltered poured down on their unprotected backs.

Scene 3. Moccasin. For those of us who had heard the Voice in the Rice this was a truly thrilling scene. It was the duello scene done with the following cast: Lord Nairn, J.R.; Sir Peter More, J.B.H.; Richard Bourne, T.I.R.; Young Shirley, E.T.P. Sir Peter held the stop watch, declared the rules, and then stood in silence ar waited until at length Young Shirley said time, followed a second later by Richard Bourne. Bourne having guessed the time nearer than Shirley, he was granted the slap. We heard a smart hit, and the saw Shirley topple backwards, with a single stroke of his open hand Bourne had broken his neck! What was our horror when Bourne bending over him, with Sir Peter, they pulled from his hand a square of sticking plaster, imbedded in which was a tack coated with Moccasin vemom. Foul play in the Santee! It was indeed an exciting scene.

3. J.G.W. "Noiseless"

Scene 1. "Noise". The Track Meet of the Podunk Coeducational University, the finals of the two mile race, the contestants are Dartmouth, Squannacook, and Podunk, Itchycook. The air was tense, the dean of the Women's College and the Dean of the Men's College were there as was the Bursar, and in fact most of the leading College officers, not to mention the

Student Body which was assembled in full force. The uproar was colossal, the cheering wild, as the signal was given, and the runners started out.

Scene 2."Less". The same scene. The announcer informed us that the runners were on the second lap. The audience still encouraged them occasionally but the noise certainly was less as the runners passed the grand-stand, Dartmouth leading.

Scene 3. "Noiseless". Again the same scene. The stands sat in silence as the weary runners jogged in sight, first Dartmouth, then in a minute or two Podunk."Noiseless"was underestimating the dead pall of silence that cloaked that sad assembly.

Reading for the Half-Past Niners.

Total Fish: 689 perch, 45 bass

Thursday
July 26.
Clear.

From breakfast on the air was filled with rumour and speculation. Would it be? or wouldn't it? The Great Chiefs were gathered in solemn conclave and soon the baskets began to appear, and after reading every one knew. The First All Dayer!

All Day Expedition

Muskrat Mouhtain.

Ebeneezer	Corker.	Carabassett	Identical
J.B.H.	J.R.	J.C.C.	B.P.S.
Swaim	Talbot	Mixter	Pillsbury
Howe D.	Howe J.	Muir	Goodwin
Cutler	Jameson	Trimingham	Hall G.

Hornbeam Hill.

Abol	Worry	Yammer	Erebus	Terror
E.T.P.	P.N.M.	J.W.P.	J.D.S.	L.L.S.
Hall D.	Auchincloss	Shaw	Mallory	Russell
Goodhue	Alsop	Burr	Ladd	Snelling
Bassett	Stevens S.	Everett	Payson	

Beech Hill.

Ouananiche

J.R.B.

E.S.	E.S.
R.T.F.	Stevens J.
Bates J.	Richard
Stanton	Ewell
Cheever	Scaife

Devens

Williwaw

T.I.R.
Procter
Bettle
Sortwell

Keep the Home Fires Burning.

H.R.	Cook
L.E.R.	Wallace
L.T.	Bates M.
R.R.	Buttfield
S.C.M.	Hackett.

Thursday Con't.

Hornbeam Hill.

An hour and three oarters after leaving Camp the Hornbeamers landed near the Southwest corner of Long Pond.

A short swim and a big lunch preceded the trip to the mountain. The walk turned out to be longer than expected as we missed the trail through the woods. When, finally, we did reach the foot of Hornbeam we made fast time up it, about twelve minutes. The older ones admired the remarkable view while Everett climbed trees and the other fifteen piled on Bassett.

On the way down we stopped to slake our thirst at a farmhouse After Burr had consumed three pails of water the party went back via the correct route. We reached Camp at eight sharp.

The Hornbeam trip is a good AllDayer, although a comparatively easy one.

Beech Hill

We made fairly good time up the Pond, and a little way up the Tiber. Then we disembarked, and stowing the dinner under the Ouananiche safe from marauders (notably one mild cow) we took the lunch and started walking. We found the way all right and stopped at a pleasant place beside the road, about half-way along to eat lunch. There we left the lunch basket and went on at a good pace, arriving at Beech Hill a little after three. Every one was glad to lie and look at the view for a while, and after that Messers Procter and Scaife gave an interesting Concert Programme.

We started back at about four, and made fairly good time down, stopping for a minute at the luncheon place to get water, and collect the basket, and arrived at the landing place between five thr five thirty and six. We ate a leisurely supper, and had a pleasant paddle back, getting in just after the Muskrat Mountain Expedition.

Muskrat Mountain

The day was abaolutely perfect, sparklingly clear, and we had the best of paddles across Great Pond and up Belgrade Stream. A good Carry and a good paddle up Long Pond among the hills to the little rocky harbor that marks the entrance to Beaver Brook.

We left the baskets and walked up the path to the road, and along the road to the Muskrat Trail, which though it is now very faint, anf though we missed it last year we found successfully.

The trail is a fine stiff walk, the last part, up the big pasture, a stiff climb. We found the gray birches growing up more and more and though the view of the Northwest Mountains is still clear, a good lot of axe work will be neede within a year or two.

We had a fine walk down again, missed the trail and decided to come down via Beaver Brook instead. We had a good look at the new Beaver Dam , a fine one, by Beaver Pond, and got back to the spring twenty minutes quicker than if we had come by the trail. Swim, supper, and a good paddle home.

Friday
July 27.
Cloudy and
Cold.

Again no Weather Man! It is such a nasty day however, that his observations would only serve to rub in the disagreeable facts.

To our sorrow and grief J.R.B. departed soon after breakfast, it has been wonderful having him here and we hope he will come back soon.

In the afternoon came Senior Ball.

Long Islanders	Short Hills
J.B.H.	Procter
B.P.S.	R.T.F.
J.W.P.	L.T.
E.T.P.	P.N.M.
J.R.	J.C.C.
Shaw R.	J.D.S.
Cutler	Mallory
Howe J.	Russell
Talbot	Wallace.

The Long Islanders threatened strongly in their half of the first when J.B.H. and E.T.P. ambled and J.R. singled, but with the sacks loaded and two out L.T. tightened and Shaw R. dribbled weakly to the box for a force out at the plate.

The Short Hills fared better, Procter tallying on his walk, L.T.'s single and an overthrow at first. Errors on the visitors infield netted the local boys another counter in the second but the Long Islanders got it back in the third when J.B.H. meandered, stole second, took third on a fielder's choice, and scored when a snap throw to draw the runner got past the short stop. The Short Hills continued to make way at the bat, pushing across one marker in the fourth as Mallory drew a free ticket and moved round on infield bobbles. Three more followed in the fifth, and another brace in the sixth, J.W.P. being found for five bingles and getting rather shaky support.

Friday Con't.

the Long Islanders got one in the sixth, J.W.P. poling out a two-ply clout, and crossing the dish as L.T. chose to make the play on J.R.'s grounder at first. But in the seventh and eighth the visitors were handed the goose egg, but the locals plied the ash with considerable vim and no small effect, converting two singles, a pair of doubles, and three walks into four markers in the seventh, and celebrating the eighth by pushing across–two more on an infield error, a double and two singles.

This just about stored the contest away in the old family Fridgidaire, but the Long Islanders wouldn't say die till the daisies sprouted and staged a desperate rally in the final frame. But after three more counters had enriched the visitors' bag, vaulting ambition once again o'er-leaped itself and Talbot was nipped at the plate for the third out when he tried to score from second on J.B.H.'s single.

Today's pearl of the diamond was undoubtedly L.T. Throughout the session he tossed air-tight ball, being found for but five hits, and consistently gold-bricking the heavy end of the Long Island order. nor was he less potent with the big stick, as in six trips to the dish he amassed four safeties, two of them extra base wallops.

The pastime was considerable enlivened by the antics of the rival catchers E.T.P. and R.T.F. whose pepper was of the cayenne variety so that more than once both recievers were threatened with banishment by the ump.

Bug League

P's	Q's.
Swaim	Muir
Auchincloss	Scaife
Stevens J.	Mixter
HoweD.	Hall G.
Ewell	Goodwin
Goodhue	Everett
Devens	Cheever
Payson	Alsop
Bates M.	Bates J.

The Q's came up to bat first, but met witha cold reception, three men being nipped at first in short order. Muir made a good single which lengthened out to a triple on errors, but was left on base without brining in any count. When the P's came to bat Muir started pitching but walked three men and Scaife took his place, striking out Ewell just before Stevens was put out stealing to third, thus retiring the side. In the second frame the Q's took a jump and had started well on their second round of the batting order, witha tally of seven runs before they were put out. Scaife made a good double and Alsop a single.when the P's came to bat they only ran up two counts for themselves on hits by Swaim and Auvhincloss.

The Q's put their game on ice in the third with five more runs after which they put the P's out almost immediately with no score.

In the fourth Buttfield started to pitch for the P's and managed to fan his three man before the Q's could do anything, and the P's putting up a good fight pulled in three tallies making the score six to twelve. He proved less powerful in the fifth however and the Q's made themselves safe with five more runs, and although the P's rallied to the tune of Four more counts the game was won at ten to seventeen.for the Q's.

Friday Con't

For a long time the racks for the white boats have been found unsatisfactory, they have been too low in the water so that half the boat has been in and half out of the water, and also so that when there is a strong on-shore breeze those on the racks near the slip are apt to get wedged under and rub.

It is mostly through the grand work of J.R.B. that this has all been changed. He put out a little slip where the further rack used to be, and little cedar floats for the white boats. Two of them are out at floats now. The floats being a light brown in color visitors have often mistaken them for boys' heads - "What is that little boy doing swimming way over here! etc, etc."

This system is certainly a wonderful improvement over the old and J.R.B. deserves a great many thanks and a great deal of gratitude for doing it.

For the Half-Past Eighters there was first Digestion Club in the Boat-House and then Boston.

For Half- Past Niners more of the Great Impersonation.

Just after Ball there arrived:

Caroline Minturn Birckhead
Hugh Birckhead Jr.
Christopher Birckhead.

And , taking the late train, after Faculty Supper, J.B.H. left. Late, also, arrived J.G.W. His Mother is better, and it certainly is wonderful to have him back again.

Long Islanders -5 vs. Short Hills -14

At [illegible] Field when July 27, 1928

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	1B.	S.B	S.H.
		•	4	J.B.H.	2-1 4 5		4 2		K			F8	—			3	1	1		
		••	6	E.P.S.	K		4-3		1-3			1-3				4				
		•	1	J.W.P.	F3		F9			= 2		6-3				4	1	1		
		••	2	E.T.P			E-2 5-2			K			2 3			1	1			
		••	3	J.R.	—		—	F9		1-3			4			3		1		
			7	Shaw R	F.C.			3		2-3			F.C. 4			4				
			5	Cutler		3-4		4-3			2 8-4		F.C. 2 2 2			2	1			
			9	Howe J.		3			3-4		1-3		— 3 2 3			3	1	1		
			8	Ballot		5-3			F.C.		F8		— 2			4		1		
				Totals	0/1	0/1	1/1	1/1	1/1	2/2	2/2	2/2	5/5				5	5		

Time........h........m. Umpires R.R. Scorer E. Shea

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8 7	9 8	10	11	A.B	R.	1B.	S.B	S.H.
			7	Proctor	4 3 3	K		E-4 2 2		K	K					4	1			
		•	2	R.T.F	F7		E-6 2 2	E-6	6-3		K	1-3				6				
			1	L.T.	— F2 2 2		= 3	F9		— 6-4	= 3 2		E-6 2			6	2	4		
			3	P.N.M.	6-3		2		E-2 2 2 2	F.C. 2 2	— 2 2 2		=			5	4	2		
			6	J.C.C.	F2		6-3		≡ 2	— 3	≡ 4		K			6	3	3		
			4	J.D.S		K	F4		— 3 2 2	K	3		1-3			5	2	1		
			5	Mallory		E-2 5-4		5 3 4	E-3 8	— 2 3	2 3		— 2			4	1	2		
			8	Russell		E-4		2-3	6-3	E-3 2	— 2		—			6	1	2		
			9	Wallace		E-1		F1	K	E-4			K			5				
				Totals	1/1	2/1	2/2	3/2	6/4	8/7	12/11	—/—	14/14				14	14		

Earned Runs...................... Two Base Hits L.T.-2 J.W.P. J.C.C.-P.N.M. Three Base Hits J.C.C. .... Home Runs............

First on Balls—off J.W.P. -7; off L.T. -9

Struck out—by J.W.P. -9; by L.T. -3

Left on Bases......................; Double Plays J.W.P.-1 P.N.M.-J.D.S.-2

Wild Pitches...................... Passed Balls......................

First Base on Errors...................... Hit by Pitcher......................

Saturday
July 28
Drizzle

After reading there was another practise sing, we sang some songs for Sing-Song tonight and some Hymns for tomorrow morning.

This morning there arrived:

Loring T. Swain
Madeleine G. Swain

It rained most of the morning quite hard and then let up in the afternoon, making conditions quite perfect for Prometheanism. The ground and wood was all soaked through, and yet the contestants could keep quite comfortably dry.

Prometheanism on the Point

Jameson Capt
Buttfield
Bates M.
Stevens J.
J.C.C.

A Short and Simple Tale. The Igorote chose an eligible central location, almost within arm's length of quantities of white pine, firmly rejected Buttfield's offer of pine needles and mushrooms for tinder, and started his fire of white pine twigs and shavings with his first match in eleven minutes and thirty seconds. He kept his kettle off for ten minutes after this, by which time he had a young bon-fire with the result that the water boiled in something less than seven minutes after it was put on. Total elapsed time 29 minutes flat.

Trimingham Capt
Scaife
Howe D.
Ladd
J.D.S.

Trimingham and his team chose a very good spot for thier fire, a place between two rocks where a strong draught upwards would be sure to help their fire along. They collected a large heap of white pine boughs, and started their fire on some dry pine needles that they managed to find somewhere, and birch-bark. Theirs was the first fire lit, but they spoiled their chances of coming in first, by disregarding their white pine, on the grounds that it was wet, and using instead

Saturday Con't.

the insides of rotten logs they found about. The result was a slow fire after their good start on one match. The kettle was on in exactly twenty minutes after starting, but it took thirteen minutes for it to boil, and they came in second with a total elapsed time of thirty-three minutes.

Stevens S. Cap't.
Muir
Devens
Cook
B.P.S.

The Hillside Scouts seemed businesslike, and knew what to do. After selecting a spot on the side of the hill they all galoped off to gather fire wood. Stevens S. hauled in a little white pine tree which he began to hack to pieces, extracting the dry heart wood with which to start the fire. The rest of the crowd sprinted off for small white pine twigs of which quite a pile was collected. The first match that Stevens tried to light broke off short, the second which was lit on a shirt button, also went out, the third match again was unsuccessful in spite of frantic puffings and blowings. During all this time the rest of the crew had been still gatherin wood, but now that a large heap was gathered they hovered breathless during the lighting of the fourth match which did the trick at last, scarcely were the pine chips burning however when an unhandy foot overturned the kettle of water, which had to be refilled. The fire was blazing strongly soon when all discovered that no crotch had been provided for the kettle. Quite a little time was thus wasted before the kettle was finally put on, but the water boiled well in forty one minutes and fifty-seven seconds

Saturday Con't.

Russell Cap't.
Mixter
Burr
Sortwell
T.I.R.

Bob Russell was the Captain,
By the Nine Gods he swore
He'd build a roaring fire,
In spite of Tucky Burr

He chose a place for building
At eleven after three
And out he sent his three henchmen
In search of bush and tree

Mixter had the bolo
Sortwell had a knife
Bob, he started working -
The woods with rain were rife.

First returned was Tucky
Bearing wet green moss
And then came Billy Sortwell,
And he was at a loss

He'd waded all along the shore,
Protected by his boots
But all this searching netted him,
Was damp and sodden roots.

At last, the kindling ready,
Bob, he struck a match
He held the match beneath the pile
The pile refused to catch

The Captain after several tries
With but four matches left
For Mixter sent, [illegible]
And told him how to use his fingers deft.

While Mixter tried his darndest
Bob went into the wood
Appearing soon,
Near in a swoon,
His hand was smeared with blood.

A subsitute was sent for
While Bob went to the Doc
Chris Birkhead to the rescue came,
And flames began to flock

Of course then gormed the Gaffer
Right in the fire's midst
Dropped a stony potato
Stumbled off through the mist.

A watched pot never boils they say
But adage is untrue
The water boiled at four fifty-one,
Their task at last was through

Saturday Con't.

The food was cooked
The fire was doused
The spuds were eaten with might and main
The task was o'er
The day was done
Prometheus brought the fire again.

Bassett Cap't.
Alsop
Hall G.
Cheever
J.W.P.

Bill Bassett took his gang out to the Point
With dampish wood a fire then tried to build.
First Danny Cheever went and cut his hand
And he was crippled, sure, it seemed to me.
Then Gormerwas an ass, and spilled the water,
And when th'observer tried to fill the pail
He crabbed cause too much water was put in.

Old Trimmy was beside the Gaffer's team,
And he did get his fire going well
Bill Bassett howled, and Alsop cursed loud
And Georgie Hall was working hard on a pile
Of sticks darn damp, which wouldn't start at all -
But soon they got a blaze that looked O.K.
And then they put the water on to boil.

In fifty minutes odd the water 'gan
To sizzle, then to boil quite strenuously
And thus a hectic afternoon did end!

Snelling Cap't
Shaw R.
Goodwin
Richard
J.G.W.

This team picked a fairly favorable spot, near a good supply of white pine. After a little difficulty, and a good deal of time wasted in building an elaborate fire place of a circle of stones, they succeeded in getting a good blaze on their third match. After this they were in danger of smothering it because of the large amounts of wood which they piled on it, but their water boiled well in forty one minutes.

Wallace Capt.
Procter
Goodhue
Payson
E.T.P.

This was a very slow team indeed. They collected small piles of pine needles and chips of wood, lit the ends of the pine needles, and then when they went out collected another pile. Eventually however they got a good fire going and their water boiled in seventy one minutes.

Cutler Cap't.
Swaim
Auchincloss
Stanton
J.R.

The old army game. Fuel too small and not enough of it. Futile attempts to make wind do the work of wood. Finally fire.

Saturday
July 28
cont'd

Pillsbury
Bettle
Hackett
Howe, J.
P.N.M.

This group ran quickly through all their allotted matches in a gallant but somewhat ill-advised attempt to make a fire of a mixture of damp pine needles and sand. After they started in with their extra matches, things went better, and their kettle boiled - 1 hr., 26 min. - the next to last to finish.

Mallory
Bates, J.
Ewell
Hall, D.
L.T.

A slight ignorance of the properties of birch bark was the Waterloo here. The first forty-nine minutes were spent in piling and repiling minute wigwams of materials unknown to the woodcrafter in charge but utterly impervious to flame. In 1 hr., 12 min., there was enough smoke to bring tears to the eyes of those bending over the fire. Along towards sunset there was a flicker of flame. Whether or not the water ever boiled is a fact lost in the dark backward and abysm of time.

Third Sing Song

1. Overture - L.L.S.
2. Violin Solo - Payson
3. Piano Solo - Cheever
4. Merryweather Quartette
5. Songs - L.T.S.
6. Choruses
7. Songs - L.T.
8. Briery Bush - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - L.L.S. et al.
9. Oddfellows' Hall - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Prefects
10. Camp Song

L.L.S. started the evening off well with the Robbers' Chorus, from Chu Chin Chow. This was followed by two delightful solos: first Payson on the violin, then Cheever on the piano.

The Merryweather Quartette followed, enthusiastically applauded as always.

Saturday
July 28
con'td

L.T.S. then gave us his famous Circus Song, and then the Stuttering one, and the Man in an Insane Asylum.

The Choruses went well. L.T. then obliged us with some of his songs - Dunderbeck and the Rum-tum-tummy one among others.

The Briery Bush, modernized, clothes, words and all, was then put on by L.L.S. and much enjoyed. Cutler was the unfortunate Victim, Hackett a ferocious executioner, Goodhue the father, and Auchincloss the Flapper lover. It was an original idea and well carried out.

The Prefects four - B.P.S. as Patrick McKenna, J.W.P. as Timmy Doolan, J.D.S. as Bridget, and T.I.R. as both cabman and judge - then did Oddfellows' Hall, most delightfully, with J.R. as raconteur.

The Camp Song ended another most successful Sing Song.

Sunday
July 29
B. 29.54
T. 66.
Wind N.W.

The first real northwester! And a fine one it was too. The hymns at service went very well, it is easy to see the improvement when the hymns have been practised before.

After service the wind continued to rise and rise, there were sundry gatherings of mighty chiefs and soon the word Canoe Test was given.

The first to try was R.T.F. who did well although showing lack of practice. He only got a little way on the first leg when he caught a wave wrong and tipped over. He should pass with a very little more practice.

T.I.R. came next. He handled his canoe very well till well round the rock, but had trouble when he changed his position taking in so much water that his boat became unmanageable and soon foundered.

J.D.S. did well, and was very good on the first and second legs he jumped out and seemed to be in again well and easily, but a big wave struck the canoe and he capsized.

J.W.P. went out to the rock all right, though not showing as much eases as some of the others. On changing position after the rock he had the same trouble as T.I.R. and capsized.

B.P.S. almost tipped over at the very beginning and took in a fatal amount of water. He made the rock all right going very gingerly and carefully but with his boat decidedly soggy, and foundered on the third leg. He would have passed without question if it had not been for that first intake of water.

Cutler went very well indeed on all three legs, but showed lack of practice in climbing into his canoe, and could not make it.

Sunday Con't.

After reading the wind was still very high but not quite canoe test, and in spite of anxious waiting did not rise any higher again. It was too strong for a water picnic so there was:

Senior Soccer

Cyclones	Tornadoes
P.N.M.	L.T.
J.G.W.	T.I.R.
R.T.F.	E.T.P.
J.W.P.	J.CC
J.D.S.	L.L.S.
B.P.S.	Cutler
Jameson	Howe J.
Wallace	Pillsbury
Stevens S.	Russell
Shaw R.	Birkhead H.
Birkhead C.	Procter.

First Quarter: L.T. kicked off for the Tornadoes. The playing was quite fast and very evenly divided between the two goals. Near the end of the quarter J.C.C. made a goal for the Tornadoes, this being the only scoring done during the period due largely to the very good guarding of Howe J. for the Tornadoes.

Second Quarter: This quarter was rather slower than the first, and there was agreat deal of playing in the centre of the field. The Cyclones now scored by a kick by R.T.F. which bounced off L.T. and T.I.R. for a goal. No further score was made in this quarter and the score was left at one all.

Third Quarter: No score was made in this quarter although the Cyclones were playing very well and managed to keep the ball at their opponents goal much of the time. Procter did some very good guarding.

Fourth Quarter: The quarter started with a vigorous attack on the Tornadoes goal, B.P.S. made a very good kick for it which went too high. and the Tornadoes had thier revenge in a goal made by E.T.P. no further score was made in this quarter in spite of several threats and the score was left at 2 - 1 for the Tornadoes.

There was good Skowhegan on the Point for the others. Picnic was in the Parlor on account of the cold wind, and a very cozy one it was, too. Half-Past Nine Butlers proved themselves the acme of speed, neatness and efficiency, as did the Half-Past Eight Washers Up.

The Recrudesence of Imray was the ghost story read by J.R. It is one of the very best.

For the Half-Past Niners there was an Owen Wister instead of the usual Kipling, Timberline, a magnificent story.

Monday
July 30
B. 29.86
T. 66
Wind. W.
Clear.

A wonderful morning! The Camping Trip departed in fine style, across the Pond, right into the wind.

A strong Aquarium Squad this morning brought in many little fishes. The Aquarium is becoming wonderfully well populated this summer.

In the afternoon, it being too windy for the water there were:

Camping Trip
July 30th

Bassett
Bettle
Goodhue
Jameson
E.T.P.
J.D.S.

Aboljockamegus
Caughcomgomock

Assorted Walkings

To Bickford Hill

J.R.
B.P.S.
Stevens S.
Alsop
Everett
Muir
Richard
Stanton
Bates J.

To the Station

R.T.F.
Cheever
Ewell

To a Bog.

R.R.
J.W.P.
Buttfield
Howe J.
Mixter
Trimingham
Wallace

To Belgrade Hill

T.I.R.
Bates M.
Stevens J.
Auchincloss
Cutler
Payson
Russell
Swaim

To Howland Hill

J.C.C.
Cook
GOodwin
Hall D.
Hall G.
Mallory
Ladd
Snelling

To Snake Point

P.N.M.
L.L.S.
Talbot
Burr I.T.
Devens
Howe D.
Procter
Scaife
Sortwell
Hackett.

J.G.W., Shaw R., and Pillsbury, stayed and repaired shells.

Belgrade Hill: The Belgrade Hillers walked along with R.T.F.

Monday Con't.

on his way to the station until their ways parted. Stevens J. aand a select party, thinking they knew their way went ahead of the others and mislaid themselves for a short while, after which they again came in touch with the main body of walkers . They reached Belgrade Hill in good time, and after enjoying the view, returned, stopping on the way back for refreshments at the Store.

Snake Point: We went along the shore past Fourway, and the new University Building, and got to the Point ~~in~~ fairly good time. Every one enjoyed the lovely view for a while, and then we came back; we thought of trying to get through the big swamp by Bickford Hill, but this was found impossible, as several fell in. Two members of the party came home a different way but all arrived safe and sound, after a very pleasant walk.

Bog Trotters: The Bog Trotters had a very cheery time. We went first to the Scouting Swamp, a remarkable little place because of its very unusual variety of growth. Its one real rarity is the beautiful little pink swamp orchid, Arethusa, but it has a great many other interesting and not too common flowers. Everybody began making lists at a great rate, and we found a really surprising number of varieties, among the best finds besides Arethusa were Indian Pipe, a handsome blue iris still in blossom, Rattlesnake grass, Wool grass, soft Rush, Dulichium grass, Loosestrife and Arrowhead, and Mixter found the Crested Woodfern, Aspidium Cristatum.

The little swamp is mostly Floating Island, on black peat water, and most of the company jumped on the floating islands till they jumped through, some of them going up to their waists.

We turned and went south, skirting through the lower swales of Cook's Field, finding our second rarity, the beautiful Ragged

Fringed Orchises from in amaong very full Red Top, and a still finer grass unidentified. We also found a bright blue vetch or lupin, new to us all. We scurried back to the Camp Road, had a feast of chocolate at the top of the slope, down to the Eagle Tree, then all hands but R.R. hunted for and found the Pitcher Plant Swamp, and brought home a quantity of fine large Pitchers, our third rarity. A good time.

Howland Hill: An uneventful walk, though very pleasant. As J.C.C. so aptly remarked when interviewed:

Young J.C.C. with seven younger men
Walked up the hill, and then walked down again!

Bickford Hill: The Bickford Hillers walked about half way with the Howland Hillers before the latter branched off to the right, while former continued ahead. The view from the top was very good, and all hands lay and watched for quite a while before starting back. Although there were a few laggers it proved to be a very nice walk.

We should have said before that both the Birkheads and Dr. and Mrs. Swaim left us this morning. It has been so pleasant having them here.

Half-Past Eighters toasted marshmallows, and then played Chicken-y,Chicken-y and Indoor Golf.

Reading for the Half-Past Niners.

(Monday con't)

Buttfield
Cattail
Loosestrife
Witch grass
Goldenrod
Rusty Cotton grass
Soft Rush
White Clover
Arethusa
Red Top
Hard Hack
Golden Rod
Highbush Blueberry
Black-eyed Susan
Crested Sedge
White Pine
Rattlesnake grass
Everlasting
Arrowhead
Yellow Clover
Wormwood
Buttercup
Sensitive Fern
Leased Rush
Daisy
Amaranth
Fleabane
Queen Anne's Lace
Primrose
Plantain
Jewel Weed
Beech
Larch
Pitcher Plant
33-Total

Howe J.
Iris
Arethusa
(Ragged Fringed Orchis)
St. John's Wort
Amaranth
Mullein
Golden Rod
Selfheal
Yarrow
Pink Yarrow
Loosestrife
Bed Straw
Daisy
Oxalis
Fleabane
Buttercup
Hardhack
Queen Anne's Lace
Sorrel
Red Clover
White Clover
Yellow Clover
Jewel Weed
Black-eyed Susan
Meadow Sweet
Primrose
Lupin
Blueberry
Dewberry
Blackberry
Wormwood
Bluepoint grass
Red Top
Old-witch Grass
Couch Grass
June Grass
Vernal Grass
Rattlesnake Grass
Wool Grass
Timothy Grass-Rusty Cotton Grass
Cattail
Soft Rush
Light Sedge
Button Sedge
Crested Sedge
Horsetail
Brake
Marsh Fern
White Pine
Sensitive Fern
Larch
Beech
Grey Birch
Willow
Pitcher Plant
Sphagnum
57-Total

Mixter
Willow
Jewel Weed
Blueberry
Mullein
Hardhack
Sweet Fern
St. John's Wort
Golden Rod
Yarrow
Interrupted Fern
Cattail
Black-eyed Susan
Sphagnum
Soft Rush
Fleabane
Sensitive Fern
Alder
Rusty Cotton Grass
Crested Sedge
Crested Wood Fern
White Pine
Arrowhead
Queen Anne's Lace
Meadow Sweet
Sorrel
Self Heal
Primrose
Horsetail
Buttercup
Barnyard Grass
Amaranth
Least Rush
Everlasting
Daisy
Oxalis
Yellow Clove
Beech
Larch
Pitcher Plant
39-Total

Tuesday
July 31.
B. 29.9
T. 60.
Wind W.S.W.
Fair.

This morning in Addyumps there was class B. chinning.

Alsop	4.
Auchincloss	3.
Bates J.	6.
Bates M.	5.
Burr I.T.	0.
Buttfield	2.
Cheever	1.
Cook	1.
Devens	3.
Everett	15.
Ewell	2.
Goddwin	1.
Hackett	14,
Hall D.	1.
Hall G.	4.
Howe D.	6.
Ladd	0.
Mixter	2.
Muir	1.
Payson	0.
Procter	7.
Richard	0.
Scaife	3.
Sortwell	5.
Stanton	0.
Stevens J.	8.
Swaim	3.
Talbot	10.

The work on the shells under J.G.W. has been progressing wonderfully. The Albatross is now all done, with a beautiful fine line of scarlet, and outriggers painted the same.

In the afternoon arrived:

Mr. & Mrs. St. John Smith

St. John Smith Jr.

And also: L.G. Henderson Jr.

Junior Ball

Bay Rum	Eau de Quinine
Procter	Shaw R.H.
J.W.P.	B.P.S.
Muir	T.I.R.
Pillsbury	Russell
Howe J.	Cutler
Mallory	Wallace
Talbot	Howe D.
Mixter	Scaife
Swaim	Auchincloss
Alsop	Goodwin.

The others went as they pleased and were barbered, the barber having arrived in the morning and having been cutting all day.

Tuesday Con't.

The game between the Eau de Quinines and the Bay Rums played on Braves Field was the closest game played this year; an extra inning being necessary to prevent an embarrassing tie score.

First Inning: The E. de Q's opened the game at the bat. The first three men of the batting order were put out in quick succession.

For the Bay Rums, J.W.P. got the only hit, but was left on base when Muir struck out.

Second Inning: The E. de Q's second turn at the bat was also unsuccessful, T.I.R. got a hit but was put out at third by Mallory. Wallace was out on a foul to J.W.P. and Howe D. struck out.

The Bay Rums came to bat in the second to score six runs. J.W.P. got the only hit, a steaming three bagger, this put the score at 8 - 0 for the Bay Rums.

Third Inning : The E.deQ's on the tail end of an 8 - 0 score began a rally in the third. Shaw R. was put out by a fly to Swaim, Russell got on first and B.P.S., T.I.R., Cutler, and Wallace each got a single. This short rally netted the team three runs.

The Bay Rums were put out in short order in their turn at bat. Howe J. and Mallory being put out at first, and Mixter being struck out.

Fourth Inning:The E. de Q's enjoyed a short stay at the bat, Auchincloss Shaw R. and Russell being put out at first respectively.

the Bay Rums continued their scoring in the fourth; Procter, Talbot and J W.P. each getting a run, J.W.P. making the only hit. With three runs in and no outs the E. de Q's pitcher tightened up and struck out Mallory, caught a fly from Mixter's bat. Swaim was put out on a fly to B.P.S.

Fifth Inning: The E. de Q's big rally came in this inning, boost-their score from three to twelve. There were eight hits, seven ngles and a home run, Shaw R., Russell, B.P.S., T.I.R., Wallace Scaife, Auchincloss, each getting runs. Finally Wallace knocked a foul fly which J.W.P. caught thus retiring the side.

With the score 12 - 11 against them the Bay Rums came to bat in the fifth , but Howe J., Procter, and Talbot, were put out quickly. Procter got the only hit, a single;

Sixth Inning: The E. de Q's, their minds on the rally of the previous inning were surprised to find themselves retired after four men had been at bat. Scaife and Shaw R. were put out at first and Auchincloss knocked a fly to J.W.P.

The Bay Rums, coming from behind a score of 12 - 11, got two runs this inning, one by J.W.P. after a two-bagger, and one by Muir. Pillsbury, Mallory and Swaim were all put out at first.

Seventh Inning: This inning, scheduled to be the last, proved to be very exciting. The E. de Q's, one run behind came to bat to tie the score on a run by Russell. B.P.S., T.I.R., and Cutler were all put out, thus leaving the score tied with the Bay Rums at bat, ready to get another run. They were disappointed however when Alsop, Howe J. and Procetr were all put out at first.

Eighth Inning. Another inning was decided upon. The E. de Q's in thier last chance to win, were put out in quick order.

The Bay Rums came to bat in the same predicament. It was thier last chance. Talbot got to first and camr in on a single by J.W.P. thus winning the game with a score of 14 - 13.

For the E. de Q's B.P.S. and Russell played well, while the base ball of J.W.P. and Procter for the Bay Rums was an inspir-

Tuesday Gon't.

ation. Altogether it was a very satisfactory ball game.

For the Half-Past Eighters were Games on the Hill and then a thrilling round of Spin the Platter, in which some very impressive paying of forfeits was seen.

For the Half-Past Niners, Compendium , where many interesting facts were learned.

The Aspinwall tree
The Asturtium flower
Adam, man of God, and also,
Adam as an exploerer. These were some of the more brilliant specimens.

July Batting Averages

Senior Ball

	Games	At Bat	Hits	Average
E.T.P.	4.	15	10	.666
Muir	1.	3	2	.666
P.N.M.	3.	15	8	.533
L.T.	4	20	10	.500
J.C.C.	4	20	10	.500
Mallory	4	18	8	.444
M.L.M.	2	9	4	.444
T.I.R.	3	14	6	.429
J.D.S.	4	18	7	.389
R.T.F.	4	19	7	.368
J.W.P.	4	18	6	.333
Russell	4	18	5	.278
Pillsbury	3	11	3	.273
Talbot	1	4	1	.250
B.P.S.	4	17	3	.176
Cutler	4	15	2	.133
Procter	4	16	2	.125
Howe	4	16	2	.125
J.R.	2	8	1	.125
Wallace	4	17	2	.118
Shaw	4	18	2	.111
		Visitors		
J.B.H.	1	3	1	.333

Junior Ball

	Games	At Bat	Hits	Average
J.D.S.	1	3	3	1.000
J.W.P.	2	9	7	.777
T.I.R.	1	5	3	.600
B.P.S.	2	10	5	.500
Cutler	2	7	3	.429
Procter	2	7	3	.429
Russell	1	5	2	.400
Auchincloss	2	8	3	.375
Shaw R	2	10	3	.300
Wallace	2	10	2	.200
Talbot	2	5	1	.200
Swaim	2	5	1	.200
Pillsbury	2	8	1	.125
Scaife	2	8	1	.125
Howe J.	2	8	0	.000
Mixter	2	5	0	.000
Goodwin	2	3	0	..000
Muir	2	7	0	.000
Goodhue	1	4	0	.000
Mallory	1	3	0	.000
Alsop	1	1	0	.000
Howe D	1	3	0	.000
		Visitor.		
P.K.A.	1	4	3	..750

Eau de Quinine - 13 vs. Bay Rum - 14

At Braves Field when July 31, 1928

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6 5	~~7~~ 6	8 7	~~9~~ 8	10	11	A.B	R.	1B.	S.B	S.H.
			1	Shaw R. b in 3-8	E-4 E-4		1-8	P4	— 3 2 3		4-3					5	1	1		
1	1		4	Russell	F.C.		E-3 4 2 3	4-3	— 4 2 /			— 2 S 2				5	3	2	1	
6	1	••	2	B.P.S.	Fou		— 4 2 3		— 4 2 3	— 2 2 2		= 2				5	3	4		
12		••	3	T.I.R.		— 2 3	— E-2 2 3		E-5 4 2 3	≡ H		P4				5	3	3		
1	6		5	Cutler 1 in 3-8		:: 2	— /		— 2 2 3	E-5		P6				4		2		
1	1		6	Wallace		F.C.	— 2		— 4 2 3	P4		F.C.				5	1	2		
			7	Howe D		K	::		4-3		:: 2		P1			3				
			8	Seaife b in 6.		1-3	K		:: 3 2 3		1-3		4-3			4	1			
			9	Rutherford			:: 1-4	3	— 3 2 2		S		E-4 6-5-3			4	1	1		
				Goodwin																
				Totals	0/0	0/1	3/5	3/5	12/13		12/13	13/15	13/15				13	15		

Time........h........m. Umpires J.C.C. Scorer E. Shea

Goodwin [illegible] in 2nd
[illegible] in 1st

P.O.	A.	E.	No.		1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	1B.	S.B	S.H.
1	1		6	Howe J. 1		E-3 4 3 4	3		P1		1-3					4	1			
6	5	••	4	Paxton	:: 3 S 2	K		:: 3 2 3	— 6-5		1-3					3	2	1	1	
1	4		1	Talbot	4-3	:: 2 2 2		:: 3 2 2	P6			E-2 3 2 /				3	3			
5	1	•	2	J.W.P.	— E-3 /	≡ 2 /		= 5 2		= 2 /		— \				5	3	5		
			7	Pitts [illegible] in 6-8 7-8	K	2-3		E-6 \		1-3						4				
7		•	3	Mc[illegible] 1	K	K		1-3		:: \ S 2						3	1			
2		••	5	Mallory 2		E-3 3 2 3	3	K		1-3						4	1			
2			8	Swain		:: 5 2 3	::	F.C.		3						2	1			
			9	Baxter 3		:: 5 2 5	K	P4								2	1			
				Alsop 3	:: 3 2 /						1-3					1	1			
				Totals	2/1	8/2	8/2	11/3	11/4	13/5	13/5	14/6					14	6		

Earned Runs........ Two Base Hits J.W.P.-2. B.P.S. Three Base Hits J.W.P. ...... Home Runs T.I.R. ......

First on Balls—off Shaw, R.-5 ... Cutler-4 ....; off Talbot - 5 ....

Struck out—by Shaw R.-4 ..... Cutler-2 ....; by Talbot - 2 ....

Left on Bases ....;........ Double Plays [illegible] Wallace [illegible] T.I.R. ....

Wild Pitches .... Passed Balls ....

First Base on Errors .... Hit by Pitcher ....

[illegible]

3 - Alsop [illegible]

~ Camp Moonshine ~

A Basserino, a Beetle, an Igorote and a Goodhue, a pair of facticles" and two green canoes pushed off into a stiff Northwest breeze in the direction of Monkey Point. An uneventful paddle, a carry without refreshments at the Mills, and another head-wind battle, brought us to the Southwest corner of Long Pond, where Beetle had the first "of his twenty-five swims" — a water-rat par Excellence.

After finishing the last of the dates, the campers headed for their anticipated camping place at the South Extremity of the Pond. They came by the spot at two P.M., but a wave of dissatisfaction passed over the crowd.

"What's the matter?" queried E.T.P.

"Let's go 'Round the Horn'," replied all but Bassett. The motion having been carried, ambition tingling in every limb, except Bassett's, the party glided serenely into the waters of Belgrade Stream.

A short squall stopped them not far from the mouth and the small fry sought refuge in the rusty remains of some old saw-mill chimneys. Nothing of "great pith and moment" took place during the remainder of the journey down the stream.

At five o'clock the "let 'er run" call sounded at Belgrade Bridge, + E.T.P. went ashore in search of "Campbello's Soup", which J.D.S. accoun for, financially.

The canoes showed their noses to Lak Messalonskee at 5.45 and at 5.53 the mora ~~so~~ of the campers dropped below freezing point when they saw a newly-built house nestlin among the trees of the island where they had hoped to camp. As "Jamey" so aptly put it, "Now you know how the Indians felt whe they saw the white man overrunning their territor

The tired paddlers, with another round of dat as sustenance, turned, as a last resort toward th west shore of the Pond. Although the camp-site la but half a mile from a row of cottages and le than a hundred yards from the B+M Rai all hands were well satisfied to stretch out in a luxurious pine grove, with plenty of fire and a ready-made oven. Potatoes, soup, pears an bacon for supper! Goodhue qualified as a first- cook. Then Beetle swam again!

A thrilling ghost story by J.D.S. for the half past eighters and then bed. They shunned the tent but it did good service as a blanket for Goodh and Beetle. Igorote slept a long distance from the others; for this he was not to be blamed, as Barrett's chief enjoyment was waking those who were fortunate enough to snatch a few winks now and then.

All hands were on deck at 7 A.M., J.D.S. an Jamey having been up early to try their luck with the Rod and line. Total fish for breakfast – 0.

They paddled off again toward the Station at 9 o'clock and gritted their teeth for the much-heard-of "Carry". But the latter went off like clockwork. J.D.S. shouldered the Carrabassett like an old-timer, and Bassett & Janey did yeoman work with very heavy duffles. Nevertheless all were ready to stretch out at Merryweather Beach, where E.T.P. required an hour and a half to cook a mess of rice! Five campers ate the latter, while the Bassoon consumed his first love, Dromedary Dates.

An easy paddle back landed us at Camp about three, in time for hair-cutting day. ~~and~~ Of course Mr. Cooley's attempt to find the campers the night before amused all. It was too bad they did not camp where they said they would! This tale is better told in the verse of J.G.W. and L.T. found elsewhere in the "Log".

It was a fine trip — hard work but with enough variety and "contre-temps" to relieve any boredom or weariness. J.D.S. christened the camp "Moonshine" — That kind of ~~[illegible]~~ moonshine that lays a silver path across Lake Messalonskee on a still night!

Wednesday
August 1.
B.
T.
Wind

Mr. and Mrs. Smith left us shortly after breakfast.

Just after dinner arrived: Margery Peabody
Alice Sherburne

And very glad indeed we are to see them!

In the afternoon:

Robinson Crusoe

A.	B.	C.	D.
Jameson Cap't.	Cutler Cap't.	Henderson Cap't.	Russell Cap't.
Alsop	Auchincloss	Bassett	Bates J.
Bates M.	Bettle	Burr	Buttfield
Cheever	Cook	Devens	Everett
Ewell	Goodhue	Goodwin	Hackett
Hall D.	Hall G.	Howe D.	Howe J.
Ladd	Mallory	Mixter	Muir
Payson	Pillsbury	Procter	Richard
Scaife	Shaw R.	Snelling	Sortwell
Stanton	Stevens J.	Stevens S.	Swaim
Talbot	Trimingham	Wallace	Smith.

A. Clue No. 1. "Remember when this game you play
That where there's will, there is the way."

This was found fairly simple, after a few guesses the swill pails were investigated and yielded up clue number two.

Clue No. 2. "King Stork was called by foolish frog
To reign and to replace King - "

This again was not so hard to guess, but even when they had decided upon the Log it took some looking to find the next clue.

Clue No. 3. "The bird that's mightier than the swordfish
And tells it always to the bored fish."

This proved to be something of a sticker. Perhaps their Natural History was not all it should be, and several hints were required before they found the next in the Penguin.

Clue No. 4. "Nuns fret not in thier convent's narrow room".

This was very easy. A short search of the Nunnery showed them Clue number five.

Clue No. 5. "My days among the dead are past
Around me I behold
Where 'ere these casual eyes are cast
The mighty minds of old. "

Another fairly easy one, a quick search of the Boneyard revealed the next one.

Clue No. 6. "Eastern greeves the next clue hides,
Old Dutch chintz is on the sides".

This apparently required searchings in the China Closet, before it occured to them to look under the armour, and then a certain difference of opinion about the meaning of greeves, held them up for a little while.

Clue No. 7. "Castles in the Air".

The first though was of Faculty Coffee, where the Faculty sit and build their Castles in the Air, but this proving unfruitful they betook themselves to the Crow's Nest, and then to Mammoth Cave, those being the airiest castles they could think of, until Cheever suggested the Bird House, where Clue number eight was found.

Clue No. 8. "There's many a slip
Twixt the cup and the lip".

This was another hard one. They looked on all the slips, and then in all the cups to no avail. Being then at a total loss various hints were given as to the nature of the slip in question and after inspecting the mops, the clue was at last found in the roll of paper used as rag.

Clue No. 9. "Seek for your clue and seek it well
From manufacturer of shell".

Not so hard. After a little guessing they looked behind the Sims Boatbuilding sign and found the next.

Clue No. 10. " WORDS, Words, words."

It was generally agreed that the place for words was in the dictionary and there the next was found.

Clue No. 11. "Sitting within the walls of leaguered Troy
She tore her thin locks for her slaughtered boy."

On general principles, chiefly because they had not been there yet, the team went up to Fourway, but returned baffled. At last Cheever, evidently the scholar of the party bethought himself of Hecuba weeping for Hector and the Treasure was found in the Hecuba.

B.

Clue No. 1. " Vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself,
And falls on the other side".

This was a good beginning, the next clue was found easily on the jumping standard.

Clue No. 2. "It ate the food it ne'er had eat
And 'round and 'round it flew."

The first bird that came to their minds was the crow, so up they went to the Crow's Nest, and not finding it there gave the Bird House a look-over.Descending once more they thought of the Albatross where they found the next.

Clue No. 3. "Now air is hushed, save where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn."

They went at once to Bettle's cubicle, but there had a hard task finding the next clue which was very well hidden.

Clue No. 4. "Who for beauty prizes hope
Uses Woodbury's facial soap".

With one accord the team turned its steps towards the Crow's Nest, and rahsacked B.P.S. belongings. To their surprise they found neither Woodbury's soap, nor a clue, and so descended to Payson's cubicle which also gave no results. Then the whole of the foppish South was inspected, and at a loss the team returned to the big room. There sundry hints being given they found the clue on the Woodbury PIANO, to their great surprise.

Clue No. 5. "Where the hounds hunts in his sleep
Near the clay where cool worms creep."

This was not so difficult, Cook's was reached and the next clue found in short time.

Clue No. 6. "Oh, the little wheel run by faith
And the big wheel run by the Grace of God."

The bicycle was first thought of, and then the clock neither of which were correct. Then the wheel-barrow and the grindstone were thought of simultaneously the latter proving the hiding place for the next one.

Clue No. 7. "Daniel 5, 27." which being investigated was found to b

"Thou art weighed in the balances and art found wanting."

This of course was the scales where the next was found.

Clue No. 8. "Many fly but this one walks
Swims among the ice and squawks".

This one had already been found in the Penguin when looking for number three, so they just ran back and got it.

Clue No. 9. The actual clue to this one has been lost, but it asked the question of, if two boys had to paddle a six foot canoe, where would they get their paddles. Of course all the paddles on the side of the boat house were examined, before Trimingham thought of the two little paddles on the wall in the Annex, where thumbtacked behind them he found clue number ten.

Clue No 10. This clue has been lost too, but it had been found, or rather the next one had been found in Skipper's Cup while looking for the third clue.

lue No. 11. "Second handed ulsteretts and everything
else thats fine."

Quite quickly they thought of the fancy dress closets in the Tutorium, where the well deserved treasure was discovered. This eam beat the others in the matter of time, finding their treasure first.

lue No. 1. "Is this a dagger that I see before me?"

This was quite easy. A little wandering and they found the lue in the Sword Closet.

lue No. 2. "In Stygian Cave forlorn, 'mongst horrid
shapes and shrieks and sights unholy."

The "Cave" gave it away, and they quickly found their way up o Mammoth where they found the next clue in the lamp.

Clue No. 3. "Reluctantly I drop my finny prey
The greedy eagle carries it away."

The two birds on the mantel were immediately thought of and subjected to search, but after that inspiration flagged and it was only after several hints from J.G.W. that the Osprey was thought of and the next clue discovered.

Clue No. 4. "Mother, I cannot mind my wheel".

The Shop was at once thought of, but it required some searching to find the corretc wheel and the clue.

Clue No. 5. "This is my own, my native land."

A sticker! The flags were shaken out and examined to no avail, and for some reason the emery wheels were thought of. Nothing was discovered however until after wandering about the big room for quite a while a hint, suggested the map on the mantelpiece to them where they found the next.

Wednesday Con't.

Clue No. 6. "Seek where under burning sun,
Laggard crops are hardly won".

Another hard one. Hair cutting seemed to be the most feasible crop, although personally we cannot see anything laggard about them, but no clue was found in the shop. Then the Tutorium crop was suggested to no avail. At last, Cook's was thought of and Bassett edparted on the bicycle, returning empty-handed, a second party however, going down on foot proved more successful and brought back from the laggard crops the next clue.

Clue No. 7. "The sea and all that in them is."

The Aquarium was tried, but the little fishes gave away no secrets, then the boats, but they were no better. Several rapid readings gave away the meaning and the Miz yielded up the next one.

Clue No. 8. "The place where the old horse died".

At last an easy one. The Point was thought of almost immediately and though it took some time to find the next clue it was easier than the others.

Clue No. 9. "Shall we look here for the eggs of dinosaurs
and the skulls of ancient men?"

A speedy run up to the Boneyard proved the place of the dead to be the spot alluded to.

Clue No. 10. "With here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a - "

The poetic Mixter finished the quotation with gusto and all the party fled to the Grayling where the treasure was found and devoured.

D.

Clue. No. 1. "Full-private Sam described might be,
As a man of mournful mind."

This was an easy one, the man of mournful mind was evidently Sam Payson, to his cubicle they went in short order and after some little searching found their next clue all right.

Clue No. 2. This clue has been lost, and there was considerable confusion about it in the first place. A mistake had been made in putting the clues around, and although they went to the right place, Fourway, and then on beyong to the little Cabin, there was no clue, so that they had to lose a good deal of time going back to Camp, and then being directed back again to the Boneyard, where they found the clue that should have been at Fourway when they first went there.

Clue No. 3. "Come Lasses and Lads,
Take leave of your Dads,"

This proved to be a hard one. They looked out in front where Good-byes are usually said, but found nothing; then some one suggested Ladd's cubicle where they went, looked and found nothing. They came back discouraged, and looked around, but could think of nothing else, and eventually went back for another look at Ladd's cubicle, where they found it after thorough looking.

Clue No. 4. "Under the spreading Chestnut tree
The village Smithy stands."

This was another sticker. The shop was thoroughly searched, and then ensued much wanderings about, until on the second try the fifth clue was found in Smith's tent.

Clue No. 5. "Ye Mariners of England
That guard ou native seas."

The Boat House seemed to many the obvious answer to this one, but after a while it was discovered in the Dover Patrol box

Wednesday Con't.

Clue No. 6. "Bright Star, would I were steadfast as thou art,
In lonely splendour hung aloft the night."

This was very easy, as the Merryweather Light had already been tried when searching for the Mariners of England, so they just went back to it and took it out.

Clue No. 7. "Where beneath the sacred tree
Sit the players three times three."

Another easy one. A dash up to the base-ball tree, and down they came triumphant, bearing the next clue.

Clue No. 8. "Oh, all ye seas and floods, bless ye
the Lord!"

A little doping from the heads of the party brought forth R.T.F.'s pffice in short time, where they successfully discovered the next one.

Clue No. 9. "A nigger in the woodpile".

This was a very hard one indeed. They went to work to look over all the wood piles anywhere about Camp, and this being an arduous and tedious task, were sad when they found no clue at all. Then they split up and looked in every place they could think of with no success, at last hints helped them and found the nigger, if not in a woodpile, at least behing a Log.

Clue No 10. "And father mixed with Commons
Siezed hatchet, bar and crow."

They first looked over the Shovel Place but did not find anything, and went on to the Crow's Nest with no better luck. A second and prolonged try at the Shovel Place met with success and they came upon their eleventh and last clue.

Clue No 11. "The poor fish is land locked, though it
has been round the Horn more than once it cannot
find the ocean."

A rush to the Ouananiche Shed, and the Treasure was found!

Fourth Charade Evening

1. J.R. "Pilgrim"

Scene 1. "Pill" A sick room with Bettle as the patient evidently in great agony. A.S. the nurse, has summoned the Doctor who soon appears (E.T.P.). He uses a stethescope most efficiently, looks at the patient's throat, administers a small pill, and leaves assuring the nurse that all will be well. Before he has quite left however the patient has a turn for the worse and he is hastily recalled. This time he forces a pill in the shape of a whole egg down the patient's throat, and again is on the point of departure when he is again recalled. Desparate measures are now in order and a pill the size of a base-ball is shoved down, not without sundry groans, sighs and kicks from the rebellious patient. The last pill however seems to do the trick and the patient is resting comfortably as the M.D. finally leaves.

Scene 2. "Grim". T.I.R., gray haired, attired in truly faultless evening apparel, reads a paper with his feet up. Upon this scene of domestic felicity there appears his son, with a strange woman upon his arm. calmly announcing that his has gone off and got married. He meets with the most icy reception imaginable as the father, still immersed in his paper asks insulting questions and finally terminates the interview by requesting the departure of his son with the information that he shall no longer be recognized and that he is disinherited.

Scene 3. "Pilgrim". Penelope sits weaving while her suitors demand answers to their requests for her hand. Unmoved by their pleas she gives them the bow to bend, when they have all given up in despair, the bent and trembling pilgrim, the disguised

Ulysses (J.R.). enters, he requests to try the bow, and throwing off his disguise he bends it with ease, shoots the fleeing suitors and claims his faithful Penelope.

2. L.T. "Morbid"

Scene 1. "More bid". An auction scene. The skilful and persuasive auctioneer (R.T.F.) sells various interesting and valuable articles to a throng of enthusiastic bidders, who vy with each other in raising the bids by two cents, and three cents to such enormous sums as three dollars and forty-two cents.

Scene 2. "Morbid". A busy station platform, train bells are heard ringing, the stentorian voice of the train announcer rings out every few minutes, and a stream of travellers passes across before the Information Clerk's desk. Each traveller has some question ask, How can he get to New York? Where does the train leave for Oshkosh ? Can he buy a ticket to Columbus? But to every inquiry the Information Clerk (L.T.) is pessimistic and doubtful. Most things he does not know, he does not see why any one should want to know them, and to those few questions to which he gives answers his words are few, gloomy and fore-boding.

3. J.G.W. "Oui".

Scene 1. O. Another Auction Sale but of a very different type.This it is the sale of an extremely rare, Chinese statue that interests the elite whom the elegant conoisseur-auctioneer (P.N.M.) holds spell-bound by his rhapsodies.The statue is indeed wonderful, every one appreciates it in both audiences. It is dressed in a wonderful Chinese robe of scarlet and deep blue, and its expressionless oriental face ~~was~~ is so human that one could almost imagine that twitched now and then - perhaps with mirth at its occidental purchase

Scene 2. "Yew" The scene is switched to good old England of the Robin Hood times, at the store of a Bow Maker. With salesmanship that would thrill the Fuller Brush Company, the Bow Maker recommended his bows, or rather the same bow under various names, until he made a sale of a good English Yew Bow.

Scene 3. "Ai". We are outside the Big Top, the ticket man (J.G.W.). is shouting at us to come and see the Three Toed Sloth, the wonderful Eye, that they have just purchased from Barnum, Bailey and Ringling Brothers. From the back of the room come various sight-seers who give their nickels and walk in to see the big sight. Even we are alowed a brief glimpse of it, for the curtains are momentarily parted and we see, hanging from the ceiling by its toes the Eye, or Three Toed Sloth.

Scene 4. "Oui" A very voluble Frenchman (Henderson) accosts an equally taciturn one, whose only reply to every query is, "Oui." Question after question is fired at him, to be greeted by the same reply, until the voluble one loses his temper, scolds and cuffs the taciturn one,

Thursday
August 2.
B. 29.76
T. 67
Wind S.
Overcast.

A muggy hot morning. Right after breakfast most of the July boys, namely Cook, Goodhue, Hackett, Mixter, Cheever, left by car for Waterville, wher they take the train. We are so sorry to see them go! Bill Bassett's Mother came for him later in the morning and Bettle took the evening train.

At dinner time arrive the first of the August boys:

Samuel D.
Edward B. H
Percy S. We

And by the afternoon train came the others;

Bradford Millet
Francis H. Burr
Geo. H. Simonds Jr.
Joseph T. Boardman
Francis L. Jackson
Eliot W. Talin
Charles W. Hubbard III

In the afternoon;

Senior Ball.

Twilight League

East Cambridge	Dilboy Post
R.T.F.	P.N.M.
E.T.P.	J.W.P.
J.D.S.	L.T.
T.I.R.	B.F.S.
Henderson	Cutler
Smith	J.C.C.
Howe J.	Warren
Mallory	Procter
Talbot	Wallace.

First Inning.

Both teams scored in the first: Dilboy Post when J.W.P. singled, pilfered second and tallied on P.N.M.'s slashing two-ply wallop; East Cambridge on a walk, a steal and a double. But in the second chucker the Home Team galloped into the lead when the Dilboy Posters went out in one, two, three, order, and Henderson, Mallory, Talbot and J.D.S. all scored for East Cambridge, after getting to first on a wild pitch, a hit, a walk, and an error respectively.

The hopes of the Dilboy Posts soared in the first of the third when B.P.S. reached third and L.T. scored on a two bagger, but that was all. The East Cambridgers were also unable to complete a tour of the diamond.

The score remained unchanged in the fourth, R.T.F. striking out the three Dilboys in rapid succession. Their jinx still clung to the Dilboys in the fifth, but the East Cambridgers added two more to their tally, E.T.P., R.T.F., and T.I.R. each getting a bingle and the first two scoring. The inning ended with the score seven to one in their favor. In the sixth the Dilboys scored one, due to some rather loose play by their opponents, who went out in quick time when their raps came.

The seventh showed considerable stiffening in the cohorts of the Dilboys. B.P.S. knocked out a single, followed by J.W.P.'s two-bagger, and, although E.T.P. scored for the East Cambridgers, after getting a base hit,, the score was now, only eight to four, East Cambridge leading. The Dilboy rally did not function in the eighth when the batter went out, one , two, three. This was followed with a similar performance by East Cambridge, leaving the score unchanged. With four runs needed to tie, Wallace started the inning

Thursday Con't.

well for the Dilboys, getting a neat bingle. Although B.P.S. was out at first J.W.P. wangled a walk, and L.T. and P.N.M. followed this with two base hits. The first two scored, but the game ended with P.N.M. left on third as J.C.C. was out on a Sacrifice hit, and Warren was unable to cope with R.T.F.'s tricky twirling.

It was a close game, eight to seven in East Cambridge's favor, although some of the mighty were not quite so mighty as usual. R.T.F. edged out P.N.M. by a trifle, with twelve men fanned for the latter's nine, No home runs or three base hits were made, but R.T.F. of the winning team and L.T., J.W.P., and P.N.M. of the losers each got a two bagger.

Bug League

Coleoptra	Hemiptera
Muir	Scaife
Swaim	Auchincloss
Pillsbury	Shaw R.
Buttfield	Alsop
Sortwell	Ewell
Goodwin	Devens
Bates M.	Bates J.
Bettle	Hall G.
Hall D.	Stevens J.

Score 12 - 8.

The Coleoptras opened up the inning well. Goodwin and Bates both made hits, and five counts came in before Scaife's expert twirling retired the side.

For the Hemipteras, things did not go so well and their first three men were put out in short order.

In the next inning Pillsbury knocked a two bagger which brought in two more tallies, while Buttfield's base hit brought in another couple, leaving the score nine to one in their favor after Shaw had made the Hemipteras' only run before they were put out.

In the third the Coleoptras put thier game on ice with three more runs

SENIOR BALL

East Cambridge vs. Dilboy Post

At Sodgers' Field when August 2, 1928

P.O.	A.	E.	No.	East Cambridge	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	1B.	S.B	S.H.
			6	Smith, s.s.	E3 S ⊥	2 2-3		⊥		2 K						3	1	1		
			3	J.D.S., 1b.	1 K	S 2 S E2		3 K		3 1-3						4	1	0		
			2	F.T.P., c.	2 F3	S S 5-2 E5			2 2 3 ⊥		2 2 2 ⊥					4	2	2		
			1	R.T.F., p.	S ⊥		1 4-3		2 S 2 ⊥		1-3 E6					4	1	2		
			4	T.I.R., 2b.	3 K		E8 ⊥		WP ⊥		1 K					4	0	2		
			5	Henderson, 3b.		2 2 3 HP	2 K		1 .3		2 1-3					3	1	0		
			8	Mallory, c.f.		S S 5 ⊥	3 1-3		2 K			1 4-3				4	1	1		
			9	Howe, J., r.f.		1 4-3		1 1-3	3 31			2 4-3				4	0	0		
			7	Talbot, l.f.		3 S 3		2 K		1 F4		3 K				3	1	0		
				Totals	1/1	4/5	0/5	0/5	2/7	0/7	1/8	0/8				33	8	8		

Time ? h ? m. Umpires Round Robin Scorer A.S.

P.O.	A.	E.	No.	Dilboy Post	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	1B.	S.B	S.H.
			4	B.P.S., 2b.	1 K		3 3 FC		2 F1		2 2 3 ⊥		1 6-3			5	1	1		
			2	J.W.P., c.	3 S 3 ⊥		2 F4		FC		2 2 ⊥		3 2 3			4	3	2		
			3	L.T., 1b.	2 K		⊥			1 1-4 ⊥	E4		2 2 3 ⊥			5	1	3		
			1	P.N.M., p.	⊥		2 K			3 S 3 FC	2 F8		3 S ⊥			5	1	2		
			6	J.C.C., s.s.	3 K			1 K		2 K	3 21		2 SH 1-3			4	0	0		
			9	Warren, r.f.		1 K		2 K		2 E2		1 4	3 K			5	0	0		
			5	Cutler, 3b.		2 K		3 K		E2		2 K				4	0	0		
			8	Proctor, c.f.		3 5-3			2 6-4	3 1-3		3 F1				3	0	0		
			7	Wallace, l.f.			1 6-4 E6		1 F6		1 1-3		2 2 4 ⊥			4	1	1		
				Totals	1/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	0/1	1/2	2/4	0/4	3/7			40	7	9		

rned Runs .... Two Base Hits R.T.F.; P.N.M.; L.T.; J.W.P. Three Base Hits 0 Home Runs 0

st on Balls—off P.N.M. - 2 ; off R.T.F. - 2

ıck out—by P.N.M. - 9 ; by R.T.F. - 12

t on Bases .... ; Double Plays ....

Pitches .... Passed Balls ....

Base on Errors .... Hit by Pitcher ....

vs. of at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1	[illegible]	5	K		◇	◇	K												
			2	Buck	2	1-2/0		◇	◇													
		(3)	3	[illegible]	1	2-3/0		◇	◇													
		(1)	4	[illegible]	3		◇	1-3/0	◇													
			5	[illegible]	4		1-3/0	◇	K	K												
			6	[illegible]	7		3-0	◇		1-3/0												
			7	[illegible]	8		◇	◇		◇												
			8	[illegible]	9		K		K													
			9	Devers	6			◇	◇	◇												
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours...... Mins.....		Runs total.	0/0	1	2/3	1/4	0/4												

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Strnok out..	1-base hits.													Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
						1-b. on errors.																	
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.													Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																	

Umpire of *Scorer*

---

vs. of at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1	Purnigan	4	◇	◇	◇	1-C/0													
		(3)	2	[illegible]	1	◇	◇	◇														
		(1)	3	[illegible]	3	◇	◇	◇														
			4	[illegible]	2	◇	◇	◇														
			5	[illegible]	5	K	6-0	◇														
			6	Goodwin	6	◇	1-3/0	◇														
			7	[illegible]	7	◇	◇	K														
			8	Barold	9	K	1-3/0		1-3/0													
			9	Hill	8		◇	K	K													
			10																			
			11																			
			Time of Game. Hours...... Mins.....		Runs total.	5	4/9	3/12	0/12													

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.													Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
						1-b. on errors.																	
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.													Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																	

Umpire of *Scorer*

The Hemipteras now rallied however and got two more counts in the third and one in the fourth, putting out their opponents before they had a chance to score.

In their last chance however at the beginning of the fifth they could do nothing and the game ended with the score twelve to four for the Coleoptras.

The first dish-washing squad was announced at supper and highly efficient it proved to be,

After supper, boats and a beautiful sunset made a very nice evening.

For Half- Past Niners, reading.

5 perch caught

Total: 694 perch, 45 bass

Friday
August 3.
B. 29.75
T. 72.
Wind: Very
Light N.E.
Overcast.

Right after breakfast E.Sher. left us, Alas! She is coming up again in September however, which will be wonderful.

Shell Navigation this morning, to which spice was lent by two catastrophes, Dalton and Auchincloss both upsetting.

Boat and Canoe had been planned for the afternoon, but a thunder shower began to come up during afternoon reading, and when the rain descended the verdict was changed to:

Senior Soccer

Ben Millers		J.&P. Coats.
P.N.M.		L.T.
J.G.W.		E.T.P.
J.C.C?		R.T.F.
T.I.R.		J.D.S.
L.L.S.		J.W.P.
B.P.S.		Cutler
Smith		Henderson
Burr F.		Dalton
Mallory		Jameson
Pillsbury	Score 2 - 3.	Warren
Stevens S.		Simonds

First Quarter: The game was started, after some waiting, in the pouring rain, which made the field very wet and slippery. There were some very spectacular slips and falls, notably from E.T.P. and T.I.R. The actual playing was, in consequence, rather slowed down, but it speed d up after a little. During the first quarter most of the playing was down at the Ben Millers goal, and the J.&.P.C.'s scored one goal by L.T.

Second Quarter: Early in the quarter the Ben Millers got a goal on a hidden pass from B.P.S. to P.N.M., thus tying the score. The playing was more evenly distributed between the goals during this period and many more threats of goals were made, before the J.&.P.C's again took the lead with a goal by R.T.F.

Friday Con't.

Third Quarter: There was no scoring in this period, but it was a very exciting one nevertheless. The rain began to descend again and the field was ver wet indeed, and there were many puddles. The playing was a good deal in the centre of the field, although the Ben Millers made one terrific onslaught on the J.&.P.C's, which did not bring any score.

Fourth Quarter. The Ben Millers tied the score again at the first of the period, and the excitement was tense until the J.&.P.C's regained their lead with a goal by E.T.P., leaving the score for the game, two to three for the J.&.P.C's.

Junior Soccer

Fall River		New Bedford
Wallace		Shaw
Procter		Howe J.
Jackson		Hubbard C.
Boardman		Trimingham
Talbot		Swaim
Stevens J.		Alsop
Auchincloss		Muir
Weeks		Bates M.
Buttfield	Score 1 - 1.	Ewell
Hubbard E.		Scaife
Stanton.		Snelling

The best game so far this year! In the first quarter Scaife made a goal on his own side, and then Trimingham made a goal on the opposite side, so that although both goals were made by the same side the score was tied. It remained tied for the rest of the game, and the excitment was intense. A five minute overtime period produced no score so the game was left tied.

In the evening were quiet games: two tables of Mythology and two of Anagrams, which went very well indeed.

More of the Great Impersonation for Half-Past Niners.

Saturday
August 4.
B.
T.
Cloudy.

Another hot day!

In the afternoon a little south wind came up, but it was not very strong so we had:

Second Boat and Canoe Practise.

Senior Standing Singles.

First Heat Time: cir.4m.

1.Cutler - - - - - - - - - - - - -Grayling.
2. Mallory - - - - - - - - - - - - -Pink.

Cutler was well ahead from the first, evidently paddling easily and in good form. Mallory worked very hard, but he nearly lost his balance a few times, and had a very hard time getting around the buoy, which Cutler made easily. Cutler finished about three lengths ahead of Mallory, still going easily.

Second Heat Time: 4m 2s.

1. Jameson - - - - - - - - - - - - Grayling
2. Trimingham - - - - - - - - - - Hecuba
3. Burr - - - - - - - - - - - - - Squannacook.
Pillsbury - - - - - - - - - - - - Pink (Disqualified.)

Trimingham and Pillsbury both had a hard time getting started but both made up for lost time, and Pillsbury was ahead out to the buoy, made the turn first, but was disqualified for going around the wrong way. Jameson who had not been up to his usual form rallied after the turn and there was a very close race on the home strtch. Jameson nearly went over several times, but his strong paddling brought him in first.

Third Heat Time; 4m 5s.

1. Stevens S. - - - - - - - - Grayling
2. Wallace - - - - - - - - - Hecuba
3. Shaw - - - - - - - - - - - - -Pink.
Dalton - - - - - - - - - - - -Squannacook.

On the way out to the buoy the Grayling and the Hecuba were having a very close race as were the Pink and the Squannacook some way behind. At the turn however the Grayling drew away from the Hecuba and had it her way all the rest of the time. Stevens was paddling easily with short strokes which were very powerful. The Squannacook in the mean time had broken her paddle just before the buoy and so was out of the race. The three canoes that came in were well strung out, each several lengths behind the other.

Fourth Heat Time: 4m 15s.

Saturday Con't.

1. Smith - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Grayling
2. Simonds - - - - - - - - - - - - Pink
3. Howe J. - - - - - - - - - - - - -Squannacook.
4. Warren - - - - - - - - - - - - - Hecuba.

The Grayling started out with a good lead, Smith at first paddling all on one side of his canoe. The Squanncook and the Pink were very close around the turn, and the first three were neck and neck from the turn in. HoweJ. did not have as good balance as Smith, but it was an extremely close finish of a good race.

Finals Time 3m 21s.

1. Stevens - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Pink
2. Cutler - - - - - - - - - - - - -Grayling
3. Jameson - - - - - - - - - - - - - Hecuba
4. Smith - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Squannacook.

A very good race, indeed!Going out to the turn Stevens led with Cutler just behind him, and Jameson lagging a little, mostly because his balance was very poor. Jameson and Cutler made the turn almost simultaneously, Stevens a second before them. Just after that Jameson sat down and lost some precious time getting up again. He rallied wonderfully on the home stretch however and the first three were almost on a line, paddling hard. Stevens got a little ahead at the end, but it was a blanket finish for the first three with the fourth not far behind.

Senior Doubles Standing.

First Heat Time 3m 28s.

1. Cutler and HoweJ. - - - - - - - - - Grayling
2. Stevens S. and Pillsbury - - - - - - - Hecuba
3. Warren and Shaw - - - - - - - - - Squannacook

Wallace and Trimingham - - - - - - - Pink (tipped over).

Another close race. The Grayling was ahead going out, but the Hecuba was close behind her at the turn. The Grayling was paddling rather better, the Hecuba not keeping exact stroke. The Pink tipped over just before the buoy. The race for the first two places was rather close but the Squannacook quite a way behind.

Second Heat Time 3m 40s.

1. Jameson and Simonds - - - - - - - - Hecuba
2. Snelling and Boardman - - - - - - - Pink

Mallory and Dalton - - - - - - - - Squannacook (over)
Smith and Burr F. - - - - - - - - - Grayling (over).

The Squannacook went over very early in the race, and the Grayling followed her example at the turn. The Hecuba was going very well indeed, both men working together in good time, and going along fast. The Pink was quite a way behind her, her crew being evidently not as expert canoe-men.

Finals - - - - - - - Time: 3m 5s.

1. Cutler and Howe J. - - - - - - - - - - Pink.
2. Jameson and Simonds - - - - - - - - - Squannacook.

A very close race. At the start the Squannacook was a little in the lead, but the Pink was quicker at the turn, and was leading on the home stretch. The Squannacook put up a wonderful fight however and ate up most of the Pink's lead before they finished with about a half a length between them.

Junior Sitting Doubles

First Heat - - - - - - Time 3m 32s.

1. Bates M. and Bates J. - - - - - - - - - - Pink
2. Hubbard and Buttfield - - - - - - - - - - Squannacook
3. Muir and Scaife - - - - - - - - - - - - - Hecuba
4. Stevens and Auchincloss - - - - - - - - Grayling.

The wind had come up a little more just before this race, and there was quite a little difficulty in getting lined up for the start. Once they were off however it was very close. The Hecuba and the Grayling went too close to each other and almost came to blows making the turn, but on the way back, the race for first and second places was very exciting.

Second Heat - - - - - Time 3m 24s.
1. Talbot and Ewell - - - - - - - - - - - - Squannacook
2. Procter and Swaim - - - - - - - - - - - Hecuba
3. Alsop and Hall - - - - - - - - - - - - - Pink
4. Jackson and Weeks - - - - - - - - - - - Grayling.

All four were very close to the turn, the Squannacook getting around first, the Hecuba next and the Pink after her. The Squannacook was doing very well, keeping perfect stroke, and both men working hard. The first and second places came in about three lengths apart but the race for their third and fourth places was very close.

Finals Time 3m 37 s

1. Bates M. and Bates J. - - - - - - - - - - - - Pink
2. Ewell and Talbot - - - - - - - - - - - Squannacook

Not such a good race. There was a great deal of crowding at the buoy. The Squannacook had been ahead till then but the Pink managed to cut in ahead of her, after a good many mutual bumpings and held the lead for the rest of the race.

Junior Standing Singles

First Heat Time 3m 56s.

Saturday Con't.

1. Stevens J. - - - - - - - - - - - - - Grayling
2. Alsop - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Pink
3. Procter - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Hecuba
Bates - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Squannacook
(dropped his paddle)

Stevens led all the way out, and was first around the buoy. Bates and Alsop were having a very close time of it when Bates unfortunately dropped his paddle and was out of the race. All three places came in well strung out.

Second Heat Time 4m 7s.

1. Talbot - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -Squannacook
2. Jackson - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -Grayling
3. Muir - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Hecuba
4. Hubbard - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Pink

A good start. The Grayling and the Squannacook were very close all the way out to the buoy, but the Squannacook got around first. Talbot was paddling very well, and the two had a close finish. The race for the last two places was close also. They were a long way behind the Grayling and the Squannacook, but had an exciting little race of their own.

Finals Time 3m 37s.

1. Stevens J. - - - - - - - - - Pink
2. Talbot - - - - - - - - - - - - - Squannacook.

This race was very close all the way out and in. Stevens made the turn first, but they were side by side most of the way in and it was only by a spurt at the very end, that Stevens lengthened his lead to a full length.

By this time a willi-waw was seen approaching in the distance, and sinec it was uncomfortably hot any how, it was decided not to have the four paddle races, but go at once to the two Rangeley Races.

Rangeley Races

1. Burr I.T.
   Auchincloss - - - - - - - - - - - - Yammerschooner
   Ladd Cox

2. Scaife
   Stanton - - - - - - - - - - - - Williwaw
   Sortwell Cox

3. Weeks
   Hall G. - - - - - - - - - - - Erebus
   Hall D. Cox

4. Swaim
   Devens - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Terror
   Goodwin Cox

5. Richard
   Everett - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -Identical
   Payson Cox

6. Buttfield
   Hubbard E. - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Pantasote
   Millet Cox

After considerable difficulty in getting lined up for the start the Rangeleys had a good race in from the buoy. The first three places were hotly contested but some of the others lagged rather and were a long way behind.

Coxswain's Race Time 1m 26 s.

1. Goodwin - - - - - - - - - - - - - Terror
2. Hall D. - - - - - - - - - - - - -Erebus
3. Payson - - - - - - - - - - - - - Identical
4. Millet - - - - - - - - - - - - - Pantasote
5. Ladd -O- - - - - - - - - - - - - ,Yammerschooner
6. Sortwell - - - - - - - - - - - - - Williwaw

The first three places of this race again were good, but the others were very much strung out, and had difficulty in managing their oars.

Professor Richrds and Mrs. Cutler were both here to supper.

Fourth Sing-Song.

1. Cook-a-Doodle Duet - - - - - - - - - -L.T., J.R.

2. Violin Solo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Payson

3. Dance - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - -Cutler

4. Duet - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - R.T.F. and E.T.P.

5. Choruses: My Heart's in the Highlands, Hiram Q., Merryweather Boys.

6. Stuntlet, My Man John -- - - - - - - - E.T.P., T.I.R., Smith.

7. Stunt - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - J.G.W., L.T.

Saturday Con't.

The Cock-a-Doodle Duet was delightful, it was good to hear it again. Payson played for us very nicely, two selections, both highly applauded, a Brahms Waltz, and the Tombigbee River.

Cutler's dance was very good, and added considerably to the very nice program.

E.T.P. and R.T.F. next appeared, decked in unusual and fascinating costumes, and sang, "The Free-Lunch Cadets", then producing cushions and mandolins regaled us with more music.

The Choruses went well after the weekly practising.

The first stunt of the evening was the familiar but no less delightful one of My Man John. The stage was arranged to show us both th knight's house and the Lady's. Smith made a very gallant knight, T.I.R. an optimistic man, and E.T.P. a ravishing lady. Some us were hardly surprised when the Lady did not accept the little gray hound when the Knight staggered in bearing Patsy in his arms, and threatened to drop him, gay red ribbon and all, into the Lady's lap.

The next stunt showed us two grave and reverend monks, namely J.G.W. and L.T., who practised their chants for the nexts Saints' Days, The Chants it need scarcely be said, proved to be extraordinarily interesting ones, and it is only possible to give an idea of them by reprinting below:

1.

It is a most woeful sight when our vegetation
Is attacked by fearful blight, death to forestration.
But far greater are our fears, vast our consternation
When the Bates Borer appears, the worst plague of any nation.

2.

Where the vast deep rolls and sighs, by balmy Bermuda
" Neath the clearest azure skies, dwells the Baracouda
Monster, who with flashing eyes, charfes each intruder,
Oh, beware, if thou art wise, the dreadful fearsome, Baracouda/

1.
Sing we a sad dirge, dirge of lamentation
Of those dread hours without recreation.
Talbot and Wallace hardly are a solace
To the Tutorium.

2.
There's Colonel Snelling, with his revised spelling
And his new selections of Latin inflections,
Things we can't get on to. Is it Esperanto,
Or are we simply dumb?

3.
His brain so massive finds nouns in the passive
And his wit creative finds verbs in the dative,
And a conjunction he declines with unction.
The Colonel can go some!

4.
Then there is Swaim, whom we all proclaim
As a world's wonder, writes without a blunder
Cuneiform or Sanscrit, no one understands it,
Non est disputandum.

5.
Oh, for the old days! Oh, for the old ways!
When the Igorote learned his lines by rote;
When Scaife was up a tree, lost in Plane Geometry,
Now things are all humdrum.

6.
Yet from what we hear it would e'en appear
More times are returning for which we've been yearning.
Scholars old and true and tried, to whom we may point with pride,
Seek the Tutorium.

7.
Before any other, Mundo joins his brother,
Dalton and Jackson, sharks at Anglo Saxon,
And Schmidzu's well-known name will add no end of fame.
Nunc est bibendum!

(Integer Vitae)

Long years ago in North Belgrade
A nordic race did once reside
'Neath clear blue skies, 'midst cool green shade
And purple hills at eventide.
Those Halcyon days we see no more
The colors fade, the race looks ill;
The strong men cower, and shrink before
The dreaded yellow peril.

All things fade and pass away,
Nations rise and nations wane;
We who all are here today
Never may be here again.

Saturday
August 4
cont'd

The Redman bold has vanished,
We sturdy nordics follow,
An eastern monster lifts his head,
Our beauteous land to swallow.

The signs are plain to any man
From balmy, fertile Idzu,
The fairest province of Japan,
With stealthy tread comes Schmidzu.
The Hashimuros would aver
(Their cunning hardly pays them)
That they are Christians, name of Burr;
Of course the face betrays them.

Yea, 'tis very sad to see
These sights which do depress us all;
Yet we're lost, it seems to me,
And we're lost beyond recall.
For added to the Japanese,
The thing that really gets one's goat,
Is that everywhere one sees
The fearsome, dreadful Igorote.

a Last Tuesday night or possibly it may have been Wednesday the members of the Faculty were sitting around talking matters over -
b That is all but Mr. Putnam and John Shaw and the members of the Camping Trip,
a Who had been paddling all day and were camping on the shores of Messalonskee,

But Mr. Cooley didn't know that.

a By the way it was a beautiful night and the moon was shining brig
Mr. Cooley and John Putnam all of a sudden both together got an i
b They don't often have them but this time it came to them like a flash to play a practical joke on Mr. Putnam
a So they took the map that's gotten out by the Geodetic Survey or may be the Belgian Lakes Association
a And they carried it to the Skipper and asked him to show them the place where the Campers were sleeping
b And the Skipper pointed out the place to them with his finger
a But he told them wrong - on purpose

Ah----------------------------

a So these bold fellows started out paddling in the Hecuba or it may have been the Carrabassett - Come to think of it I'm not sure that it wasn't the Worromontogus
b And they paddled all across Great Pond and Little Pond, North Pond, East Pond, Ellis and McGraw, Meadow Brook, and parts of Belgrade Stream
All except Messalonskee
a But they never found them

Razz----------------------------

Sunday
August 5
B. 29.65
T. 68
W. East
Showery

Appointments for the Week

Flag - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Swaim

Weather - - - - - - - - - - - - Shaw

Inspectors - - - - Cutler and Burr,F

Although much cooler, this was another of the damp and horrid days, with heavy showers in the afternoon.

Mrs. Cutler and Eric came for the morning and for dinner and in the afternoon started for New Hampshire again.

The Sunday Swim was not as long and leisurely an affair as usual, owing to the chilliness of the air. The repairing of Shells, by J.G.W. and L.T. and picked helpers, is progressing well.

In the afternoon, as so often on Sunday afternoons this year:

Senior Soccer

Toothbrushes	Lipsticks
P.N.M.	L.T.
J.G.W.	J.C.C.
E.T.P.	R.T.F.
J.W.P.	J.D.S.
B.P.S.	T.I.R.
Smith	L.L.S.
Pillsbury	Jameson
Dalton	Mallory
Burr,F.H.	Cutler
Simonds	Procter
Wallace	Howe,J.

Smith started the game very dashingly by scoring two goals for the Toothbrushes in the first quarter. In the second, L.T. did the same for the Lipsticks, tieing the score. The third period saw the Toothbrushes go

Sunday
August 5
cont'd

into the lead again, with a goal by E.T.P.; this was evened up before the period was over, when J.C.C. scored, with a powerful kick, for the Lipsticks. Quite early in the fourth quarter, after some very clever passing by his forwards, P.N.M. once more put the Toothbrushes in the lead by a skillful boot from in front of the goal; but soon after there was an intense scrimmage at the other end of the field, and R.T.F. scored, tieing it once again. A twelve-minute overtime period was allowed, to settle the matter, and, before this was more than half over, L.T. made the winning score for the Lipsticks.

Although one of the wettest and slipperiest ever, it was also one of the most exciting of soccer games. In spite of the impossibility of getting a sure footing, the play was extremely good and the passing very well done. Of the winners, L.T., J.C.C., and R.T.F. were powerful on the offense, and Jameson played a sterling defensive game; for the losers, P.N.M. and E.T.P. played particularly well, with Dalton backing them up especially strongly.

Junior Soccer

Muir - Captain
Trimingham
Alsop
Bates,J.
Burr,T.
Hall,D.
Jackson
Hubbard,C.
Richard
Stevens,J.
Stanton

Talbot - Captain
Ewell
Auchincloss
Bates,M.
Boardman
Hall,G.
Buttfield
Hubbard,E.
Scaife
Weeks
Payson

Sunday
August 5
cont'd

The rain had let up somewhat by the time the Junior Soccer game began. It, also, was a very good game, Talbot's team defeating Muir's by a score of 4-1, this due mainly to the superiority of their teamwork. Captain Talbot scored two of the goals himself, and Buttfield was the other particularly bright star of that team, he also scoring two goals - one of them after a brilliant solo dash down the field. Hubbard,E. and Scaife were also very good. Jackson played a good game for Muir's team, scoring their lone goal, and Trimingham was another whose playing stood out on that team. It was good soccer, and the positions were well kept, in the second half especially.

Boat-building was carried on by many whenever possible; it looks as though there would be a record fleet this year.

Picnic in the Parlor. Afterwards, J.R. read Edgar Allen Poe's Pit and the Pendulum, a fine thriller although not a ghost-story. And after Hymns, the half-past-niners had two short stories - Spit Cat Creek and The Lost Blend, both very good ones.

Monday
August 6
B. 30.05
T. 67
W. Light N.E.
Cloudy

Still cold and damp and gray.

There is some friction between the Beautifiers of Shells Squad and the Painters of Picnic Baskets Squad, as there does not seem to be enough blue paint for both. Shells and Picnic Baskets are both coming along well, however. Buttfield was Worm Adjustor, and it is reported that the worms are now in fine form, in case there should be fishing.

H.R. has finished his Morning Talks, and this morning R.T.F. began a series of talks on Tea, which promise to be most interesting.

Smith has taken over the job of Mail-Boy.

Third Scouting Afternoon

There was certainly no question about its being too hot to scout today. There was a very cool breeze; and, although it was not strong enough to make rapid progress very safe, and the going was pretty wet everywhere, the scouting was very good, on the whole, and the games extremely close.
First Game: For the first twelve minutes, it could hardly be told from the Boneyard that a Scouting Game was going on - practically the only noise to be heard was the speed-boat, Baby Whale, which seems far too fond of our part of the lake. Then came Bates,J., Iroquois, from the shore, where the Algonquins accounted for a good many of the enemy. Smith arrived soon after, having been murdered by a "Smith! -- oh darn!" from Payson. With half an hour gone, the score was tied at 6-6, and again at 9-9 when All In was called. The

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
E.T.P.		●●●		✗			✗		
J.R.	✗	●●		✗				●	
J.G.W.	✗			✗	●		✗		
L.T.	✓			✗			✓		
L.L.S.	✓				●		✓		
T.I.R.	✓			✗	●		✗		
B.P.S.	✓				●●		✗		
Alsop	✓			✓			✗		
Buttfield	✓			✗			✗		
Dalton	✗			✓			✗	●●	
Devens	✗			✗			✗		
Cutler	✓			✗	●●		✗	●	
Goodwin	✗	●●		✓				●	
Hall, D.P.	✗			✗			✗		
Howe, J.	✓			✗				●	
Hubbard, C.W.	✓			✓			✗	●●●●	
Jackson	✗			✗	●			●	
Ladd	✗			✗			✗		
Mallory	✗			✗	●		✓		
Payson		☠		✓			✓		
Richard		●		✗	●		✗	●	
Shaw	✓				●		✓		
Simonds		●		✗	●●		✗		
Smith	✗			✗	●	1	✓		
Snelling	✗			✗			✓		
Stanton	✓			✗			✗		
Stevens, J.	✓			✓			✗		
Trimingham	✓			✗	●		✗	●●●●	1
	11	9	0	19	15	1	17	16	1

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
P.N.M.	✗			✗	●			●●	
J.C.C.	✗	●			●			●●	
R.T.F.	✓			✗	●●		✗		
J.W.P.		●	1	✗	●		✗		
J.D.S.							✗	●	
Auchincloss	✱	●			●●		✗		
Bates, J.	✗				●			●●●	
Bates, M.	✓				●		✓		
Boardman	✓			✗			✗	●	
Burr, F.H.	✓			✓			✗		
Burr, I.T.	✗			✗			✗		
Ewell		●●			●●		✗		
Hall, G.E.	✓			✗			✗		
Howe, D.	✗	●		✗	●●		✗		
Hubbard, E.B.	✓				●		✓		
Jameson		●		✗			✗		
Millet	✓			✓			✓		
Muir		●●			●			●	
Pillsbury	✓				●		✱		
Procter		●		✗	●●			●●	
Scaife	✗			✓			✗		
Sortwell	✓			✗			✗		
Stevens, S.	✗			✓				●	
Swaim				✗				●●●	
Talbot	✓			✗			✗	●	
Wallace	✓			✗	●		✓		
Warren	✗			✗			✗		
Weeks	✗			✗			✗		
	10	10	1	15	19	0	17	17	0

Monday
August 6
cont'd

final score of shots was 10 for the Iroquois to 9 for the Algonquins, but J.W.P. made the game even more secure by coming over the ridge at the north end of the field and scoring an Iroquois run.

Second Game: First to appear was E.T.P., Algonquin chief, who had tried to go too far on the shore. He was soon revenged when P.N.M., captain of the Iroquois and his slayer, arrived. The Algonquins seemed to be taking the toll of the Iroquois for the next few minutes, leading with four killed to eight, when the game was half over. The Iroquois then rallied, and when the All In was called were leading with fourteen dead to sixteen Algonquins. The Iroquois total of shots was 19 to the Algonquins' 15; but Smith made a run through the Swamp, winning for the Algonquins and again tieing the season's score.

Third Game: This game was as close as the others, slaughtered warriors from both sides coming in very evenly. With the game ten minutes from the end and the score tied, Trimingham reported an Algonquin run, made along the shore, this winning the game. The shot-score was again slightly in favor of the Iroquois, 17-16.

With the Algonquins one game up for the season, the third scouting afternoon ended. It is splendid to have the scores so close. There were some good records made: Trimingham, with five shots (four of them and a run in the last game), and Hubbard,C., with four, did well for the Algonquins, as did E.T.P., J.R., Cutler, Goodwin, Richard, and Simonds, who each accounted for three Iroquois. Procter, of the Iroquois, killed five Algonquins, and J.C.C., Bates,J, Ewell, and Muir each did away with four Algonquins during the afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Auchincloss and Douglas came for supper, bringing an enormous cake as a present to the Camp, and a box of lollypops, which, though delicious, made it a funny-looking Camp after supper, with a stick in every mouth.

R.R., who has been spending the last few days in Sunshine Alley with a cold, is up and about again.

Tourmalin's Timechecks was begun in Digestion Club - J.C.C. taking it, in the Annex. Afterwards there was a short Go As You Please time, and, when the half-past-eighters were in bed, more reading for the others.

Tuesday
August 7
B. 30
T. 58
W. S.E.
Cloudy

For a few minutes, very early, the sky was all blue; but the weather soon relapsed into its customary gray and gloomy state.

In the morning arrived
Francis Rawle, Jr.
welcome as always.

Several delightful guests for dinner: Mr. and Mrs. Scaife arrived, the three Auchinclosses came again, and Mr. and Mrs. Burr - grandparents of Francis and Tucky - were here.

The afternoon was an assorted one:

Ouananiche

J.R.
S.M. Wallace
Bates,M. Hubbard,E.
Talbot Alsop
Burr,T. Devens
Muir Simonds
Millet
Ladd

Fishing

Williwaw	Yammerschooner	Erebus
J.G.W. F.R. Buttfield	Jameson Weeks Ewell	Stevens,S. Stanton Hall,D.
10 perch	2 perch	No Fish

Pantasote	Terror	Identical
Trimingham Richard Howe,D.	Pillsbury Snelling Hall,G.	Boardman Goodwin Payson
1 perch	5 perch	No Fish

Tuesday
August 7
cont'd

The Ouani had a very pleasant trip, up the east side of Hoyt's to Northwest Brook. This was explored for a little way, in the hope of finding a new place for a Sundry Stunt. Coming home, the route was past the west side of Hoyt's - it is here that the pond reaches its greatest depth, between seventy and eighty feet.

The fishers brought in a total of eighteen fish, one gamewarden, and one assistant. It was an epic tale, to which an outsider cannot do justice; so it is hoped that, when well clear of the clutches of the law, one of the criminals will write his own story.

For those who stayed ashore, there was

Senior Ball

Indiana Flooring		Abbot Worsted
P.N.M.	p.	E.T.P.
J.W.P.	c.	R.T.F.
L.T.	1b.	J.D.S.
B.P.S.	2b.	T.I.R.
Procter	3b.	Cutler
J.C.C.	ss.	Smith
Burr,F.	lf.	Dalton
Howe,J.	cf.	Jackson
Hubbard,C.	rf.	Mallory

Indiana Flooring went into a short-lived lead in their half of the first, bunching three singles to put across their only tally of the game. After this their sessions with the ash make a gloomy chronicle. E.T.P. tightened, allowing only two more bingles in the remaining eight frames, and those who got on to the hassocks ran them with considerably more enthusiasm than discretion.

Tuesday
August 7
cont'd

Abbot Worsted started to make the running in the third, when they pushed over three markers to the tune of a hit-by-pitcher, E.T.P.'s first double, and a brace of infield bobbles. Four more counters followed in the next period on three bingles - two of them for extra bases - a walk, and the usual infield football. This ended the scoring until the eighth, when E.T.P. took first on a fielder's choice, stole second, and completed the circuit when R.T.F.'s slow roller got through the short field sieve.

But for the extremely tenuous fielding of the Indiana Flooring, the game might have developed into a tight pitchers' battle. Both twirlers were found for only five safeties, issued but four free tickets, and disposed of eleven adversaries via the strike-out route. The Canadian sawbones fell below his opponent's record only when he bounced the apple off the small of Jackson's back. Ten errors to one is the moral of this tale.

Word came that J.A.L.,Jr. had telephoned that he could come up - no one knows when or for how long, but it is great news, anyway.

Mr. and Mrs. Scaife came to supper. In the evening there were games on the hill, and then half-past-eight Boston.

Half-past-niners had a round of Telegrams - the word Pretending, and the subject the Siege of Troy. There were some very clever ones:

From Helen to a Friend: Paris really entertaining; the es-

P.O.	A.	E.	No.	Indiana Flooring	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	IB.	S.B	S.H.
			5	Procter,	K	⌒9			1·5 2 ⊥		5·4 FC					4	0	1		
••••••••••	•	•••	2	J.W.P.	3 2 3 ⊥	⁘			2 ⁘		K					2	1	1		
	•••	•••	1	P.N.M.	5 2 ⊥	K			FC			6·3				4	0	1		
•••••••••			3	L.T.	5 ⊥		⌒7		⌒1			3⌒				4	0	1		
•	•••		4	B.P.S.	K		⌒9		1⌒			K				4	0	0		
	••	••••	6	J.C.C.	⁘		1·3			3·5 ⊥			K			3	0	1		
			8	Hubbard (warren. II)	K			1·3		3⌒			4·3			2	0	0		
			9	Howe		S ⁘		K		K			K			3	0	0		
			7	Burr		K		⌒9			1·5 2 E1					3	0	0		
			8	Warren, II)												2	0	0		
				Totals — Runs / Hits	1/3	1/3	1/3	1/3	1/4	1/5	1/5	1/5	1/5			31	1	5		

Earned Runs........................ Two Base Hits ETP, 2; TIR, JDS; J.C.C. Three Base Hits 0 Home Runs 0

First on Balls—off P.N.M., 4; off E.J.P., 4

Struck out—by P.N.M., 11; by E.J.P., 11

Left on Bases........................; Double Plays........................

Wild Pitches........................ Passed Balls........................

First Base on Errors........................ Hit by Pitcher Jackson by P.N.M.

SENIOR BASEBALL

Indiana Flooring vs. Abbot Worsted

At Camp Merryweather when August 7th, 1928

P.O.	A.	E.	No.	Abbot Worsted	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	A.B	R.	IB.	S.B	S.
			8	Jackson, c.f.	1·3		3 3 4 WP	5 2 E1 ⊥	⌒3			⌒4				4	2	1		
••••••••	•		3	J.D.S., 1b.	K		K	S S F2 ⁘		K		S 6·2 ⊥				4	1	1		
••	••••	•	1	E.T.P., p.	4·3		2 3 ⊥	2 2 ⊥		·3		2 S 2 FC				5	3	2		
•••••••••••	•		2	R.T.F., c.		4·3	1·3	2 2 2 K E2		E6		↑ E6				5	1	0		
••	•		4	T.I.R., 2b.		4 2 ⁘	2 ↑ 2 E1	⊥		⌒3		K				4	1	1		
	•		6	Smith, s.s.		2·3	↑ E6	1·3			6·3					4	0	0		
•••		•	9	Mallory		2 ⁘	K		4·3		← E2 E6					3	0	0		
•			7	Dalton		⁘		K	K		K					3	0	0		
••	•		5	Cutler		K		K	E1		K					4	0	0		
				Totals — Runs / Hits	0/0	0/0	3/1	7/4	7/4	7/4	7/4	8/5	Runs / Hits			36	8	5		

Time.......h.......m. Umpires Round Robin Scorer A.S

Tuesday
August 7
cont'd

tablishment nice; delighted I nonplussed Greeks.

From Andromache to Helen: Please remove evermore thy elegant nose, dame! Ilium now groans.

From a Greek Warrior to his Wife: Please remit evening togs. Enjoyable neighborhood dances in night garrison.

From a Friend to Helen: Paris rejects enemy trying enter northern doors in night gowns.

From Commander of Grecian Fleet to Ulysses inside Wooden Horse: Perhaps returning early tonight; everybody naturally diligent in new galleon.

From Commander of Horse to Menelaus: Peachy results equine trick. Entered neatly. Dining inside. Nunc Gaudeamus.

J.R. and J.G.W. returned from their expedition to Waterville, with many adventures to tell, in time for table-setting.

Total Fish: 712 perch, 45 bass

Wednesday
August 8
B. 29.89
T. 60
W. S.W.
Cloudy

R.T.F. continued his talk on Tea.

J.C.C. and Jameson paddled over to the Mills to see the game warden. They missed him, however, as he was on his way here. Although yesterday's encounter with the Law will still require a trip to Augusta for J.G.W., the formal appearance in court of all the law-breakers will not be required.

Shells are still being repaired, most beautifully, in Squad time, and whenever L.T. and J.G.W. have a spare moment.

Class B Chinnings:

Alsop	5	Hall,D.	1	Procter	6
Auchincloss	5	Hall,G.	4	Richard	0
Bates,J.	8	Howe,D.	0	Scaife	1
Bates,M.	5	Hubbard,C.	2	Sortwell	2
Burr,T.	0	Hubbard,E.	0	Stanton	1
Buttfield	3	Ladd	0	Stevens,J.	7
Devens	2	Millet	0	Swaim	3
Ewell	1	Muir	0	Talbot	11
Goodwin	2½	Payson	0	Weeks	0

Pickwick was finished in afternoon reading.

SECOND TRACK AND FIELD

Class A	Class B	Class C
Burr,F.	Alsop	Auchincloss
Cutler	Bates,M.	Bates,J.
Dalton	Boardman	Burr,T.
Jameson	Ewell	Buttfield
Mallory	Hall,G.	Devens
Pillsbury	Howe,J.	Goodwin
Simonds	Hubbard,C.	Hall,D.
Smith	Jackson	Howe,D.
Snelling	Muir	Hubbard,E.
Trimingham	Procter	Ladd
Wallace	Shaw	Millet
Warren	Stanton	Payson
	Talbot	Richard
	Weeks	Scaife
		Sortwell
		Swaim

Wednesday
August 8
cont'd

Class A

Hundred Yard Dash

First Heat Time: 13

1. Burr
2. Cutler
3. Jameson
4. Dalton

Not a very exciting race, as no one was working.

Second Heat Time: 13

1. Simonds
2. Pillsbury
3. Trimingham
4. Mallory

A good race for first place, Simonds beating Pillsbury by only a foot. Several yards separated Pillsbury from Trimingham.

Third Heat Time: 12 3/5

1. Warren
2. Snelling
3. Wallace

Smith - fouled

Warren won by ten yards. Smith finished second but was disqualified, as he had gotten off his course and in the way of Snelling.

Final Heat Time: 12 2/5

1. Simonds
2. Warren
3. Burr

Pillsbury
Cutler
Snelling

This was a fine race, with no loafing. Simonds won over Warren by two inches, and all the rest were within three or four feet of each other.

Broad Jump

1. Pillsbury	15' 11"
2. Smith	14' ½"
3. Simonds	13' 3"

Pillsbury spreadeagled the field, combining speed with height.

Shot Put

1. Pillsbury	24' 3"
2. Cutler	23' 5"

Wednesday
August 8
cont'd

3. Simonds 22' 8"

Pillsbury was by far the best putter but weakened at the end. Cutler showed considerable improvement and pushed Pillsbury at the finals.

High Jump

1. Burr,F. 4' 5"
1. Warren
3. Smith 4' 2"
3. Trimingham

Burr,F. and Warren both did well, raising the Class A mark set in July by five inches.

Four-Forty

Time: 1:05

1. Simonds
2. Cutler
3. Warren
4. Smith
5. Pillsbury

Smith led at the backstop, with Simonds, Warren, and Cutler close after him. Soon after, Simonds put on speed and finished first by ten yards, Cutler and Warren fighting hard for second place, which the former managed to secure by four feet.

Class B

Hundred Yard Dash

First Heat — Time: 14 1/5

1. Ewell
2. Alsop
Boardman
Bates,M.
Hall,G.

A good race, everyone working hard, and Ewell winning over Alsop by a yard.

Second Heat — Time: 14

1. Jackson
2. Muir
Howe,J.
Procter
Hubbard

Jackson won by five yards, with Muir a yard ahead of Howe.

Third Heat — Time: 14 2/5

1. Shaw,R.
2. Talbot

Wednesday   Stanton
August 8   Weeks
cont'd

Shaw, R. won by four feet over Talbot. Both of them were working hard, but the same cannot be said for Stanton and Weeks.

Semi-Final Heat   Time: 13 4/5

1. Talbot
2. Muir
3. Alsop

A good race, Talbot earning the right to be in the finals by a yard.

Final Heat   Time: 14

1. Jackson
1. Talbot
3. Shaw, R.
Ewell

Although the time of this heat was not as fast as some of the preliminary ones, it was a great race, ending in a dead heat between Jackson and Talbot. Shaw was close behind, only three feet separating him from the leaders.

Broad Jump

1. Shaw	12' 11"
2. Jackson	12' 10"
3. Howe	12' 6"

A great duel between Shaw and Jackson. On their last jump, Jackson, jumping first, beat any previous jump, and Shaw followed by eclipsing Jackson's mark.

Shot Put

1. Shaw	26' 8"
2. Alsop	24' 3"
3. Procter	23' 6"

Shaw showed improvement in the last few puts and was victorious.

High Jump

1. Talbot	3' 11"
2. Hubbard, C.	3' 11"
3. Bates, M.	3' 10"
3. Shaw	

Talbot displayed the best form and was easily the class of the field. He cleared the winning height on his first try at it, with much to spare.

Four-Forty

Time: 1:14 3/5

1. Muir
2. Talbot
3. Procter
4. Alsop
5. Ewell

By the time the backstop was reached, Muir had taken the lead, with Procter, Talbot, and Alsop following in that order, and all pretty well strung out. Muir was never headed, increasing his lead on the home stretch and finishing first by ten yards. Talbot managed to get by Procter, gaining second place by a yard.

Class C

Hundred Yard Dash

First Heat — Time: 15 4/5

1. Buttfield
2. Auchincloss

Bates,J.
Devens
Burr,T.

A good heat. Buttfield won by six inches, and Auchincloss had only a yard over Bates,J.

Second Heat — Time: 15 2/5

1. Howe,D.
2. Hall,D.

Hubbard,E.
Goodwin
Ladd

Howe,D. had a lead of about four feet over Hall,D. at the finish. Hubbard,E. worked hard for second place but was third by a foot.

Third Heat — Time: 15

1. Scaife
2. Swaim

Richard
Sortwell
Payson
Millet

Scaife won handily, beating Swaim by two yards.

Semi-Final Heat — Time: 15

1. Auchincloss
2. Swaim
3. Hall,D.

The competition of the runners-up to get into the finals

Wednesday
August 8
cont'd

was intense, Auchincloss and Swaim fighting it out until the very end, and the former having a lead of only six inches when the line was crossed. Hall,D. was a little outclassed, and was third by three yards.

Final Heat — Time: 15

1. Scaife
2. Auchincloss
3. Howe,D.
   Buttfield

A hard-fought race, with everyone working his hardest. Scaife defeated Auchincloss by a yard, and Auchincloss won second place from Howe,D. by only six inches, while Buttfield was only a foot or two behind that.

Broad Jump

1. Swaim	12' 3½"
2. Scaife	11' 4"
3. Richard	10' 9"

Richard and Auchincloss did very well indeed, but Swaim's lighter build helped him, and he outdid Scaife's best effort by nearly a foot.

Shot Put

1. Scaife	22' ½"
2. Auchincloss	20' 3"
3. Bates,J.	20' 2½"

Scaife showed good form and won. Auchincloss earned second place, and Bates,J. third. Howe,D. did well but lost a chance at second place by fouling on his best put.

High Jump

1. Devens	3' 7"
2. Buttfield	3' 6"
3. Hall,D.	3' 4"
3. Howe,D.	
3. Bates,J.	
3. Swaim	

Competition was very close between Devens and Buttfield, but the former's last chance got him over the bar, and he was victorious.

Four-Forty

Time: 1:18 1/5

1. Howe,D.
2. Scaife
3. Buttfield
4. Swaim
5. Devens
5. Goodwin

Howe,D. took the lead from the start, with Scaife second

Wednesday
August 8
cont'd

and Buttfield third, and this order remained unchanged. Howe finished ten yards ahead of Scaife, who, in turn, had two over Buttfield. There was a large gap between him and the fourth man, Swaim, while Devens and Goodwin had a terrific struggle for fifth place, finishing neck and neck.

Point Winners

Class A

Simonds	12
Pillsbury	10
Warren	8
Cutler	6
Burr	5
Smith	3½
Trimingham	½

Class B

Talbot	12
Shaw	11½
Jackson	7
Muir	5
Hubbard,C.	3
Alsop	3
Procter	2
Howe,J.	1
Bates,M.	½

Class C

Scaife	16
Howe,D.	6¼
Auchincloss	6
Swaim	5¼
Devens	5
Buttfield	4
Bates,J.	1¼
Richard	1
Hall,D.	¼

There was a most important arrival today. A little before dinner came J. Arnold Lowell, Jr. who has finished his usual summer routine of assisting at a wedding in England and who, we hope, has no plans except Camp for the immediate future.

Fifth Charade Evening

1. J.C.C. "Blackboard"

Wednesday
August 8
cont'd

Scene 1. "Black bored." A sleeping car, with berths made up. Enter L.L.S. and small son (Jackson). The former magnanimously insists that his child shall have the lower and himself climbs cautiously into the upper berth. Countless difficulties ensue, and the curtain seems very poorly attached. The porter (Cutler), when called, treats the matter with true racial indifference and cannot see why the gentleman is so disturbed. A very original scene, and a very funny one.

Scene 2. "Blackboard." The Olympic Games - Finals of the Blackboard Relay competition, a desperate conflict between the Finns and the Anzacs. The announcer (J.A.L.,Jr.) does his job to perfection, except on those occasions when he forgets to punch the stop-watch at all, or until the heat is halfway through, which makes the time of the heats erratic. The Finns win in a blaze of glory.

2. L.T. "Dunham"

Scene 1. "Dun 'em." The curtain opened on a scene of chaos. An aged man (R.T.F.), shawled and feet in tub, a frenzied lady (E.S.), and numerous children, (Devens in a cradle and Goodwin in the bath tub seemed to be making the most noise, but the other two were doing well), were the dramatis personae. Enter the collector of taxes (L.T.), a mean-looking gentleman in a brown derby. He values the furnishings of the house, so rapidly that the poor lady's protests have no effect whatever, explains to her, so fast that she cannot possibly understand a word of it, the intricacies of filling out the blanks, and finally, leaving the entire family in a state of utter confusion,

Wednesday
August 8
cont'd

takes his leave. It was a wonderful performance, and L.T.'s acting superb. One of the most delightful things about this gentleman's performance is that he always takes the audience into his confidence to such an extent - "Shut up, you guys, your parts are over!" to the young gentlemen in the bath tub and on the floor, was one of the most—appreciated lines of the evening.

Scene 2. "Dunham." A violin contest, between Mellie Dunham (Payson) and a person with an unspellable name (Weeks). A large gathering is assembled to hear them. After appropriate introductions by R.T.F., they play in turn. The effect on the audience is tremendous, but it is impossible to choose between the two. Again they try, this time both together. The effect on the audience is even greater, but this time it is decided that the palm should go to Dunham.

3. J.G.W. "Warden"

Scene 1. "War done." A patriotic crowd collects; to the tune of "When Johnny Comes Marching Home Again," war veterans come in, to hear the plaudits of their fellow-citizens. P.N.M. and J.G.W. express their feelings in truly stirring style, and then Adolph Schmidt (B.P.S.), is introduced as a person of German descent, whose sympathies are now entirely with America. He rises to speak, and, to the horror of all, bursts into a fiery denunciation, ex-soldiers, America and all receiving his fury, until (the audience nearly leaping on to the stage, with cries of "Hot dog!"), as one man, the soldiers and townsmen leap upon him.

Wednesday
August 8
cont'd

Scene 2. "Warden." A court of justice, with a severe judge (P.N.M.). The infringements of law all have to do with fishing, strangely enough. Muir has been found digging nightwalkers with a five-tined fork; Alsop trying for sunfish by night, Boardman using nightwalkers in the daytime. The judge becomes more and more wrought up - the most suspicious part of the whole affair is that all the offenders come from North Belgrade; it begins to look like the work of a gang. Jameson comes in next; he has been caught fishing on the Bar - worse and worse. The climax comes with the appearance of Mr. Stiggins (J.G.W.); he has been caught in the act of fishing with two hooks. This must indeed be the leader of this gang of desperadoes! Curtain.

The Great Impersonation was finished in half-past-nine reading, and we also had a short O.Henry story.

Thursday
August 9
B. 29.72
T. 63
W. N.W.
Clearing

For a little while the sun actually shone, and, though this did not last long, the day really was a good enough one to start off the long-held-back Camping Trip and a Ouani round the Horn.

The Camping Trip went off, probably to Little Pond, at the end of Reading.

Camping Trip
Aug. 9th

Burr, F.H.
Goodwin
Howe, J.
Wallace
J.A.L.
B.P.S.

Aboljockamegus
Caugcomgomock

Shortly afterwards a powerful Ouani started off, headed for the Mills and on around the Horn.

Ouananiche

J.R.

J.C.C. J.W.P.
J.D.S. S.C.M.
A.S. Stevens, S.
Smith Snelling
Trimingham Stevens, J.
Hall, G.
Millet

It was a very pleasant, though uneventful, Round the Horn trip (the worst thing being a meeting with the warden on Long Pond and his telling us that J.G.W. must bring all three boys to Court with him tomorrow, after all). Long Pond was absolutely calm, and what current there is in Belgrade Stream was with us, of course, which made paddling fairly easy. Although the water was very high, we managed to get under all the bridges, even the one at East Mount Vernon; the dam there has been repaired, and the carry is a very easy one, consisting merely of lifting the Ouani out on to the top of the dam and dropping her in on the other side. We had lunch just this side of the railroad

Thursday
August 9
cont'd

bridge. There was a slight head wind on Messalonskee, but we reached the station from the head of the pond in well under an hour. After leaving the Ouani high and dry (rather difficult, as the beach where she usually is left was a foot under water), we progressed, via Anderson's, to Camp. Swims, and supper on the Point, (with 'ethereal boloney' the highlight of the meal), were the end of a very fine trip.

At Swim time, J.G.W. and L.T. went around Oak in the double-scull in 15:31 2/5. The other record cannot be found, but this one beats it, anyway, as it has not been done in less than 15:40 before.

MEMINITE LEGIUM! Fishing CAVETE CUSTODES

Williwaw	Identical	Yammer	Pantasote
E.S. Boardman Procter	R.T.F. Shaw Hubbard	L.L.S. F.R. Scaife	Jameson Sortwell Pillsbury
2 perch	No Fish	2 perch	4 perch

Snelling and Cutler went out after supper, and the former got four perch, in a very short time.

It was a mixed-up afternoon, but a nice one, for those who stayed at home, with Skowhegan and Canoe Tilting, and Shell-rowing for some.

J.G.W. and L.T. took an expedition North (Messrs. Weeks, Burr,T., Cutler, Devens, Hubbard,C., Muir, Payson, and Snelling). There work was done on the chimney of the log cabin, and a great excavation was started in the bank near the landslide. They cooked supper for themselves when their work was done and report a very good trip altogether.

Thursday
August 9
cont'd

There was Go As You Please, as the various expeditions came in.

And an unexpected but most delightful arrival:

Clev. E. Abbot

For half-past-niners, reading - a new book, Dr. Ricardo.

For Faculty Supper, new and luscious (perhaps "new" is not the right word, after all -) Cheeses of various descriptions.

Ouani Round the Horn

Left Camp	10:20
Arrived Mills	10:57
Left Mills	11:11
Lunch Place	1:23
Left the Same	2:21
Head Snow Pond	3:25
Started down Pond	3:30
Station	4:24

Travelling Time to Station 6 hrs., 4 min.

Paddling Time (15 min. estimated for East Mount Vernon Carry) 4 hrs.,36 min.

Total Fish: 724 perch, 45 bass

- Mue - . SKOWHEGAN at The Point -

Bates M.	X			X			X			X			X			X			X		
Warren	X			X			X				•		X			X			X		
Jackson	X	•			••	/	X	•		X	•		/	•••		X	•••		X	•	
Talbot	X			X			X	••••		X	•		X	•		X			X	•	
Ewell	X	•••				/	X	•				/	X			X	•		X		
Stanton	X	•		X			X				••		X	•			•	/	X	•	
Hall D.	X	•		X	•			•			•		X			X			X		
Richard	X			X	•••••		X			X				•		X	•		X		
	8	4	0	6	4	2	7	7	0	4	6	1	6	6	0				8	4	

- Jays -

Bates J.	✓			X	••		X	•		X	•		X			X			X	•	
Dalton	X			X				••			•	/	✓				•			•	
Alsop	X	••		X	•		X	•		X	••			•••		X	•		X		
Auchy	X			X			X			X			X				•	/	X		
Bullfield		•••	/	X			X			X			X			X	••••				
Swain	X	•		X		/	X	•••		X			X	•••		X					
Howe D.	✓	•			••	/		••	//	X			X			X	•		X		
Ladd	✓			X			X			X			X			X					
	4	7	1	7	5	2	6	9	2	7	4	1	6	6	0				4	8	

Bates M - 11

Bates J. 1111

Camp Wise Crack

The two salient features of ~~the~~ the journey which came to be known as Camp Wise Crack are, to wit, viz., and namely: ① that the wise cracks flew so free and fast that very few of them are now remembered (a good thing, too, and you would agree if you had heard any of them); and ② that the expedition had visions of doing great things, actually did nothing, and had a swell time doing it.

We started off at 9.40 A.M. on Thursday, P.B.S., Goodwin, and Burr (the slant-eyed southpaw) in the Carrabassett, and J.A.L., J. Howe, and Wallace in the good old Caucomgomoc. We made Meadow Brook without any trouble by 10.30 and started the ascent. Now it is a matter of record that the paddle up or down the brook is one of the best around these parts, furnishing ~~a~~ many changes of scenery and giving the paddlers a series of ever-changing problems to cope with; sometimes, however, the bow men (like Wallace in this instance) aver that scenery + hard work is equal to something less than ~~no~~ scenery + no work at all. And they are not to be blamed, either, for the work is hard; the bow man, according to our formation, must paddle the bow in the direction in which it does not wish to go - that is, around the turn. But we did it finally, and came out on North Pond at about 12.20. Another twenty-five minutes took us to our destination - the beaches on Little Pond.

In the back of some heads was the idea that ~~during~~ after lunch we should paddle to the north end of North Pond and climb Beech Hill. The only trouble was that by the time we had set up the tent, swum, cooked lunch, and eaten lunch, it was three o'clock, and the combined energy of all muscles, including the tongue muscles, was practically nil. Instead, we lay around until 3.30 or so, and then set out for the road, intending to get somewhere near Philip Mountain. Actually, we got as far as the Tiber, and some of us sat on the rude bridge that went horizontally across the flood while the rest went to the local emporium, ~~and~~ guzzled pop, and bought marshmallows for supper sustenance.

When we got back to our camping-place, it was 5.30; it took us until eight to collect firewood, swim, and eat supper. Then we fixed our beds, each according to his own notion. The notions follow:

P.B.S. and J.A.L. – to sleep in the tent. P.B.S.

Built himself a bed of balsam,
Built a bed of fragrant balsam,
Fragrant, Heaven-scented balsam,
With a snooze in every boughlet.
On the ground-cloth parked that other.
Meanwhile, underneath the Cary,
Howe and Goodwin (in old bottles),
Fixed their tootsies to be sheltered,
Bared their cocos to the heavens.
Meanwhile, underneath the Corker,

Burr and Wallace slung their bedding,
Head to head they fixed to slumber.
All returned then to the fire.
Let me tell thee, gentle reader,
That the sparks which from the ashes
Burst in space, like fire-crackers
Not by several hundred parasangs
Were the only sparks which sparkled.
Every camper's head seemed full of
Bright remarks to hand out gratis:
Tender jokes, too soft to flourish,
Like an early-garnered violet,
Like an ~~unfleg~~ unfledged, fuzzy gosling
Left to face the cruel winter.
Half-baked jokes, of doubtful vintage,
Left a long while in the oven,
Malnutritious, indigestible.
Aged jokes by countless thousands,
Veterans of an hundred winters,
Wrinkled, cracked, and badly shrivelled,
Bleary-eyed and snowy-bearded,
Toothless, withered, and rheumatic,
Gone was their school-girl complexion,
In its stead a death-like visage,

All the lot, by generous estimate,
Worth a nickel for a carload.

But- the fair quips grew, the wise cracks flew,
The razzing followed free.
Before we were read-y to go to bed,
'Twas all of ten - thirtee.

And then an ominous dispute arose;
Some claimed the weather augured rains and snows;
Others replied that this was all the bunk,
That they would laugh at any wind that blows.

When, about eight o'clock, we all assembled round the breakfast table, the following facts were submitted to a candid outfit:

1. That there had been few mosquitoes - almost none.
2. That it had rained at 2.15, which had made no difference to anyone except Goodwine and Howe, who had simply crawled under their canoe.
3. That everyone had had the best outdoor sleep of his career. Everyone slept at least seven and a half ~~h~~ hours, and P. B. S. had clicked off nine without a wiggle.

When breakfast was over, the question arose. "Lads, do we go to Beech Hill?" Half a dozen throats answered, "Nix," because the day was both dull and hot. So, in order to get up a gentle glow before swim, we walked to Meadow Brook's third bridge (north bound, read up) and threw things into the brook when we were not occupied with such sports as having a Round Robin tournament to see who was the brother of the nearest farmer's dog, and what not.

After a swim and lunch, we were off again by 1.30 - headed homeward. Well, you certainly do go down faster than you go up. We breezed along, and the fact that on coming into Great Pond we struck a counter-breeze from the southwest didn't bother us much. We hit the dock at four o'clock and stowed our stuff away; then one and all played twilight ball, in honor of G. E. A.

So ended a trip which ~~was~~ (without any fakin') ~~exaggeration), the best the writer has~~ was one of the best that the writer has taken.

Friday
August 10
B. 29.71
T. 63
W. S.
Clearing

The return Ouani crew, consisting of:

E.T.P.
P.N.M. T.I.R.
L.L.S. R.T.F.
G.E.A. E.S.
Simonds Cutler
Shaw Dalton
Devens
Ladd
M.P.

started off at the end of Reading.

J.G.W., Jameson, Boardman and Buttfield made their trip to Augusta, where, though the fines were waived, they had to pay Costs of court.

In the afternoon

Divers Diversions

Fishing

Erebus	Terror	Yammer
F.R.	J.D.S.	Pillsbury
Smith	Ewell	Snelling
Alsop	Talbot	Weeks
3 perch	1 bass	4 perch

Meadow Brook		Attempt at Little Pond	
Abol	Willi	Pant	Ident
J.R.	Warren	J.C.C.	Trimingham
Muir	Mallory	Auchincloss	Procter
Scaife	Sortwell	Hall,G.	Buttfield
Jameson		Hall,D.	

The Meadow Brookers got as far as the first bridge. The Little Ponders, although they did not reach their destination, report a very good trip. They rowed northwest and landed in the Tiber, and then walked a mile or two toward Little Pond before deciding that there wasn't time enough to get there on a Sundry

Friday
August 10
cont'd

Stunt. The rest of the Camp played Skowhegan, until, at about quarter of four, the Ouani was seen and heard coming across the Lake, going at tremendous speed, with all her crew standing and G.E.A. steering, rousing everyone to his very best efforts.

More of her trip later; but the Twilight League Game must have space now. With reenforcements from the Campers, who got back at this crucial moment, and the Skowheganers, who were recalled from the Point, two teams were lined up, and there was Senior Ball.

St. Mary's Holy Name		Frate's Dairy
J.A.L.,Jr.	p.	P.N.M.
R.T.F.	c.	E.T.P.
T.I.R.	1b.	L.T.
Muir	2b.	B.P.S.
Cutler	3b.	Shaw
G.E.A.	s.s.	J.W.P.
Mallory	lf.	Dalton
Jackson	cf.	Burr,F.
Swaim	rf.	Simonds

This, a benefit game for G.E.A., was a very successful nightcap to a strenuous day.

The first ball was thrown in at 5 P.M., and P.N.M., a trifle excited over the opening of the twilight season, grooved the apple with great frequency, to the delight of R.T.F., J.A.L.,Jr., and G.E.A., the "murderers' row" of the St. Mary's outfit. R.T.F. and J.A.L.,Jr. tallied on a three-ply wallop to deep left off G.E.A.'s willow. But the rally was cut short when the latter was cut off at the plate and the sides changed places.

For only one inning did J.A.L.'s slants puzzle the Dairy team. In the fourth, they trained their wagon-tongues on the far reaches of the garden, and, when the smoke cleared, the rubber had been dented five times. The scoreboard now read: Frate's Dairy, 10, St. Mary's, 2. Nothing more of great moment took place in the scoring line. On their last bid for runs, St. Mary's sent their siege guns up to the dish out of order. Singles by Ty Cobb (G.E.A.) and J.C.C. (pinch hitting for Muir) brought one run in, but P.N.M. retired the side promptly thereafter, and the ball-game was "in the bag" for the Frate's Dairy.

Friday
August 10
cont'd

Despite the weariness of the participants, the game was quite up to standard. G.E.A. was beautiful to watch, covering the whole infield and keeping everybody on their toes. L.T. performed in finished style on the business end of two high-grade double killings, besides using the willow with his customary success.

J.A.L.,Jr. uncovered a curve ball that accounted for most of the "K"'s found in the score sheet. P.N.M.'s hook was also effective on the left-handed batters (J.A.L.,Jr.!)

May there be more twilight games, if this one was a true example!

Supper was late, and afterwards there was Digestion Club in the Annex.

The sore-throat-bug which has found its way into Camp seems to prefer Sunshine Alley; R.R. is all right again now, but today L.E.R. is laid low.

Half-past-niners had reading - the Igorote sleeping through Taps, to the joy of everyone.

J.R. went to Boston on the night train. A great loss

Friday
August 10
cont'd

has come to Merryweather in the sudden death, from a heart attack last Wednesday, of Randolph Coolidge. From its early years, through his different children, Mr. Coolidge has been a friend and well-wisher of the Camp. Four of his five sons, Joseph Randolph, Hamilton of heroic memory, John Gardner, and Roger, have been Merryweather Prefects; his daughter Nora was on the Camp staff for two summers; his daughter Julia was married in 1910 to "Mr. Dick," H.H.Richards, the Skipper's eldest son; and their three boys, H.H.Richards, Jr., Hamilton, and Tudor, have all been Merryweathers for several different summers.

As always, when boys pull a strong oar in the boat of Camp or School, it is the interest and understanding of their parents that establish and strengthen the tie; and Mr. Coolidge's warm friendship for and interest in the Camp have been things to count among the best of all the years have brought. His too-rare visits always brought with them a sort of glow - he always came as though he were the learner, the Camp the teacher.

With hundreds, we truly mourn the untimely loss of a life of devoted and unselfish public service; but for Merryweather Camp, his death means the passing on of a great-hearted friend.

Quani, Return Trip Round the Horn

It was a fine trip and came close to the record one, made in 1911. Today's paddling time was 4 hours and 6 minutes, and the record is 3 hours and 41 minutes. The crew rehearsed the finish on the other side of Monkey Point, and from there on alternated, first the stern four

Frate's Dairy ~~vs.~~ SENIOR BALL ~~of~~ ~~at~~ ~~19~~

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5 4	6 5	7 6	8 7	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
••	•••		1 B.P.S.	2b. 4	0 K	0 K		0 ⊓		0 ⊓							4	0	0		
•••	••		2 J.W.P.	ss. 6	::		2 2 ⊥	3 3 3 ⊥		0 K							3	2	2		
•••••••	•		3 S.T.P.	c 2	0 K		2 ╧	2 2 2 ⊥		0 4.3							4	2	2		
	•••••		4 P.M.M.	P. 1	0 1.3		2 2 ⊥	2 ╧			0 1.3						4	2	2		
•••••••••		•	5 L.T.	1b. 3		4 E4 4 ⊥	1.6 ⊥	5 5 3 ⊥			0 ⊓						4	2	3		
			6 Shaw	3b 5		0 K	0 K	5 3 2 ::			0 K						3	1	0		
			7 Dalton	lf. 7		2 2 3 FC	0 ⊥	2 E3									3	1	1		
			8 Burr	cf 8		5 5 ⊥	0 K	⊥									3	0	2		
			9 Simonds	rf 9		0 .3		0 1.3	K								3	0	0		
			10																		
			11																		
			TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	~~Runs total~~	0/0	3/2	3/5	/	5/10	0/10	0/10	/	/	/	/	/	31	10	12		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	0	2	5		5	0	0						Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				2	5	1-b. on errors.																	
Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.													Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																	

Umpire........................ *of*........................ *Scorer*........................

St. Mary's Holy Name ~~vs.~~ Twilight League ~~of~~ ~~at~~ Aug 10, 1928

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1 Jackson	cf. 8	0 1.3		.4 FC			0 ⊓							3	0	0		
•••••••••			2 R.T.F.	C. 2	2 2 3 ⊥		4.3			3 ⊥	S 2 P 2 ⊥						4	2	3		
•	••••		3 J.A.L.	P. 1	2 2 ╧			0 K		0 K							3	1	1		
•••			4 C.E.A.	S.S. 6	3 ≡			S S ::		0 6.3	⊥						3	0	2		
•••••		•	5 T.I.R.	1b. 3	0 ⊓			0 ⊓3			0 1.3						3	0	0		
			6 Mallory	lf. 7		1.6 E3		0 K									2	0	0		
			7 Cutler	3b 5		0 1.3			0 4.3		0 K						3	0	0		
	•	•	8 Muir	2b. 4		0 2.3 ::			0 4.3								1	0	0		
			9 Swaim	rf. 9			1.4 ⊥		0 K								2	0	1		
			10 JCL								⊥						1	0	1		
			11																		
			TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	2/2	0/2	0/2	0/2	0/2	0/2	1/3	/	/	/	/	/	25	3	8		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	3	0	1	0	0	1	3						Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				2	9	1-b. on errors.																	
Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.													Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																	

Umpire Round Robin *of*........................ *Scorer* A.S.

Friday
August 10
cont'd

standing and then the bow six; and, at the end, as has been said, the whole crew standing, and driving her like mad. It was a joy to see her come across the pond.

It is interesting to know that G.E.A., when he was only eleven or twelve, began to realise the very great importance of the steersman's using his voice in driving his canoe to its greatest possible speed. It was always he, in four-paddler races, who could be heard counting the stroke and encouraging his men, and generally with great success.

Time:

Left Camp	9:31
Arrived Station	10:33
Left Station	10:45
End of Messalonskee	11:32
East Mount Vernon (lunch)	1:00
Left East Mt. Vernon	1:45
S. End Long Pond	2:10
Mills	3:00
Time of Carry	:05
Left Mills	3:10
Arrived Camp	3:46

Total time	6 hours and 15 minutes
Paddling time	4 hours and 6 minutes

Total Fish: 735 perch, 46 bass

Saturday
August 11
B. 29.63
T. 64
W. South
Clearing

G.E.A. had to leave after breakfast, much to our sorrow.

There was Singing at the beginning of Squad-time.

The weather, as usual, was peculiar, but, not as usual, ended by being pleasant. The morning was warm, with the sun out by swim-time, so that Swim was long, and much shell-rowing was done. Just after lunch, a terrific Williwaw came in from the west - one of the fiercest ever, and coming with amazing speed. And after that, it cleared off northwest very quickly, making it a lovely afternoon and evening.

Senior Soccer

Gorfinkles	Baumritters
L.T.	P.N.M.
J.C.C.	J.A.L.,Jr.
E.T.P.	J.G.W.
L.L.S.	R.T.F.
Howe,J.	J.D.S.
J.W.P.	Procter
Burr,F.	Dalton
Jameson	Mallory
Pillsbury	Simonds
Smith	Stevens,S.
Wallace	Cutler

With P.N.M. the fiercest of all, the Baumritters bombarded the Gorfinkle goal furiously at the start of the game; but nevertheless the Gorfinkles were the first to score, with J.W.P. booting the ball through. The play then was kept around the Baumritters' goal for a time, Procter doing good work as goal guard. After one try had bounced off the goal post and J.C.C. had kicked it over the goal, he finally booted it through, making the count 2-0 for the Gorfinkles.

Saturday
August 11
cont'd

In the second quarter, the Baumritters again took the offensive from the start. P.N.M. scored, but it could not be counted, as the goal was made after a forward pass. Cutler made the first point for this side soon afterwards, his kick sending the ball through the goal with only an inch to spare. Smith added two more to the Gorfinkles' total, and R.T.F. another to the Baumritters', making it 4-2 in favor of the former team.

Third Quarter. Dalton did excellent work in goal for the Baumritters, but L.T. managed to get one ball past him, and the count was 5-2. This was the last score that the Gorfinkles could make, however.

In the last period, J.A.L.,Jr., playing as though he had been at the game all summer, scored for the Baumritters, and before the period was over R.T.F. got another goal, his kick bouncing off the goal-post and in. 5-4 for the Gorfinkles.

This was all, in spite of more good playing by both teams. The field was drier than usual, and there was much skilful playing by many people.

Junior Soccer

Igorotes	Igloos
Howe,D.	Burr,T.
Alsop.	Trimingham (Capt.)
Talbot (Capt.)	Buttfield
Hubbard,E.	Auchincloss
Bates,J.	Bates,M.
Ewell	Boardman
Muir	Weeks
Devens	Goodwin
Hall,D.	Hall,G.
Payson	Scaife
Sortwell	Stanton

Saturday
August 11
cont'd

Although the action in the first half of the game was fast and furious, the scoring was reserved for the last two periods. In the third quarter, Trimingham deftly carried the ball from midfield and put the Igloos ahead with a well-placed kick. In the final frame, the Igorotes came back with three successive goals, one by Muir and two by Captain Talbot, to win a hard-fought and very fast game.

Fifth Sing Song

Overture - L.L.S.
Violin Solo - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Weeks
Song - J.G.W.
Choruses: March of the Cameron Men, Voice of the Bell, Rolling Down to Rio
Song - L.T.
Stunt - Prefects
Camp Song

The Overture, Davol's Hymn to Victory, a fine, inspiring piece, was, as always by our Overturist, excellently played.

Shelton Weeks played two pieces for us on his violin, Gavotte and Scherzo, both delightful.

J.G.W.'s song, it is needless to say, was received with volleys of applause. It was a ballad concerning the famous battle of the Constitution and the Guerriere: how the crew of the Constitution sang Yankee Doodle Dandy O when coming to the attack; how the Constitution guns raked the deck of the Guerriere; and how, when they had conquered, the gallant commander of the Constitution refused the sword of the de-

Saturday
August 11
cont'd

feated captain in a most dashing manner. A wonderful tale.

The Choruses went well, especially the Voice of the Bell and Rio, which were sung with great spirit.

L.T. sang a revised version of the Young Gal Who Went To The City, Villikins and his Dinah, and Irene and the Accordeen. It was, as always, perfectly delightful to hear him - the casual manner in which he does his singing is one of the best things about it.

Rumor had been circulating earlier in the evening that the Prefects were to give a Stunt, but to our surprise R. R. announced that a Mr. Burdett, of the Burdett Advertising School, was going to speak to us. Thereupon there arose from the back rows of the audience a person who reminded us at the same glance of the gentleman who adorns the Smith Brothers' Cough Drop Boxes and T.I.R.

This Mr. Burdett began by giving a very interesting sketch of the advertising business in general and of the Burdett School in particular. He then went on to say that some of the pupils of the Burdett School had come up here with him to give short sketches of the way in which the familiar advertisements we see in every magazine are originated.

The first of these was a short scene showing an actual Blindfold Test being given to an actual celebrity. Baron von Ragerstein, an eminent German who had just come to the United States for a visit, had been persuaded to come up here and take the test. This we saw being given, the Baron smoking four cigarettes, with coffee between, and immediately choosing Old Gold.

Saturday
August 11
comt'd

The next sketch was a dramatic representation of a tired man walking a mile for a Camel. The third was more elaborate, a select party dining together at a French Restaurant. The first two are unable to parler-vous at all, and they laugh when the waiter speaks to the third in French. He is answered, and they are silenced, however, when the young gentleman replies in a fluent stream of Parisian French, culled in three lessons from the Doubleday Correspondence Course.

The fourth was an illustration of Be Nonchalant! Light a Murad - which J.D.S. did under embarrassing conditions with ease and agility. Another ballroom scene was a familiar maxim - Even Your Best Friend Won't Tell You. A bright green banana and a mellow yellow one showed the advantage of drinking Clicquot Club Ginger Ale (it's aged six months), to illustrate the familiar billboard: "Would you eat a green banana? Then why drink unripe ginger ale?"

The next scene transported us to the Sahara Desert, with the signboard pointing the way to the nearest oasis - 600 miles. Enter the weary traveller, dying of thirst. An idea comes to him, his weak lips form a faint whistle, and down drops, like manna, "Just Whistle!" A disarming infant in a basket appears in the next scene, wailing vigorously. Mama in red kimono brings one consolation after another, but to no avail. Baby keeps on crying. The ultimate production of a fat jug labelled Castoria (Children Cry For It) produces realistic coos and chuckles from the babe.

As eight-thirty was striking, the last and very appropriate scene appeared - dressed in pajamas, candle in hand,

Saturday
August 11
cont'd

tire on shoulder, stood (Payson) the familiar Fisk Tire boy - "Time to Retire!"

And the Camp Song ended a most successful Sing Song.

J.R. got back from Boston late in the evening.

Oh, 'twas many years ago
Where the southern breezes blow
Hull and Dacres met some merry words to bandyo.
Said bold Dacres, "I'll be bound
To pay you a thousand pound,
If I can't whip any Yankeedoodle dandyo."

Then Captain Hull he spake,
"Sir, your wager I can't take,
Though a fight would be as sweet to me as candyo.
But I'll bet you a new hat,
And we'll let it go at that
That you'll ne'er lick this here Yankeedoodle dandyo!"

When two years had passed away,
A new war, most sad to say,
Did scourge our seas and waste our happy landyo.
And bold Dacres he was there,
In his good ship Guerriere,
British captain of the line all spick and spandyo.

It was on the nineteenth day
Of August, so they say,
Off St. Lawrence gulf and just in sight of landio.
And at just the turn of tides
They did sight Old Ironsides
Abearing down with all sails set so grandio.

Then says Dacres, "Britain's sons,
Clear the decks and man the guns,
Out stunsails, hard a port, and make it handyo.
Chainshot and powder bring!"
Then they sang God Save The King,
While the Yankees struck up Yankeedoodle dandyo.

Then the Guerriere did try
A broadside that carried high,
But Dacres was still very calm and blandio.
Yet the Yankees held their fire,
And says Hull to McIntyre,
"Just serve out each man a good stiff peg of brandyo."

Then says Dacres just the same,
"Try once more, with better aim.
For we're mighty close to being hand to handyo."

Then her guns did speak again,
Causing wounds and death and pain
To many a gallant Yankeedoodle
dandyo.

Saturday
August 11
cont'd

As the Britishers did shout,
The Yankee guns spoke out,
For Captain Hull had lifted of his handyo.
And then down crashed tops and spars,
And full forty jolly tars
Were carried off to a much brighter landio.

Then up spake Ensign Worth,
A Canadian by birth,
"I think we'd better fly and make it handyo!"
Dacres said, "You may be right,
But I still prefer to fight,
Though the Yankee boys at fighting are the dandyo!"

Thus the battle raged amain,
And both shot and shell did rain.
"Hard a lee now," Captain Hull did then commandyo.
The old seadog grimly laughed,
As he raked 'em fore and aft,
So that scarce a man upon their deck could standyo.

Then Dacres with a frown
Hauled the royal ensign down
And yielded to that gallant Yankee bandyo.
And with mournful steps and slow
He did yield him to the foe,
And to Captain Hull his goodly sword did handyo.

Then said Hull, "Sir, keep your sword!
We have plenty here on board,
And I know you like to have it at your handyo.
And we'll let it go at that,
But I'll thank you for my hat.
Now step in and have a little touch of brandyo!"

Sunday
August 12
B. 29.82
T. 60
W. N.W.
Fair

A beautiful day.

Appointments for the Week

Weather - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Dalton
Flag - - - - - - - - - - - - Auchincloss
Inspectors - - - - Boardman and Mallory

J.R. and J.G.W. started off very early by Katrinka for North Deer Isle, to see the Wiggins family.

Measurings before Swim:

Boardman	5'	6 1/2"
Burr, F.	5'	7 1/2"
Dalton	5'	4"
Hubbard, C.	5'	3 1/4"
Hubbard, E.	5'	1"
Jackson	5'	1/2"
Millet	4'	9 3/4"
Simonds	6'	3/4"
Smith	5'	9 1/4"
Warren	5'	7 1/8"
Weeks	5'	1 1/2"

Simonds has grown an inch and three-quarters since last summer, and Burr three and a half inches.

Mr. and Mrs. Burr came for lunch - it was delightful to see them.

In the afternoon, just in time to umpire Senior Ball, arrived Richard Rush

Senior Ball

Billy Sundays		Nut Sundaes
L.T.	p.	R.T.F.
E.T.P.	c.	J.W.P.
T.I.R.	1.	J.D.S.
Jackson	2.	Procter
Smith	3.	Cutler
P.N.M.	s.	J.A.L., Jr.
Mallory	lf.	Dalton
Burr, F.	cf.	J.C.C.
Warren,	rf.	Shaw

In a sensational, scintillating Sunday set-to, the Nut Sundaes served up a delectable brand of assorted ball and

Sunday
August 12
cont'd

frapped the Evangelists to the tune of 19-6. They began almost before the congregation had filed into the pews, when R.T.F., whose hurling all the way through was marked by extreme smoothness and considerable fizz on his fast one, reached the first counter on the third clerk's miscue and slipped across the platter on an out and a bingle. In the second stanza the drugstore boys struck up a melodious quartette of counters; with every sandwich stuffed, R.T.F. wrapped up two of them with a double, and J.W.P. completed the picnic by tripling. Three more of the lads got back to the fireside in stanza three, and two more in stanza four. The fifth and sixth stanzas found the confectionery concocters sadly out of tune, but, just as the choir leader was about to say, "We will omit the seventh stanza," they returned from vacation and stirred up the congregation like nobody's business. The crash of willow, ash, and hickory upon horsehide was enough to call out the night shift of the Animal Rescue League; nine of the soda shifters did the Prodigal Son act and were rewarded with appropriate slices of bacon.

In spite of this pharmaceutico-religious revival, the chair-crashers were not idle. They collected some seventeen bingles and were constantly threatening. In the second meeting and again in the fourth a convert hit the sawdust trail, and in the eighth, thanks to some half a dozen raps of the gavel and a little fancy porous work by the drug-store defense, they counted four times. Up to this point, however, the aforementioned defense had been superb; it rose to great heights in the sixth, when, although the furniture fracturers had the corners of the temple packed to overflowing and the

Sunday
August 12
cont'd

S.R.O. sign on every entrance with nobody retired, they did not score. The chief reason was a sensational double erasure, R.T.F. to J.W.P. to J.D.S., which for flossy execution made Everard Dominey look like a bush-league Siamese twin.

(N.B. This masterpiece was written by J.A.L.,Jr. after an extraordinary concoction of chocolate ice cream and prunes at Faculty Supper. Although this light lunch was greeted with scorn at the time, apologies are due to him, as it certainly inspired him to a wonderful write-up of the ball game!)

There was Skowhegan for the rest of the Camp, up on the Scouting Field, all afternoon. Wallace's side was superior to Jameson's in all four games, but it was an exciting afternoon, and the games were well-played.

After Swim, most of the Camp walked, and a small Ouani crew paddled, around to Merryweather Beach. The birch-trees proved as popular as ever, and the picnic was as nice a one as they always are there. Rounds - The Bell, Scotland's Burning, Dick Whittington, Call John the Boatman, Three Blind Mice, London Cries, and several more - went splendidly.

Half-past-niners had Chesterton's The Vanishing Prince and a short O.Henry story.

J.R. and J.G.W. got back from their Deer Isle expedition at about eleven.

Nut Sundaes vs. of Sunday, at August 13 1928

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
••	•••	•	1 Procter, 2b	4	0 6.3	3 2 3 HR	0 Γ4		0 Γ2		2 2 4 FC		0 Γ8				5	2	0		
	••••••••••••		2 R.T.F., p. (JWF, VIII)	1	5 P 3 E5	2 2 ⊥		2 2 ⊥		0 1.6 ⊥	3 3 ⊥		2 ⊥				6	4	5		
••••	•		3 J.W.F., c. (RTF, VIII)	2	0 Ր	2-6 2 ⊥		0 K		0 2-6 FC	3 2 3 ::		0 .4 ⊥				5	1	2		
•••	••	•	4 J.A.L., s	6	⊥		2 3 2 ⊥	5 P ⊥		0 1.3	2 5 2 ⊥		FC				6	3	4		
••			5 J.C.C., cf.	8	0 Γ4		2 P 3 ⊥	0 K			2 2 3 ::	2 2 3 ⊥					4	3	2		
••••••••••••			6 J.D.S., 1b	3		0 4.6 ::	2 P 2 ⊥	0 2Ր			2 2 ⊥	2 2 E7					4	3	2		
			7 Dalton, lf.	7		3 5 3 FC	3 3 ⊥		0 6.3		2 2 3 ⊥	⊥					5	2	3		
	•		8 Cutler, 3b	5		3 2 3 ::	0 K		0 1.6 ⊥		0 ↑ .5 ⊥	0 Γ4					4	1	2		
			9 Shaw, rf.	9		0 .3	0 2.3 ⊥		FC		0 9.6 ⊥		0 1.3				5	0	2		
			10																		
			11																		
			Time of Game. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	1/1	4/5	3/8	2/10	0/10	0/10	/	9/19	0/19	/	/	/	44	19	22		
				1-base hits.	1	2	5	2	1	1		8	2				Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				1-b. on errors.																	
				F'l'd'g errors.													Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
				Batt'y errors.																	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..
					2
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.

Umpire Round Robin + *of* *Scorer* A. S.
R.R. of Orono

Billy Sundays vs. of SENIOR BALL at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
•••	•		1 Jackson, 2b	4	0 Γ6		0 1.3		0 6.4 ⊥	0 1.3		0 2.6 ⊥					5	0	2		
•••••			2 T.I.R., 1b.	3	3 2 ⊥		0 1.3		3 2 FC		0 3Ր	0 4.3					5	0	1		
••••	••••		3 E.T.R., c.	2	0 1.3		0 6.3		2 ⊥		0 1.3	2 5 E5					5	0	1		
•	••••		4 L.T., p.	1	⊥			0 1.3	⊥		⊥	0 .4 ⊥					5	0	4		
••••••	••		5 P.N.M., s.	6	0 Γ8			5 2 3 ⊥	0 Γ6		0 1.3	FC					5	1	1		
•		•	6 Mallory, lf	7		5 P 5 ⊥		0 4.3		3 2 1.2 ⊥		2 2 ⊥	0 K				5	2	3		
•		•	7 Smith, 3b	5		0 K		⊥		3 2 E4		2 E6 ⊥	0 1.3				5	1	2		
	•		8 Warren, rf.	9		0 4.3		0 Γ8		⊥		4 2 3 ⊥					4	1	2		
•			9 Burr, cf.	8		0 5.3			0 .2	0 1.2.3		2 ↑ 3 ⊥					4	1	1		
			10 R. Rush										0 1.3				1	0	0		
			11																		
			Time of Game. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	0/0	1/1	0/1	1/2	0/2	0/2	0/2	4/6	/	/	/	/	44	6	17		
				1-base hits.	2	1	0	2	3	2	1	6					Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				1-b. on errors.																	
				F'l'd'g errors.													Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
				Batt'y errors.																	

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..
	1			4	3
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.

Umpire .... *of* .... *Scorer* ....

TWINKLETS

Twinkle, twinkle, weather man!
How I wonder what's your plan.
First you roast and then you freeze us,
But you never try to please us.

Twinkle, twinkle, Ouananiche!
Who can hold you on the leash!
Flashing round the Horn you go,
Like an arrow from the bow.

Twinkle, twinkle, Mr. Rawle,
That was sure a fatal haul!
You caught one fish, it is true,
But the Warden, he caught you.

Monday
August 13
B. 29.9
T. 60
W. N.W.
Fair

A perfect morning to send out a Camping Trip and All-Day-Expeditions - with a northerly wind coming in, and the thermometer in the sixties. And, although the wind did die entirely, and the thermometer climbed until it reached 83 - the hottest day of the summer! - everyone had a great time.

Mr. Rush left after breakfast.

S.M. has the sore throat now and felt very miserable most of the day.

Camping Trip
Aug 13th

Alsop
Auchincloss
Cutler
Simonds
J.R.
J.W.P.

Aboljockamegus
Caughcomgomock

All Day Expeditions

Vienna Mountain via Mount Royal

Worry	Corker	Carrab	Terror
J.A.L.,Jr.	P.N.M.	E.T.P.	J.C.C.
Muir	Howe,J.	Hall,G.	Hubbard,E.
Procter	Swaim	Scaife	Ewell
A.S.	M.P.	Trimingham	Dalton

Muskrat Mountain

Pantasote	Identical	Yammerschooner
T.I.R.	L.L.S.	B.P.S.
Stevens,J.	Boardman	Mallory
Millet	Devens	Bates,J.
Stanton	Richard	Ladd

Rambles Round Rocky

Ouananiche

R.T.F.
Shaw
Bates,M.
Snelling
Talbot
Weeks
Pillsbury
Hubbard,C.
Stevens,S.
Hall,D.
Jameson
Payson - Burr,T. - Goodwin

Williwaw

J.D.S.
Burr,F.
Buttfield
Sortwell

Monday
August 13
cont'd

Royal Vienna Trip

Although we did not get started until 10:20, thereafter we proceeded at good speed. The three canoes navigated the cut-off with not much to spare, but the Rangeley stuck firmly to its knitting and lost no ground. At the Mills, we met and passed the Campers; we made Monnataka Beach by 11:40 and straightway swam. During the swim-lunch interval, the Royal and Vienny outfits were merged into a Consolidated Vienny outfit, not without some little protest from minority stockholders.

We left Monnataka at 12:30, made the spring by the road at 1:10, and were on top of Royal by 1:40, this last a vigorous, hot, and exhausting climb which necessitated a ten-minute rest on top. Going down the other side, we came out on the road, and by 2:30 were slaking our thirsts with delicious water kindly produced by Dowst Brothers (Vienny papers please copy). E.T.P.'s roving eye lit on the store thermometer and noted that it said 87, but he wisely kept this fact to himself. Starting again at 2:45, we reached the top of Vienny Mountain (all but a few of us) by 3:10 and observed the view until 3:30.

Returning by road, we set s fast pace. We reached the top of the long hill by 4:10, the crossroads by 4:30, and the spring by 4:45; then the pace slackened, but we were back at Monnataka and in the water by 5:30 - not bad, two hours from the top of Vienny Mountain on such a day. All the supper except for a few dates was ravenously gobbled; we set out for home at 6:30 and reached it at 7:45 - also good time - and finished a hot, strenuous, but well-worth-while trip by one more swim.

Monday
August 13
cont'd

Muskrat Mountain

This, too, was a very good trip. The rowboats got off to a rather late start, but made good time to the Mills and then to Beaver Spring. Here a swim was the thing, and then lunch before the walk began. It is quite a long walk, and the last climb a stiff one, but the view from the top of Muskrat is well worth it. Everyone got to the top at last, Messrs. Ladd, Millet, and Richard making the grade after some difficulty. For variety - having gone up by the road - the expedition cut through the woods coming down, going by the Swamp. More swim, and more food, at Beaver Springs; then the row home.

Lower Slopes of Rocky

Although scheduled for Beach Hill, this expedition also made for Long Pond and Rocky Mountain, as it was decided at the last minute that the day was rather too hot and hazy to make Beach Hill worth while. The Ouani and its rowboat went up to the landing near Rocky, where everyone disembarked and ate lunch in a wonderfully cool place. It was decided that instead of going up Rocky it would be a good thing to emulate Livingstone in Africa (which the climate made appropriate) and look for Lakes. This was a good idea, but soon it seemed advisable to separate the party: R.T.F. took the somewhat slower group, and they did great explorations, circumambulating Rocky Mountain Pond and plunging through all sorts of thickets and over every obstacle on the way. The others, led by J.D.S., tried to find the pond on the other side of Rocky Mountain, but followed the wrong stream from the end of Rocky Mountain Pond and, al-

Monday
August 13
cont'd

though they had a good walk, never found any more ponds. The two trips ended at about the same time, the boats were manned again, and the explorers proceeded to Beaver Spring Landing, where they swam and ate. The Ouani made very good time coming home, part of her crew standing at the end, to drive her better. A fine day.

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Those who stayed at home had a very easy and pleasant day. There was much shell-rowing (Smith and Wallace going around Oak in the double-scull in 19:40) and more swimming. David Howe's mother and father, and Jacky Howe's father and sister, came to call.

Monkey in Sight. Reading for half-past-niners - a very small gathering - an O.Henry story and one by John Russell.

Camp "Bite"

As the log justly remarked, it was a perfect day for a camping trip, so Messrs. Alsop, Auchincloss, Cutter and Simonds under the beneficent leadership of J. W. P. and J. R. went and had one. We arrived at Belgrade Mills with our two canoes before the all day expedition and in leisurely fashion added to our supplies while the All-Dayers carried furiously. Such a situation makes a pleasant contrast. Moreover the supplies did need replenishing, as the house-keepers had given us no prize things and we wanted butter to make mashed potatoes with.

After paddling across Long Pond, we swam and lunched at Beaver Spring. Next, We wandered up the wood road to the south of the brook, with the idea of finding a camping place in the fields above. We walked up to the two deserted houses and explored them, a thing the writer has always wished to do, but there never was time in the hurry of an all-dayer. Upstairs in the one nearest the trail, was an old hand loom, a spinning wheel, and one ancient bottle of the kind valued by collectors. We collected it, as well as some loose portions of the loom that were spread about the floor. The second house has been more recently inhabited and contained the ruins of a piano, on which we drummed.

After this archeological expedition, we

turned back toward Long Pond and found our camping place, a smooth place in wiry grass, just inside of the shore woods. There was a spring near by, plenty of dead white pine in the woods, and a thicket of birches from which we took our tent poles and pegs. While we were preparing for supper, back came the all-day expedition, which was lunching and supping at Beaver Spring. We are glad to say that they found our tent up and everything tidy.

Supper was a typical camping trip meal. The writer, however, takes pride in the mashed potatoes that he prepared. They contained over a pound of butter, besides evaporated milk and were so thoroughly eaten up that the bottle hardly needed washing. Just as we were finishing our meal, came Herr Klupfer, the owner of the land, from his camp on the shore. He has a prejudice against camp fires, but we mollified and blandished him. He ended by giving us his blessing, so to speak, and showing us another spring still better than the one we had found ourselves, of which he was very proud. And when he had gone arrived J.G.W's nemesis, Warden Taylor. But we greeted him cheerfully, as no brook fishing was troubling our consciences, and he passed on.

I'll say he covers these regions thoroughly, though. It was good, sitting around the fire as the night darkened, telling stories and piling on a stick now and then. There are few pleasanter things in this world. As bed time came along, J. R. talked about the beauty of the stars and the milky way and moved his sleeping bag outside the tent. all the rest followed suit enthusiastically. Then, after a decent interval, J. R. inconspicuously took his sleeping bag inside again, and had the tent all to himself. "Verbum sap—" It was during the night that the mosquitoes came, from which the camp received its name, though the writer rises to remark that they were not really bad. We used a little citronella.

Next morning, Peter Olsoh was discovered starting the fire at 5.30, and J.R. and J.W.P. were with him very soon. We wanted a good start for our climb and we made it, after eating rice from the frying pan (boiled the night before) bacon and cocoa. Also we cooked an apple sauce, the apples having soaked all night, and put it in the spring to cool.

Soon we were off on our expedition, the point of which was to explore the ridge south of Muskrat. We took the now familiar trail, going south on the road, turning in at the second farm house in the

the river farm, and then by field and wood trail to the *ruined* farm, and then the brook. A hot morning, and it was good to reach that brook.

On leaving the brook, we followed the wood-trail that we generally start on when going up Muskrat, but ~~I~~ on reaching the fields on the other side of the fence, turned to the left instead of the right. This took us through slowly rising pastures till we were between Beaver Mountain and the Muskrat ridge, and camp was hidden from us. Then we climbed the ridge. Our pasture walk had taken us so high that the climb was nothing like as high as Muskrat. But when we got to the top, there was a view for surpassing that from [illegible] to the west, for these pastures are still clear. It was too hazy for Washington, but we saw Tumbledown, Blue, Saddleback, Abraham, Sugar Loaf, Bigelow, and even Moxie. Also there were many blueberries. Our glory rejoiced, for as far as we know, we were the first campers ever to ~~tread~~ tread this part of the ridge. We think that this expedition added something real to our camp repertoire.

What else to chronicle? A vast meal of baked beans and applesauce at our camping place, a trip down Long Pond and across Great with a wind behind us, a long merry Swim at Merrymeeting. Twas a good trip.

Tuesday
August 14
B. 29.92
T. 70
Calm
Clear

A beautiful morning, very still.

Mr. Rawle left in the morning, and very sorry we were to have him go.

There was much Shell Navigation, and all went well, until, just at the end, a single and the double crashed into each other, doing considerable damage to both.

Although Swim was made as long as possible, the day and the Camp got hotter and hotter and hotter, and in the afternoon the obvious occupation was:

Rubber Water Sports

Hand-Paddled Rangeleys — Point to Float

1. Pantasote	2. Williwaw	3. Yammerschooner	4. Identical
Pillsbury	Stevens,S.	Jameson	Smith
Burr,F.	Boardman	Dalton	Mallory
Trimingham	Shaw	Procter	Snelling
Buttfield	Bates,M.	Bates,J.	Burr,T.
Hall,D.	Ewell	Devens	Goodwin
Howe,J.	Hubbard,E.	Hall,G.	Howe,D.
Muir	Wallace	Weeks	Jackson
Sortwell	Richard	Payson	Scaife
Stevens,J.	Swaim	Stanton	Talbot

This was a very even race for the first fifty feet, but after that resolved itself into a duel between the Pantasote and the Williwaw. They were practically even all the way to the line, and so close that they did considerable bumping and fouling. Just at the end, the Pantasote was able to put on a spurt which brought it in first by a narrow margin.

Senior Tug of War — Off Float

1.	2.
Jameson	Smith
Stevens,S.	Burr,F.
Pillsbury	Dalton
Mallory	Boardman
Wallace	Shaw
Snelling	Trimingham
Procter	Stevens,J.
Muir	Howe,J.
Jackson	Bates,M.

Tuesday
August 14
cont'd

The Igorote's team showed superior force, and after the first few seconds the outcome was never in doubt, despite furious efforts by Smith's team.

Junior Tug of War — Off Float

1.	2.
Hall, G.	Ewell
Millet	Buttfield
Talbot	Richard
Bates, J.	Burr, T.
Goodwin	Devens
Hall, D.	Payson
Scaife	Howe, D.
Weeks	Ladd
Stanton	Swaim
Sortwell	Hubbard, E.

For a while it looked as though neither team could ever gain, but, after a long struggle, the team on the south managed to get a little advantage, and, inspired by that, to pull harder than ever, finally hauling their opponents across the line.

Moab Races — Float to Shore

First Heat
1. Ladd
   Burr, T. (sank)

Though Ladd steered a trifle oddly at first, he soon got straightened out and established a good lead. Burr got in more and more difficulties and finally sank in a dignified manner, when about fifteen feet from the Float.

Second Heat
1. Sortwell
2. Millet

Sortwell's technique was good, straight and steady. Millet was slow at first but got the idea quickly and was beaten by only eight or ten feet.

Third Heat
1. Goodwin
2. Payson

Excitement was intense when the great Grabby-Pushy match began. For facial expression, this race was easily the best of the day! They were neck and neck until a few feet from the finish, when Goodwin gained a little, and Pushy, in a frenzied effort not to be left behind, paddled a little too hard and sank his craft.

Fourth Heat
1. Scaife
Hall,D. sank

Tuesday
August 14
cont'd

Hall led at first, but then Scaife went better and passed him. Hall sank about six feet from the finish.

Semi-Final Heat
1. Sortwell
2. Ladd

Very close at first, Sortwell seeming to have a slight edge. Then Ladd's excitement ran away with him, and he spun in several circles, losing much distance and being beaten by fifteen feet.

Semi-Final Heat
1. Scaife
Goodwin sank

Scaife was easily superior and had a lead of twenty feet when Goodwin paddled his Moab full of water and sank.

Final Heat
1. Scaife
Sortwell sank

This was a walk-over for Scaife, as Sortwell was too violent at the start, spun around, and sank within six feet of the Float.

Gunwale Paddling

Point to Float

First Heat
1. Stevens,S. - Squannacook
2. Wallace - Hecuba
Mallory - Pink upset

The Squannacook pulled out a three-length lead, which it held, Stevens paddling fast, without a wobble. It was neck and neck between the Pink and the Hecuba, until the former capsized, just at the finish.

Second Heat
1. Jameson - Squannacook
2. Trimingham - Hecuba
Smith - Pink upset

The Hecuba jumped to the lead, with the Squannacook a strong second; the Pink, more cautious, fell astern. In a very exciting race, the Squannacook picked up and passed the Hecuba, to win by three-quarters of a length.

Final Heat
1. Jameson - Squannacook
1. Stevens,S. - Pink

Tuesday
August 14
cont'd

This was a fine race, much faster than the preliminary ones had been. Jameson, with a better and longer stroke, took the lead at first, but Stevens - who, though his stroke was not as good, steered better - was not to be outdone, and the two crossed the line together.

Junior Tilting — Off Float

First Round

Bates,M. (T) and Richard in the Pink
Muir (T) and Stanton in the Squannacook — Draw

This contest ended in a draw; Bates was able to knock Muir down twice, but the latter recovered himself both times. The paddlers had a tendency to become too interested in the tilting to steer the canoes as skilfully as could have been wished.

Second Round

1. Scaife (T) and Buttfield in the Squannacook
   Hubbard,E. (T) and Ewell in the Pink

Scaife's attack was ferocious, and he buzzed about Hubbard like a hornet. Hubbard managed to stay in his boat, but after he had had to catch hold of the gunwale three times the decision was awarded to Scaife.

Third Round

Bates,J. (T) and Hall,G. in the Pink
Swaim (T) and Weeks in the Squannacook — Draw

This also was a draw. At times, Swaim seemed slightly more powerful than Bates, but when, after numerous onslaughts by each, neither had been able to dispose of the other, the match was called off.

Fourth Round

1. Talbot (T) and Hall,D. in the Pink
   Howe,D. (T) and Devens in the Squannacook

These were angry encounters. In one, Howe very nearly accounted for Talbot, hitting him in the legs with the pole. But Talbot retaliated warmly, and on the next blow Howe was knocked flat and unable to continue the battle.

Senior Tilting — Off Float

First and Only Encounter

1. Jameson (T) and Stevens,J. in the Pink
   Burr (T) and Boardman in the Squannacook

The Open Championship of the Orient! These Eastern warriors showed us how things should be done. Their encounters were terrific, the gentleman from China raining blows upon the Igorote,

Tuesday
August 14
cont'd

and the latter getting in some vicious jabs (a few landing on his own steersman, just to keep him on the job). The Igorote was victorious at last, however, when, with a fearful splash, Burr went into the water. Alas for the others who had hoped to tilt! - Burr's iron chest was so hard that the tilting pole was broken in two, and so ended the Rubber Water Sports.

The thermometer had climbed steadily all day, reaching a mark of 90, which is a record here, just before supper. Large straw hats were de rigueur for the Faculty during the afternoon, and a very long swim was indulged in by everyone before supper.

In the evening there were boats; the new system, of letting Faculty, even though not canoe men, take out canoes, is working very well, and giving many more boys an opportunity of handling canoes.

The Pillsburys came to call.

Reading for half-past-niners.

Wednesday
August 15
B. 29.96
T. 70
W. Light N.E.
Clear

Another scorching day - 90 once more, although a little breeze which came up towards evening helped to make things bearable.

Wrestling

Millet (98)
Ladd (100) Ladd - 50 s.

Goodwin (82)
Hubbard,E. (82) Hubbard - 1:42

Procter (105)
Jackson (102) Procter - 1:20

Stevens,S. (139)
Simonds (138) Draw

Talbot (86)
Ewell (89) Draw

Pillsbury (125)
Burr,F. (126½) Pillsbury - 1:10

Alsop (116)
Stanton (115) Alsop - 40 s.

Scaife (100)
Muir (99) Draw

Buttfield (84)
Hall,D. (92) Draw

Dalton (111)
Shaw (110) Shaw - 2:35

Mallory (127)
Stevens,J. (135) Stevens,J. - 1:40

Jameson (131)
Cutler (137) Jameson - 1:15

H.R. continued his morning talk on Anthropology.

Again a large shell squad went out, and the sculling continued until nearly lunch time. Cutler and Jameson, in the double, went around Oak in 16:46 7/10, which is a record for boys and excellent time.

In the afternoon, there was Midget Sculling, for Hall,D., Hall,G., Howe,D., Buttfield, Scaife, and Swaim, in charge of J.R. Go As You Please-ing and Boat Building were also carried on, and there was a game of

Semi-Pro Ball

Tophets		Hades	Tophets and Hades	
Jackson	p.	Talbot		
J.D.S.	c.	J.W.P.		
Mallory	2.	Dalton	E.T.P.	1
Burr,F.	3.	Howe,J.	R.T.F.	lf.
Procter	s.	B.P.S.	J.A.L.	cf.
Muir	rf.	Warren		

J.C.C. umpire

Wednesday
August 15
cont'd

A ball game was played, and it is greatly to the credit of all concerned that, under atmospheric conditions which made both Hades and Tophet look like Greenland's icy mountains, a considerable amount of pepper was sprinkled about.

"Full many a wise crack burst upon the scene
And shed its raspberry blossoms here and there."

It was a good game, and would have been excellent, but J.W.P., the Dedham dynamiter, blasted three triples and accounted for about eight runs, and the good right arm of Jackson (no relation to "Say it ain't true, Joe!") tired towards the close. Combine these two, and you have the result. Talbot, twirler versus Tophet, was all to the Merry (!!*); except for one inning, he melted down the opposition and burnt them up.

The semi-pro players, E.T.P., R.T.F., and J.A.L., had plenty to do (and say), and began to wish, after about the first putout, that they were made of asbestos. The outfield gentry were continually stepping on their tongues, especially when J.W.P. was batting, and E.T.P., at first, had thirty putouts. In fact, the curious feature of the game for the baseball student was that there were so few strikeouts and balls and so many grounders. The semi-pro feature undoubtedly speeds up Junior Ball and should become a regular thing.

Just before supper arrived J.C.C.'s family

Susan Dalton Stone · Frederic Mather Stone

and in the evening Lea S. Luquer

a Camper of 1909 and 1910.

SEMI - PRO BALL

Tophets vs. of at Wed., Aug. 15th 1928

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	~~4~~3	~~5~~4	~~6~~5	~~7~~6	~~8~~7	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
•••	••••	••	1 Mallory, 2b.	4	○ ⌒3	P ⊥	○ 2·3		○ 4·3		○ 4·3						5	0	1		
		•	2 Muir, r.f.	9	○ 1·3	○ K	○ 4·3			○ ⌒3	○ 4·3						5	0	0		
	•••• •		3 Jackson, p. (J.A.L. VI)	1	2 E5	○ 6·3	E5			○ 4·3		○ 1·3					5	0	0		
•		•	4 J.D.S., c.	2	○ 8·4 ⊥		5 3 3 ::	○ ⌒7		E5		::					3	1	1		
•••	•••	••	5 Procter, s.s.	6	⊥		3 2 4 ::		○ 6·3	○ ⌒9		○ ⌒6					4	1	1		
	•	•	6 Burr, 3b.	5		○ 1·3	3 2 4 ⊥		○ 6·3	·	○ 6·3	○ 6·3					5	1	1		
••••• ••••• ••••		•	7 E.T.P., 1b.	3																	
			8 R.T.F. lf. (Jackson VI)	7																	
	••••		9 J.A.L., Jr., cf (R.T.F. VI)	8																	
			10																		
			11																		
			TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	0/0	0/0	/	3/3	0/3	0/3	0/3	0/3	/	/	/	/	27	3	4		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	2	1		1	0	0	0	0					Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				3	1	1-b. on errors.														(1)	0	0	
Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Mnffed tbrn.b.	Mnffed fly b.	Wild tbr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.													Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																	

Hades vs. of at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	~~4~~3	~~5~~4	~~6~~5	~~7~~6	~~8~~7	~~9~~7	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
•	•••• •		1 B.R.S., ss	6	○ 8·6 ⊥	3 2 4 FC	2 2 3 E5	2 ⊥	FC		○ 6·4 ⊥	3 2 4 ::	E3				7	3	3		
		••	2 Howe, J., 3.	5	○ K	○ 1·3	3 2 3 E4	○ 1·3		○ 4·3	○ 4·6 FC	3 2 3 E9	○ 1·3				8	2	0		
•	••••		3 Dalton, 2.	4	2 2 2 FC	2 2 2 E?	3 2 4 ⊥		○ 8·3	○ 4·3	FC	2 2 2 ⊥					7	4	2		
•	•		4 J.W.P., c.	2	↓ ⫫	↓ ⫫	3 2 3 ⊥		P ⊥	P S 2 ::	○ 5·3	↓ 5 ⫫					6	3	5		
	••••		5 Talbot, p.	1	○ 8·3	○ 6·3	○ 1·3		○ ·3	P ⊥		3 2 4 ⊥	○·3 E6				7	1	2		
•			6 Warren, rf.	9		○ 6·4 ⊥	○ 4·3	3 2 E2	○ 8·6 ::	○ 1·3		3 2 4 E4	○ ⌒4				6	1	1		
•••••• •••••• ••••		•	7 E.T.P., 1b.	3																	
•			8 R.T.F., lf.	7																	
	•		9 J.A.L., Jr., cf.	8																	
			10																		
			11																		
			TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	1/1	2/3	/	4/7	0/7	1/8	0/8	/	6/14	/	/	/	41	14	13		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	2	2		3	1	1	1		3				Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				3	1	1-b. on errors.														0	(3)	0	
Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Mnffed tbrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild tbr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.													Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																	

Umpire J.C.C. of Scorer A.S.

After supper

Wednesday
August 15
cont'd

The Merryweather Intelligence Test

1. Who is captain of the Algonquins?
2. Who is captain of the Iroquois?
3. Who or what do the following stand for? L.L.S.
4. G.S.
5. B.P.S.
6. M.L.M.
7. What book is being read on Sundays?
8. How far is it to Anderson's store?
9. How long is the Ouananiche?
10. What time does the Skipper call in the morning?
11. On what walls (N., E., S., W.) in the shop are the following kept? paint
12. emery wheel
13. planes
14. awls and bit braces
15. What is Messalonskee's other name?
16. How much milk does a Camp milk can hold?
17. What is the average reading of the barometer at Camp?
18. At which end of the Camp is the Infirmary?
19. What bell rings at 8:00 A.M.?
20. What members of the Faculty are not Americans?
21. Give within three years the ages of the following: J.R.
22. J.G.W.
23. L.T.
24. P.N.M.
25. L.L.S.
26. Who or what do the following stand for? A.S.
27. S.O.S.
28. C.O.D.
29. R.F.D.
30. For what crime was Mr. Wiggins last in court?
31. Which came first, the war with Mexico or with Spain?
32. What is the Tinkubator.
33. What kind of craft are the following? Avocet
34. Shagpat
35. Albatross
36. Wobbler
37. Red Knight
38. Carrabbassett
39. Ripogenus
40. Identical
41. Who gets the mail in the morning?
42. Who gets the mail in the afternoon?
43. Who runs the store?
44. What goes on in the Nunnery?
45. In what activities do the following terms appear? crab
46. forfeit
47. offside
48. jackknife
49. leader
50. Name one boat in Camp named after a body of water.

Wednesday
August 15
cont'd

51-52. Name two boats in Camp named after a fish.
53-55. Name three boats in Camp named after a bird.
56-57. Give two meanings for the word Skowhegan.
58. Where does the Skipper live in winter?
59. From what end of the Scouting Field did the Iroquois start in the last game?
60. Name one of the citizens of Putney, England.
61. What is the Canadian word for hash?
62. Is fishing with a double-baited hook against the law?
63. What is the name of the body of water on which Camp is situated?
64. In what state is Kennebec County?
65. Why does not Camp run on Daylight Saving Time?
66. What waters do you pass through in going round the Horn?
67. Who signs the checks for the Camp?
68. What is a williwaw?
69. Name the relatives (L.E.R., R.R., J.R. excepted) that Skipper has in Camp.
70. How long approximately is Great Pond?
71. How many boys are there in Camp?
72-74. Name three fish (other than bass, white perch and pout) that live in Great Pond.
75. Who sets the table for breahfast?
76. What are the two best fuels to start a fire with in wet weathe
77. Locate the Camp Bird-House.
78-81. Who are the captains of the Charade sides?
82. What is the approximate weight of a: single shell?
83. kayak?
84. four-paddler?
85. What is the weaver's beam?
86. How much taller is Mr. Terry than Billy Goodwin?
87. Who was the second boy at Camp?
88. What boy in Camp is a British subject?
89. What is Mr. Cooley's occupation in the winter?
90. What does Mr. Wiggins do in the winter?
91. What members of the Faculty are: married?
92. engaged?
93. What members of the Faculty went to Princeton.
94. McGill is: (1) cereal, (2) Scotch general, (3) university, (4) periodical. Check one.
95. Commander Byrd is said to have dropped a flag directly on the North Pole. If so, in what direction was he flying when he dropped it?
96-97. Distinguish between Scot Tissue and adipose tissue.
98. Where is the Camp Thermometer?
99. After what or whom are our rowboats named?
100. What is the name of the point on which Camp is situated?

Answers

1. E.T.P.
2. P.N.M.
3. L.L.Scaife
4. Good of the Soul.
5. Schoyer
6. Miller
7. Shakespeare's Macbeth
8. $1\frac{1}{2}$-$2\frac{1}{2}$ miles

Wednesday
August 15
cont'd

9. 35-40 feet.
10. 6:18, 6:15, 6:20.
11. North
12. South
13. North
14. West
15. Snow Pond
16. One Gallon
17. 29-30
18. North
19. Tutorium Bell
20. P.N.M., S.M.
21. 44
22. 37
23. 28
24. 29
25. 20
26. Alice Sherburne
27. Save our Ship
28. Cash on Delivery
29. Rural Free Delivery
30. Fishing with two hooks on one line.
31. Mexico.
32. Tink (small table)
33. kayak
34. two-paddler canoe
35. shell
36. white boat
37. cup defender - racing boat
38. four-paddler canoe
39. four-paddler canoe
40. Rangeley
41. Smith
42. Charles Anderson
43. C.J.Anderson, Sr.
44. Laundry, Typewriting
45. sculling
46. Spin the Platter
47. soccer
48. diving, mumbledy peg
49. fishing
50. Carrabbassett
51. Chub
52. Hornpout
53. Kittiwake
54. Avocet
55. Phalarope
56. Game
57. Town
58. Gardiner
59. South
60. George Sims
61. Hash
62. No
63. Great Pond
64. Maine

Wednesday
August 15
cont'd

65. It does
66. Messalonskee, Belgrade Stream, Long Pond, Great Pond.
67. H.R.
68. A storm
69. John, Bobby, Elizabeth Shaw, David Hall, L.T.
70. 7-9
71. 44
72. yellow perch
73. salmon
74. wall-eyed pike
75. The Faculty
76. white pine, birch bark
77. south end of Scouting Field; north endof baseball field
78. J.R.
79. J.G.W.
80. L.T.
81. J.C.C.
82. 30-40
83. 40-50
84. 75-100
85. other large paddle for Ouani
86. 1¼'-2'
87. John Simonds
88. Trimingham
89. Law School
90. Wood carving
91. H.R.
92. none
93. none
94. university
95. none
96. paper towelling
97. excess flesh
98. Front porch
99. Rangeley Lake
100. Horse Point

Scores

Jameson	90	Hubbard,C.	75
Howe,J.	85	Boardman	74
Procter	83	Alsop	72
Wallace	79	Hall,G.	71
Muir	78	Ewell	70
Shaw	78	Auchincloss	69
Mallory	77	Burr,F.	69
Stevens,S,	77	Pillsbury	68
Smith	77	Bates,M.	61
Simonds	75	Goodwin	61

Wednesday
August 15
cont'd

Devens	61	Bates, J.	53
Stevens, J.	61	Sortwell	53
Stanton	61	Burr, T.	51
Dalton	61	Talbot	50
Richard	60	Howe, D.	47
Weeks	58	Ladd	42
Scaife	58	Swaim	41
Trimingham	57		
Hall, D.	57	New August Boys	
Jackson	57	Warren	46
Buttfield	55	Millet	40
Payson	55	Hubbard, E.	37

Bits of Wisdom

G.S.: Mrs. Zana, For God's Soul, John Shaw.
The following are not Americans: H.R., J.R., B.P.S., L.L.S., L.T.
Ages: J.R., 30; J.G.W., 60, 80; L.T., 50; P.N.M., 50.
S.O.S. means Miss Shaw.
R.F.D. means Rich Fat Doughnut.
Tinkubator is a letter weight.
Mr. Henderson brings the mail in the afternoon.
"Crab" occurs in Skulking and in Baseball.
Skipper is a native of Putney, England.
The Camp does not run on Daylight Saving Time because it gets up too early.
Some of the fish in Great Pond are: Mineral, Warlike Pike.
A single shell weighs 155 lbs., dead weight.
A four-paddler and kayak weigh the same.
A weaver's beam is one foot, eight inches; also a ray of light.
The second boy at Camp was R. Shaw.
A single shell weighs 4 pounds; a kayak, 15 pounds; a four-paddler 19 pounds (the work of one boy).
Mr. Wiggins is a fisherman in winter; Mr. Cooley a bricklayer.

Half-past-niners had Reading.

Four fish were caught making a total of 735 perch, 46 bass.

Thursday
August 16
B. 29.9
T. 71
W. Light N.E.
Clear

Once again the temperature spent the day in climbing, reaching 86 before lunch, and hitting a new high mark of 92 before the day was over.

Mr. and Mrs. Stone left soon after breakfast, to our sorrow.

Mr. Luquer gave a very interesting talk on China, where he has spent much time. He, also, had to leave today.

As usual, a great deal of Shell Navigation; the enthusiasm for it this year is greater than ever before. Prolonged swims, pink drink for lunch, and Faculty iced tea - made by L.T. - at supper, helped matters along.

In the afternoon, there was a Waterville expedition, and H.R. and J.R. went in to Gardiner; they returned triumphantly with the brace for the pair-oar - which has already been put on and painted, putting the whole fleet of shells in good order once more.

Much Go As You Please, but once more the baseball fans had their way, and there was

Indian Summer Ball

Chows		Pekinese
E.T.P.	p.	R.T.F.
J.W.P.	c.	J.A.L.
J.D.S.	1.	P.N.M.
T.I.R.	2.	B.P.S.
Jackson	3.	Burr,F.
Procter	s.	Smith
Auchincloss	lf.	Dalton
J.C.C.	cf.	Talbot
Mallory	rf.	Warren

The pyrotechnics started in the initial stanza, each team scoring twice - two hits and a walk telling the story in both halves. In the second, the Chows threatened strongly, cramming the cushions; but R.T.F. tightened to yank himself from the hole. Not for long, however! - in the next frame three Black-Tongues spurned the saucer to put their outfit in the lead - upon which the Pekes came in and did the same, collecting five safeties to turn the trick. For the next two periods the goose-egg hung high, though J.A.L. took a triple, just to keep his eye in. In the sixth, the Chows picked up one more marker and were only robbed of another by some nifty relay work in the Pekinese orchard. The home team galloped into the van again in the seventh, with doubles by R.T.F. and J.A.L. and B.P.S.'s single, only to drop back once more an inning later. After two Chows had manoeuvred on to the mattresses through miscues in the field, E.T.P. put the apple back in the garden of the Hesperides, pulling up on third but coming in a minute later on another Pekinese bobble, and the Chows breezed into the stretch with a two-run lead. Here was where the lid blew off. R.T.F. and J.A.L. both found sanctuary on the sacks, and P.N.M. doubled to knot it up. Into this Gordian tableau stepped B.P.S. in the role of amateur Alexander, and his sizzling single did the business.

The afternoon's fielding was for the most part merely tepid; but Talbot hewed for himself a niche in the Hall of Fame by vest-pocketing Mallory's long fly on the dead run. With the bludgeon E.T.P. and J.A.L. were formidable - the former taking five out of five, while the Rajah of Razz re-

Chows *vs.* SENIOR BALL *of* *at* Aug. 16th *19*28

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1 Jackson, 3b.	5	0 ∩2	0 ∩2		0 ∩6		4 2 4 ⊥		0 4·3					5	1	1		
			2 J.C.C., cf.	8	0 1·3	E4		3 2 6·2 ⊥		3 3 ⊥		2 4 3 E6					5	1	2		
			3 J.W.P., c.	2	S E2 2 ::	0 ∩1		2 E5		0 ∩1		2 8 2 E5					4	2	0		
			4 E.T.P., p.	1	E6 2 ⊥		2 2 3 ⊥	⊥		⊥		E5 ⊥					5	3	5		
			5 T.I.R., 2b.	4	1 ⊥		2 2 ⊥	0 4·3		0 K		0 K					5	1	2		
			6 J.D.S., 1b.	3	0 K		S 2 WP E3		0 4·3		0 K	0 K					5	1	0		
			7 Procter, ss.	6		0 ∩8	0 ·3		0 ∩6		0 ·6 E3		0 K				5	0	0		
			8 Mallory, r.f.	9		2 E4	0 K		0 ∩4		0 K		0 ∩8				5	0	0		
			9 Auchincloss, lf.	7		⊥	0 K			0 4·3	FC		0 ∩6				5	0	1		
			10																		
			11																		
			TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	2/2	0/2	3/5	0/5	0/5	1/6	0/6	3/9	0/9	/	/	/	44	9	11		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
							2	1	2	2	0	3	0	1	0								
				2	5	1-b. on errors.														(4)	(1)	0	
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.													Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																	

Pekinese *vs.* *of* *at* *19*

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1 Talbot, cf.	8	3 2 4 ::	0 ·3		0 ∩3		0 1·3		0 K					4	1	0		
			2 R.T.F., p.	1	3 E4 3 ⊥		2 2 2 ⊥	0 6·3			2 2 ⊥		2 3 E4				5	4	3		
			3 J.A.L., c.	2	0 ∩4		2 ⊥		3·2 ⊥		2 3 ⊥		2 2 E1				5	3	3		
			4 P.N.M., 1b.	3	⊥		0 4·6 ⊥		E1		0 5·3		S 2 ⊥				5	1	3		
			5 B.P.S., 2b	4	0 ∩4		3 2 3 FC		0 K		0 1·3 ⊥		⊥				5	1	2		
			6 Smith, ss.	6	0 K		0 1·3 ⊥		0 K		F6						4	0	1		
			7 Dalton, lf.	7		0 ∩3	⊥			0 ∩	0 ·3						4	0	1		
			8 Burr, 3b.	5		0 ·3	0 1·3			0 4·6 ⊥		0 ∩3					4	0	1		
			9 Warren, rf.	9		::		0 K		FC		0 4·3					3	0	0		
			10																		
			11																		
			TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	2/2	0/2	3/5	0/5	0/5	0/5	2/7	0/7	3/10	/	/	/	39	10	14		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
							2	0	5	0	1	1	3	0	2								
				1	9	1-b. on errors.														(4)	(2)	0	
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.													Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																	

Umpire Round Robin *of* *Scorer* A. S.

tired to rest with one double and a brace of triples under his pillow.

A noble volunteer Dishwashing Squad helped with the dishes, as Syrena Cook had none of her family to help her.

Tucky Burr went off to Waterville with Dr. Risley, as he has been feeling rather funny, and we do not want to take any chances if it should prove to be appendicitis.

The cold has now struck both R.R. and E.S., and both of them spent most of the day in Sunshine Alley.

J.A.L. took Digestion Club to Faculty Coffee. Rehearsings went on indoors. In half-past-nine reading, it was decided to let Dr. Ricardo go, as no one liked him very well. Tonight we began Huntingtower, which is a great story.

Friday
August 17
B. 29.78
T.71
W. E.
Fair

T.I.R. and J.D.S. very enterprisingly went fishing before breakfast, but had no luck.

Today really was a little cooler - at least, the thermometer never reached 90, and after supper a good breeze came in - not a hot wind, like those we have had, but one that was really refreshing.

At Swim-time, J.G.W. and J.R. took out the pair-oar, which is better than it has ever been and is now, with its new brace, completely fixed. Jameson went around Oak in a single in 18:49. This is very good time, which has only been bettered by Thurber and Wheeler, of the boys.

There was much sculling all morning, but the great aquatic event of the day was J.R.'s discovery of the old Pie Plant anchor and the tremendous work of bringing it ashore, accomplished by him and J.G.W. After they had managed to get a crowbar through the ring in the top of the stone, they disappeared once more, and presently came in sight of those on the Float - walking along on the bottom of the Pond, all bent over, like Bolsheviks creeping up to throw a bomb (or anyway, like what they are supposed to look like). Two or three tries brought them to the Float, and then they said they would go all the way under the Float on the next one - they not only did that, but got much further, until it seemed impossible that they could stay without air any longer. The rock was finally hauled all the way in, and is now safely located by the slip. A noble work!

The afternoon was mainly Go As You Please, with many building boats, and others Skowheganing on the Point. E.T.P.

Friday
August 17
cont'd

took a Ouani crew to the Mills:

Ouananiche

E.T.P.

Warren	Auchincloss
Dalton	Ewell
Scaife	Howe, D.
Wallace	Muir
Procter	Cutler

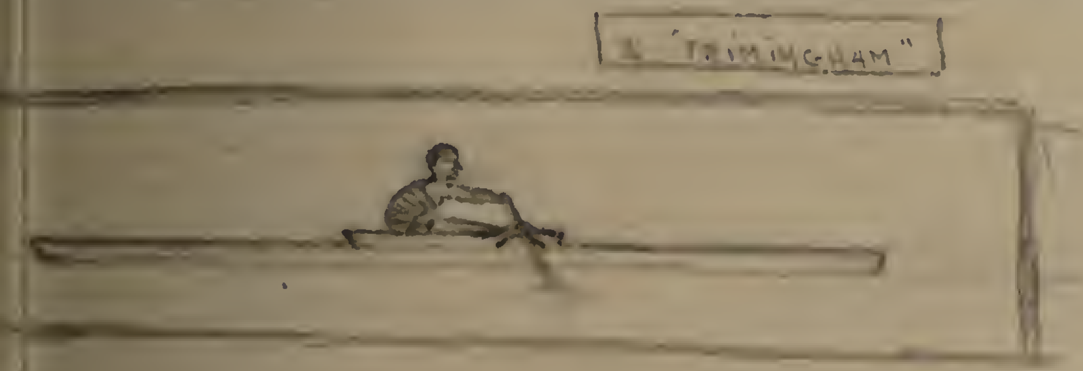
Sortwell
Hall, D.

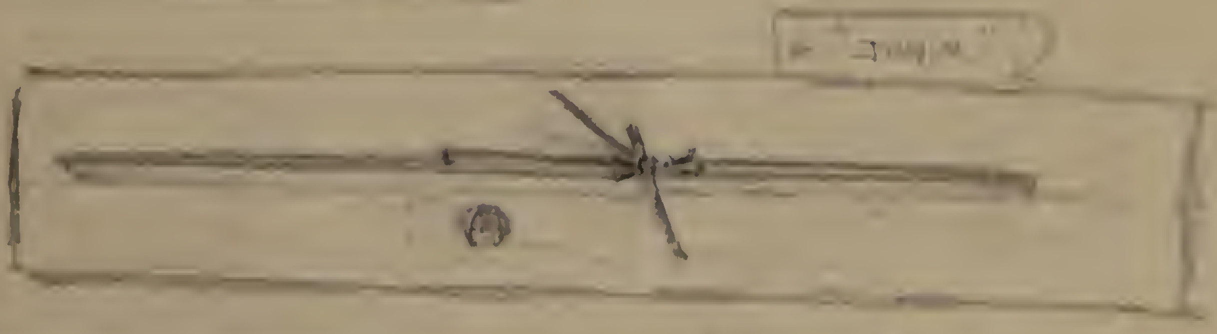
where they ate ice cream, and came home again.

Much work went on in the Boathouse, rearranging the berths for the shells.

It was good news to have M.P., P.N.M., and Burr, who went over to Waterville to see Tucky this morning, come back with the report that he is much better, and the doctors think he will not have to stay there much longer. Mrs. Burr had already arrived.

In the evening we had Digestion Club and Earth, Air, and Water. More of the book for half-past-niners.





Saturday
August 18
B. 29.60
T. 70
W. S.W.
Rainy

Perhaps we are ungrateful - for the weather has changed, and we don't like it a bit better than we did before!

However, though rainy, it was at least quite cool. After some singing at the beginning of Squad-time, much work was done, there being several indoor squads to have general housecleanings. That on which Dalton and Ladd worked, cleaning up the room where the camping kit is kept, is the squad of which most has been heard (the moral apparently being that you do not need a rubbish basket when you can sweep on to Ladd instead), but the others probably did just as good work.

There were several arrivals today - it is delightful to have so many old Campers turning up all the time. Ned Billings arrived in time for lunch and the soccer game. And, after lunch came

Charles W. Hubb

J.R., M.P. and Burr went in to Waterville in the afternoon to see Tucky - who, alas, had to have his appendix out after all. He is getting along very well, however, and should be able to go home before very long. We shall miss him dreadfully here.

The weather was clearly meant for soccer.

Senior Soccer

Yale in China	Harvard in Palestine
L.T.	P.N.M.
J.G.W.	E.T.P.
J.A.L.	J.C.C.
L.L.S.	T.I.R.
E.B.	J.W.P.
J.D.S.	B.P.S.

Saturday
August 18
cont'd

Smith	Cutler
Dalton	Jameson
Stevens,S.	Mallory
Pillsbury	Procter
Wallace	Simonds

The game was a terrific one, with twenty-five minute periods and torrential rains, making the field slipperier than it has ever been. It was rare to have everyone standing up at once, and frequently there were as many as four players prostrate. Potential very fine dribbling and passing were marred by the fact that it was impossible for the players to stop when they got to the ball, and they often overran it just when they intended to make a particularly good boot. J.G.W.'s leg bothered him again, and Alsop took his place in the third period. It was most exciting throughout, and ended with the score 5-4 in favor of Yale in China.

(All of which is merely camouflage, as the press report which was made on the scene was not sufficiently waterproof to stand the deluges, and melted away entirely. It was 1-1 at the end of the first half, and after that P.N. M.'s team got a lead; but in the last period Yale in China did great things and finally managed to score the winning goal. Humble apologies are hereby made to all those who feel that the glory due to them was washed away - !)

Junior Soccer

Ben Millers	Bethlehem Steel
Talbot	Muir
Stevens,J.	Howe,J.
Snelling	Boardman
Alsop	Auchincloss
Buttfield	Ewell
Howe,D.	Scaife
Trimingham	Shaw,R.
Swaim	Goodwin
Sortwell	Hall,G.

When the game started, the field was so wet as to make running almost impossible, and consequently the play was a little slow. In spite of this, the position play was much better, and conversation, casual and crabbing, was but little in evidence. The game ended in a scoreless tie.

As we had not had Charades this week, on account of the hot weather, the Sing Song was put over until next week, and tonight was the

Sixth Charade Evening

1. J.C.C. "Pigskin."

Scene 1. "Pigs' kin." Circe (S.M.) is seen, seated before a table with jug and cups, while around her root and grovel and snort various porcine gentlemen. Enter two travellers (J.C.C. and Cutler) who say they are friends of Ulysses. Circe hails them cheerfully and offers them a drink - whereupon they join the rooting and grovelling contingent on the floor. She gloats. But then comes Ulysses (J.A.L.), who belies his somewhat lackadaisical appearance by cleverly outwitting the sorceress and restoring all the pigs to their normal two-legged form.

Scene 2. "Pigskin." A realistic football game, with clever tactics, rough play and all the enthusiasm of a genuine game.

2. L.T. "Grandma"

Scene 1. "Grand." The scene is laid at Henley at the time of the Grand Challenge. The rival crews, urged on by their coxswains (Swaim and Howe,D.) sweep across the scene, rowing well in stroke, and very close. A fine race.

Scene 2. "Ma." Ma, (E.S.), is entertaining and feeling rather flustered at the prospect of having three very distinguished guests to tea. No sooner do the Messrs. Terri, Putnam, and Schmidt put in their appearance than their interesting conversation is interrupted by the entrance of a small child (Goodwin) demanding a cookie, which is given to him after considerable dispute. No sooner is he disposed of than his brother (Buttfield) wants a dime to go to the movies with; then the first one wants a dime too; and when the second brother reappears to demand a cookie the distinguished visitors, put out by the noise and fuss, rise to take their leave, and the afternoon that has started so well is quite spoiled.

Scene 3. "Grandma." Grandma (L.T.), old and ill, is in bed. She tries repeatedly to blow out her candle, but with no success. Finally she calls her grandchildren, one after the other, but they are equally ineffective. At length Grandma, disgusted, reaches out a long arm and snuffs out the candle herself.

3. J.R. "Hymen"

Scene 1. "High". A heroic scene, the ascent of a mountain. Assisted by ropes, the three climbers (J.R., T.I.R., and Dalton), their breathing made difficult by the altitude, struggle up the last steep heights. When the first two are almost up, however, a knife is whipped out, the rope is cut, and the body of the third (T.I.R.) falls rebounding from rock to rock below, while the villains gloat above.

Saturday
August 18
cont'd

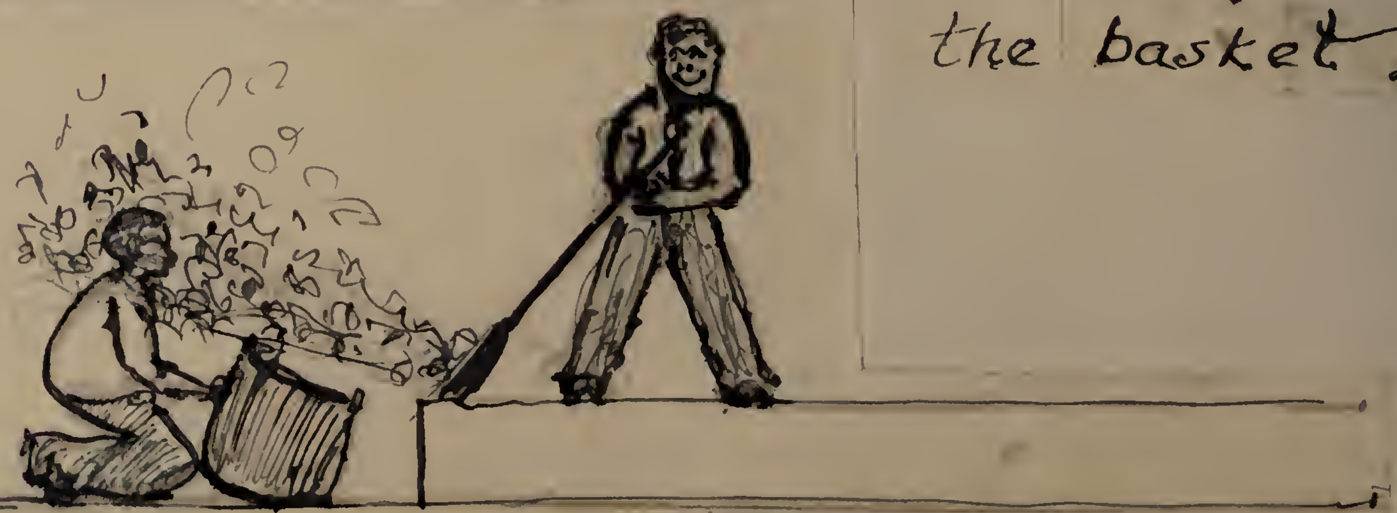
Scene 2. "Men." The sowing of the dragons' teeth. Cadmus (E.T.P.) bewails his lack of and need for men, and then sows the dragons' teeth. As they touch the ground, armed hosts spring up all about him in great numbers. A splendid scene.

Scene 3. "Hymen." A truly wonderful scene was this! First there enters a procession of youth in red, led by a priest, singing a processional - "Ping! Pong! Ping!", from L.E.R.'s "Royal Wooing" - for their king, Tut-ankh-amen, (T.I.R.), who follows them. From the other side enters a like procession of youths in blue, singing "Bang! Whang! The princess comes!" - from the same operetta - and followed by their princess (Warren). The royal couple join hands and kneel before a curtain which slowly opens, revealing Hymen (Burr), God of Matrimony, with hands outstretched. An impressive scene, and a grand climax to one of the best charades of the year!

About eleven o'clock there arrived

Richard P Hallowell 2nd

Dalton sweeps the shop - Ladd holds the basket.



Sunday
August 19
B. 29.56
T. 66
W. N.W.
Fair

Appointments for the Week

Flag - - - - - - - - - - - - Wallace

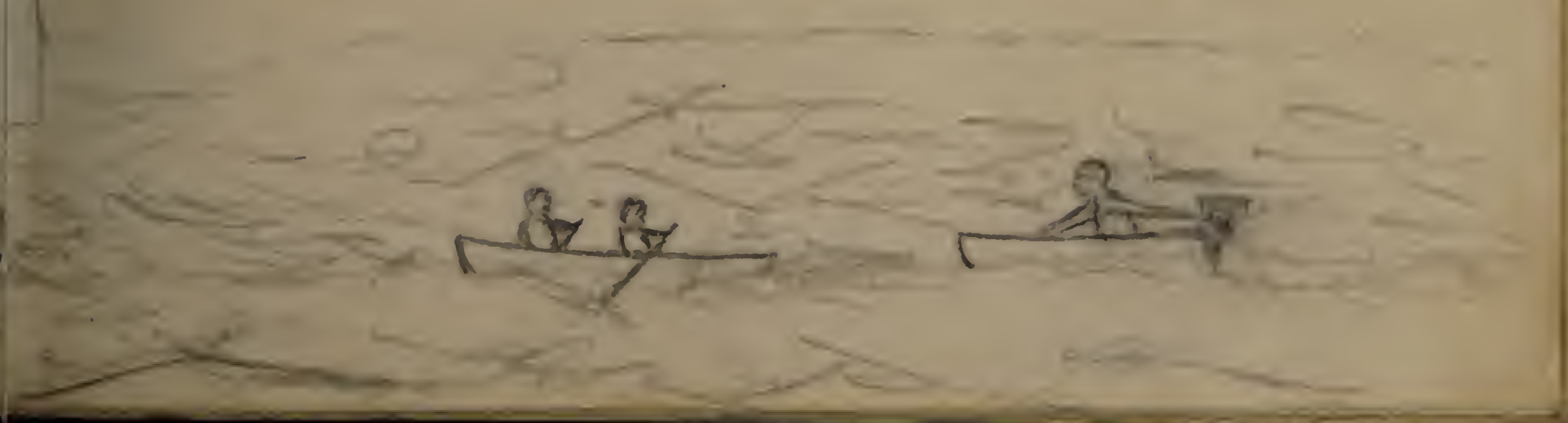
Weather - - - - - - - - - - Howe, J.

Inspectors - - Hubbard, C. and Shaw

This really was the kind of a day we like! We are not impossible to please, after all.

Charley Hubbard left after breakfast.

Boat-building and trying-out go on all the time. This morning the latter proved rather strenuous; for Auchincloss and Pillsbury were trying the latter's boat when it got away from them and headed straight for South Beach, going at terrific speed and with no intention of upsetting. They rowed desperately, but were hopelessly outclassed. A small motor-boat then took up the pursuit, but it soon gave up. J.G.W. and J.C.C. then started off in another Rangeley, to take the triers-out another pair of oars and help them home in case they were exhausted. The little boat got all the way to South Beach, where it was washed up on a rock and somewhat damaged; the pursuers did not have to go quite so far, as another and stronger motor-boat had joined in the chase and brought the runaway ship part way back. It was hard work for those who were involved, but a very funny sight for those on shore, to see the procession go streaming down the pond.



Sunday
August 19
cont'd

Fourth Scouting Afternoon

A good northwest breeze, coming in cat's paws, cool, after these days and days of breathless weather, with sky enough overcast with little clouds for good shade, made perfect Scouting weather.

First Game

The Algonquins, from the south, showed a fast Underground advance party. Auchincloss (Iroquois) was the first man to come up killed. In the Middle Woods, the advance party for both sides met with a crash, in which both J.R. and J.C.C. fell, Sortwell and Mallory following almost at once. The next bunch of killed came in at the end of twenty minutes (all four killed at about the same place), bringing the score to 4-6 killed, in favor of the Algonquins. A few minutes later the score was tied. Then the deaths of L.T. and L.L.S. put the Iroquois ahead, and so on, back and forth.

With the time two-thirds over, very fast and able play developed on both sides. The Iroquois advance showed the higher speed; J.W.P. and Talbot, for the Iroquois, coming from the north, got well past the big Oak on the first dash. They went straight down towards the Backstop, encountering no rover, and Talbot decided to risk a straight run and got across the line while the guards' attention was directed the other way; J.W.P. failed in an attempt at the same.

At the north end, Trimingham, for the Algonquins, killed the shore guard, a sacrifice (he was killed right after), which let through E.T.P., who scored a run, then crept over the

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Kiled	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shuts	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
E.T.P.	X	•••	/	X	•••		X		
J.R.	X	•		X	•		X		
J.G.W.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
L.T.	X	•		X			X		
J.A.L.			/	v			X		
L.L.S.	X			v	•		X		
T.I.R.	v			X			X		
B.P.S.		•		X			X	••	
Alsop	X			X			X	•	
Butlfield		•		X	•		X		
Dalton	X	•		X	•				/
Devens	X			X			X		
Cutler	v			X	•		X		
Goodwin		•	/	X			X		
Hall, D.P.	X				•	/		••	/
Howe, J.	X	••	/	X			X	•••	
Hubbard, C.W.		•		v			X	••	
Jackson	X			X			X		
Ladd			/	X			X		
Mallory	X			X			X		
Payson	X				•		X		
Richard	X			X			X	••••	
Shaw	X	☠	/	X			X		
Simonds	X			X	•		X		
Smith	v			X	••	/	X		
Snelling	v			v			X		
Stanton	v				•			•	
Stevens, J.			/	v			X		
Trimingham	X	•			••		X	•	/
	16	13	7	19	16	2	25	16	3

Iroquois

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
P.N.M.		••			••	/			/
J.C.C.	X				••		X	•••	/
R.T.F.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
J.W.P.	X			X			X		
J.D.S.	v			X	•		X		/
Auchincloss.	X			X			X		
Bates, J.	X				•			••••	
Bates, M.	v				•		X		
Boardman	v					/	X	•••	
Burr, F.H.	X	•		X			✓		
Burr, I.T.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Ewell	X				•••		X		/
Hall, G.E.	v				•	/	X	•	
Howe, D.	X	•		X	•		X	•	
Hubbard, E.B.	✓			X			X	•	
Jameson	X			X	•				/
Millet	✓					/	X		
Muir	X				•	/	X		/
Pillsbury	✓			X				••	
Procter		••••		X				••	
Scaife		•		X			X		
Sortwell	X			X			X		
Stevens, S.	v			v			X	••	
Swaim	X	••	/	X	•		X	•	
Talbot	X		/	X	•••		X	•	/
Wallace		•		X				•	/
Warren		•		X					/
Weeks	X	•		X	•			•••	/
	13		2	16	19	5	17	25	10

Sunday
August 19
cont'd

Ridge, killed Muir, the shore guard, and carried back word to the Algonquins' shore advance that the coast was clear; J.A.L., Howe,J., Goodwin, Ladd, Shaw, and Stevens,J. all stood up to run and scored safely - a fine bit of play. Swaim, for the Iroquois, slipped past the Algonquins' shore guard and scored - which, with Talbot's score, made two runs for the Iroquois; but the game went overwhelmingly to the Algonquins, 7 runs to 2. Procter scored 4 shots in this game, and E.T.P. 3.

Second Game

A bewildering game to score! From the Boneyard, the start did not seem quite as speedy on either side as in the last game; and for two-thirds of the time the playing all through seemed less keen, but all the time it was almost keener.

Burr, making a fast start along the Underground, overran, and was brought down at the first volley by Smith, Pillsbury following. No other shots for some time; then four Iroquois (Procter and Scaife went too high on the Ridge and both fell), all apparently brought down by the same rifle, came up from the Middle Woods, making the score 6-0 in favor of the Algonquins. From then on, however, the Iroquois play gradually strengthened and quickened, and they made up their loss. When the Callers In were sent out, the score was even; but tremendous things were happening on both sides.

P.N.M. killed the Algonquin guard and made a run, Muir and Hall,G. following. Boardman and Millet came up the Middle Path, found it undefended, because of mix-ups in other places, and amazingly scored.

For the Algonquins, Hall,D. killed the Infirmary Guard and scored a run; Smith, running very fast, cut down the hill back of the backstop, slipped past the guard, and scored. These two runs were well made, but were only two to the Iroquois' five. Richard made a score of four shots in this game.

(Those who arrived at the Boneyard during this game had a most interesting time watching two big marsh-hawks circling and wheeling over a small black and white animal (was it a cat, or was it a dog?) down in the Cooks' hay-field. The poor beast was very much frightened, and did not seem able to find its way out of the field, but kept going in circles in the long grass, while the birds swooped down towards it or else settled down in the grass to watch it. Finally the Animal Rescue League - E.S. and A.S. - decided something must be done, so went on an expedition to the scene of action. The dog - for a small black and white nondescript one it proved to be - was even more afraid of the rescuers than of the hawks, but at least ran away in the right direction.)

Third Game

The Iroquois were out for blood. If they won, the score would be tied for the season. Their first dash was at tremendous speed, and a number of the Algonquin advance - L.T., J.R., and Smith (the latter brought down by a perfect blunderbuss roar from Pillsbury) fell, almost before they realised they were within range. A few minutes later T.I.R., who had got to the Pine Parlor, from the south, on the first dash, was brought down. A big encounter in the Underground was pretty evenly matched.

Sunday
August 19
cont'd

There was what seemed a complete pause for twenty minutes, a curious quiet in the middle of the game. Then everything seemed to spring loose.

Probably, as their Captain sized it up, the Algonquins were a little over-confident; the Iroquois plainly had the jump on them, all round. Dead Algonquins poured in, to the big number of 25, at last, to the Iroquois' 17.

Meantime wildly exciting things were happening at the two ends. Hall,D. killed one of the Iroquois guards and scored, for the second time today; and Dalton and Trimingham got round the Swamp guard by skilful play and scored, netting three runs for the Algonquins.

But at the south end there was a perfect holocaust! J.C.C. started the ball rolling by killing the Algonquin shore guard from behind and scoring a run, Muir following. P.N.M. also made a run and all but made a second. Wallace and Ewell slipped around the backstop and scored, Warren following them and scoring afterwards. Talbot killed the Algonquins' Tree Guard; their rover was killed, and Bobby Shaw, their remaining guard, was soon overwhelmed. J.D.S., Talbot, Ewell, and Weeks all scored, most of them standing up and running openly.

A tremendous time, running up the score of 10 runs to the Algonquins' 3, and tieing the season's score, with six games for each side. ---

Those who stayed below had an interesting afternoon, with many callers. A bald gentleman and a lady (clad in what looked like striped pajamas, but were probably knickers) arrived first,

Sunday
August 19
cont'd

with ginger ale apparently their chief interest in life. They were told they could get none nearer than Snug Harbor; this discouraged them a good deal; and, before they left, they (or at least he - the lady said she was frightened and stayed on the slip) proceeded to weave in and out among our rowboats in a most suspicious way. L.E.R. thought that perhaps the man was going to claim the Green Boat (which was a foundling) as his long-lost one; but he finally decided to go away leaving our fleet intact, and, picking up the lady, whose fears were now allayed, they took their slow departure ginger-ale-wards.

Mrs. Holcomb and Ted also came to call, which was very pleasant.

And, at the end of the afternoon, four gasolineless motor-boaters (the ladies of this party clad in blue dungarees) also stopped here for a while.

Picnic was in the Parlor. Afterwards we had an Edgar Allan Poe story; and, after Hymns, Kipling's Devil and the Deep Sea for half-past-niners.

Camping Trip
Aug 20th 1928

Dalton
Hall, G.E.
Jameson
Procter
Shaw

J.C.C.

Fire Drake
Ramora

Ad montem convulsum

Camping Trip
Aug 20th 1928

Buttfield
Muir
Stevens. S.
Trimingham

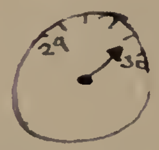
E.T.P.
T.I.R.

Aboljockamegus
Caughcomgomock

Circum orbem terrestrialem

Weather

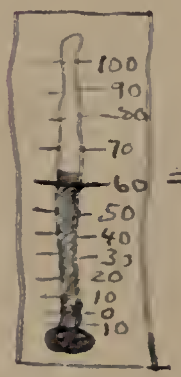
Monday — August 20, 1928



= 29·81

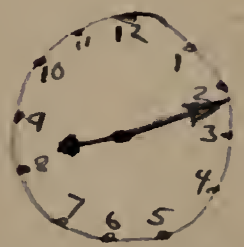
Barometer

Wind: N.E.



= 62°

Temperature



Time Taken

Weather → FAIR

A wonderful day! The Camping Trips got early starts, E.T.P.'s starting Round the World before [illegible] reading, and J.C.C.'s off in the Ramora-Firedrake for Tumbledown Mountain soon after.

Monday
August 20
cont'd

R.P.H. left after breakfast (he, by the way, recalled the fact that in 1911 we had three days of over-90 weather, with a high mark of 95).

Mrs. Holcomb and Ted came for lunch.

In the afternoon there were Skowhegan and Fishing.

Skowhegan

The Putnams and Schoyers played four twenty-minute games of Skowhegan on the west side of the scouting ridge from Pine Parlor and the Boneyard to the south boundary. The Schoyers won the first game by six shots to five; runs were tied at one each, but the Schoyers should have had several more, the sweet fern party being caught by the "All In" with a clear field in front of them. The Putnams were again outshot in the second game, but Swaim, by fast work, made a run, which gave them the victory. They ran a big sweet fern party in the third game and scored six runs; in the last game, the Schoyers won, three runs to one, leaving the afternoon a tie.

J.W.P. and Swaim each scored two runs. Howe,D. and Mallory had five shots each, the latter getting four in one game.

Some of the playing was good; most of it was not. Seeing old scouts expose themselves carelessly in places where there is no cover, get shot, and then discuss the game loudly in the Boneyard, makes one think that Skowhegan is harmful to the real game.

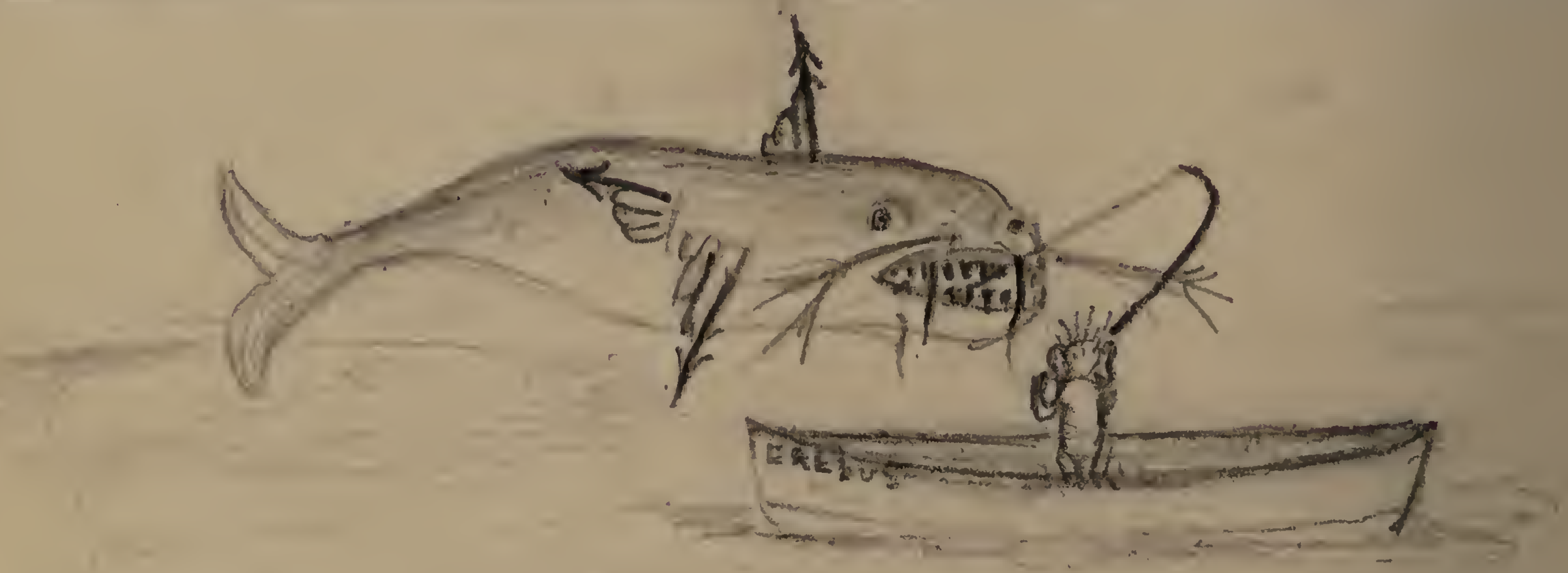
The fishers, in afternoon and evening, brought in a total of 12 ~~bass~~ perch, 3 ~~perch~~ bass, and 1 hornpout (J.G.W. getting one

Monday
August 20
cont'd

2½ pound bass). This makes a total of:

747 perch
49 bass
and several hornpout.

Willi	Yammer	Ident	Erebus	Terror
J.R.	L.T.	J.G.W.	J.D.S.	Pillsbury
Weeks	Cutler	Smith	Boardman	Snelling
Millet	Scaife	Payson	Stanton	Auchincloss



Stethly Steve's first hornpout (in his eyes)

In the evening there were Boats, very pleasant, as always. Howe, D. had a narrow escape when, carrying a kayak in along the slip, he missed his footing, and, kayak and all, went off the edge. Fortunately, neither was damaged.

Half-past-niners had more of the story.

Statistical Dept. Belgrade University
Problem - Gal. of Rain Fall
on surface of Great Pond for
2½ in. rise of level.

Result. 92,207,808,000 gals

Francis G Jackson

Tuesday
August 21
B. 29.91
T. 60
W. N.W.
Fair

The fog, which was thick early in the morning, cleared off by the end of reading, and the day was a fine one.

Never has there been so much Scouting of all varieties as this year - Water-Scouting begins the minute there are two people in the water.

Meredith Talbot's father, mother, and sister came for dinner.

In the afternoon:

Cabin Construction	Gene Tunney (Walk to Snake Point)	Boat Building
L.T.	J.R.	L.L.S
Goodwin	S.M.	all the rest
Wallace	Auchincloss	
Weeks	Devens	
	Millet	
	Ewell	
	Stanton	

and Junior Baseball

Cyclops		Lotus-Eaters
Jackson	p.	Talbot
J.W.P.	c.	J.D.S.
J.A.L.	1.	J.A.L.
Swaim	2.	Mallory
Burr	3.	Cutler
Smith	ss.	B.P.S.
Warren	lf.	Howe,J.
Scaife	cf.	Simonds
Pillsbury	rf.	Hubbard

In spite of the absence of several good players, the game was fast and well played, because everyone was on his toes and ready for the next move.

The Lotus-Eaters filled the bases in the first inning, but could not score. In fact, they followed this process throughout the game; men would get on base and stay there.

Cyclones *vs.* JUNIOR BALL *of* Tues., *at* August 21 st, 1928

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
•	••••	•	1 Jackson, p.	1	0 6·3	0 Γ5		0 Γ1	0 1·3		3 2 4 ⊥		0 5·3				6	1	1		
	•••		2 Swaim, 2b.	4	0 4·3	E1		4·6 E5		5 2 ::	3 2 4 ::		0 4·3				4	1	0		
••	••••	•	3 Smith, ss.	6	3 2 3 E2	0 Γ3		FC		3 2 3 ⊥	3 2 4 ⊥		0 ·3				6	3	2		
•••••••	•	•	4 J.W.P., c.	2	2 2 3 E5		0 Γ7		2 3 E ::	2 2 3 FC	3 2 4 ::						3	4	0		
	••		5 Burr, 3b.	5	S ⊥		0 6·4 ⊥		0 Γ9	2 E4	2 ⊥						5	0	3		
			6 Pillsbury, rf.	9	0 K		0 2·4 E6		0 Γ6	0 3·1 ⊥	0 6·3						5	0	1		
			7 Warren, lf.	7		0 Γ1		4 E6	S ⊥	0 37	FC						5	0	1		
	•		8 Scaife, cf.	8		::		0 ·3	::		0 3·4 ::	0 Γ4					2	0	0		
••••••••••••••••	•		9 J.A.J., 1b	3																	
			10																		
			11																		
			TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	2/2	0/2	0/2	0/2	1/3	2/5	/	4/9	0/0	/	/	/	36	9	8		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1	0	1	0	1	2		3	0				Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				••	•••••	1-b. on errors.														0	0	0	
Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.													Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																	

Lotus-Eaters *vs.* *of* *at* 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
•••	•••	•	1 Mallory, 2b.	4	0 K	3 S E2		0 4·3		0 1·3		0 2·3 ⊥					5	0	1		
•••••	•	•	2 Talbot, p.	1	0 4·3	0 K		0 K		0 K		FC					5	0	0		
••	•••	••	3 B.P.S., ss	6	S 2 ::	⊥		0 6·3		0 1·3		0 ·3					4	0	1		
••	•	••	4 Cutler, 3b.	5	2 ⊥	0 6·3			⊥		0 5·3		0 Γ6				5	0	2		
••	•	•	5 J.D.S., c.	2	::		0 1·6 ⊥		2 3 ⊥		0 6·3		2 ⊥				4	1	3		
	•		6 Simonds, cf.	8	0 Γ1		0 ·3 FC		0 ·3		0 Γ3		0 K				5	0	0		
•			7 Howe J., lf.	7		0 ·3	⊥		⊥			3 2 E	0 4·3				5	0	2		
•			8 Hubbard, rf.	9		2 4 E1	0 5·3		0 6·3			2 ⊥					4	1	1		
•••••••••••••	•		9 J.A.L., 1b	3																	
			10																		
			11																		
			TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	0/0	1/1	0/1	0/0	1/2	0/2	0/2	0/2	0/0	/	/	/	37	2	10		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1	1	2	0	3	0	0	2	1				Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				•••••••	•	1-b. on errors.														1	0	0	
Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.													Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																	

Umpire Round Robin, T.I.P., R.T.F., E.T.P., Jr. ***Scorer*** A. S.

They got two runs and had ten men left on bases. The Cyclops acted differently. In the first inning, after two out, they made two runs; blanked for three innings thereafter, they made one in the fifth, when J.W.P. stole home; two in the sixth, when Pillsbury singled with the bases full; and four in the seventh, thanks to a mixture of hits and passes.

J.D.S. and Burr were the leading batters, and there were a number of good plays in the field. The outfielders on both teams were wide-awake; this always makes a snappy game, for, though the outfielders get few chances, those that they do get are important.

E.T.P. and the rest of the Round-the-Worlders got back just before the game began, having had a fine, though very strenuous trip. It was unkind of the wind - though it has a habit of doing it - to change from northwest to a strong southerly breeze, which greeted them as they came out of Meadow Brook.

The Gene Tunneys had a very pleasant walk to Snake Point, going up by the shore and coming back over the Ridge. The Cabineers dug tremendously.

R.R. went in to Gardiner for the night.

Trumbull Richard's family came to call.

In the evening, Games on the Hill, then Boston, and, for half-past-niners, more of the book.

- Camp Skowhegan -

"Are you ready, are you ready? GO!
The cry went up at 8.30 — no, I guess it was nine o'clock — and the Carrabassett and Worromontogus poked their noses into a brisk breeze en route to Monkey Point and the Mills, Long Pond, Belgrade Stream, Messalonskee, Ellis Pond, McGrath Pond, East Pond, North Pond, Meadow Brook Great Pond and Way Stations.

Having left their duffle with the Tumbledowners to drop at the Salmon Lake House, the "Wordly Six" made better-than-usual speed to the first stopping place, the South End of Snow Pond. A quick bite, a short nap for J.T.R. and E.T.T., and "Skowhegan" for the others were crowded into the space of half-an-hour and then — a back-breaking fight with Boreas down the reaches of Messalonskee.

Near Beer for the older ones and non-alchoholics for the small fry primed Everybody enough to stagger over the station carry without loss of life although we must admit the "morale" leapt considerable when the ~~duffle~~ portage was over.

At the Salmon Lake House (we got there

about — 3.30, thus completing the Storm Half our journey) our talk drifted toward "The Itchfield". Walter Gleason stopped his haying long enough to offer his services in getting the duffle over the carry — but no, no razzberries for that — outfit, and when Bill Buttfield assured u that he could carry the big duffle bag an the 'tent' by himself, our worries cease

The Salmon Lake House lawn did no look suitable for Skowhegan, so the Can heavier than before by many stones, glide leisurely down the Lacus Israel to the beginning of the 'horrible hurdle' into East Pond.

"Ah," said, "But why not camp here a do the carry in the morning when all hav are fresh."

"Good Idea," agreed another.

"O.K.," said little Malcolm.

And all others assented as one.

E.T.P. secured permission to camp in the open field, and with a tumbledown boathou for kindling, a clear sky overhead (this saving from using a tent) our plans for the night were much simplified. What did we eat? Beans! What else? Beans! Beans! Four (4 cans. Sam Stevens was chief cook, with Trimming as bottlewasher. Muir and Buttf of course ate lightly, as they had a long evening of Skowhegan ahead.

The after-supper period was a varied one. T.I.R. gave a very enlightening talk on Astronomy — all about the Big Bear and the Little Bear, both dippers, the Mt. Wilson Observatory and light years, revealing some truly astounding facts! Then, of course, the Skowhegan began. "Are you ready — ? etc".

"Trimingham, Trim— ! Muir, Muir! Buttfield, Buttfield! All night they played and far into the morning the last "All In" sounded. T.I.R. + E.T.P. slept the sleep of the — what is it? — just, because of heated rocks in the end of their blankets (T.I.R. had only one blanket, to be exact). The two smallest slept side by side, tied together and staked in, to avoid rolling downhill.

At 5.42, Trimmy + Sam Stevens were up and cooking breakfast. Everything was packed, tump lines were fixed, and the trek over the hill started at 7.30 sharp and one hour and five minutes later we were off in our canoes on East Pond. Everybody was immense on the Carry! Sam Stevens carried a 65 lb. duffle And the others all shouldered enough to be very proud of their work. And Gracious, Mercy me! How the old morale jumped at the End! The Remainder of the trip was a big whee. No contre-temps. A

big feed at Smithfield was the chief excit
ent before lunch.

The midday repast took place at t
old camping-place on Meadow Brook. Here
also we had the first swim of the trip!
And, for the last time, Skowhegan, this time o
a regular field with sweetfern 'n everythin

The paddle from the end of Meadow
Brook back to camp was NO FUN! A hea
wind of canoe-test proportions, all the wa
In spite of all, we were only fifty minutes on Gi
Pond.

The "Let-'er-run" cry was ~~the fin~~
swim at 2.45, thus closing the final
chapter of a top-notch trip. There is
no better "two-day-and-a-night" trip
than this one — and the ~~early mornings~~
Itchfield in the early morning is a far-
different one than at any other time !.

Camp Tumbledown

On August 20th, just before the end of reading, the first Tumbledown trip started. For its extremely complete equipment the following acknowledgments must be made:–

Ponchos by JGW and Stevens, J
Flashlights by Auchincloss and Alsop
Slicker by Butler
Blankets by Alsop
Knife by Talbot
Socks by JWP
Watch by Stevens, J
Canteen by Bates, M
Hat by Royal Whitman

The consolidated Firedrake-Ramona done noble, and the intrepid little band reached the jumping-off place on the Weld-Byron road at noon. Gallantly reckless of the dangers of the wilderness they promptly shouldered their packs and pushed off into the hinterland. They were next heard of half-an-hour later when they stopped for lunch at the ford of the mountain stream, where the Igorot swam.

By quarter of three they had staked out their claim a little further up the stream, pitched camp, and were ready for the assault on the heights of Jackson. A good trail led them to the col between this mountain and Tumbledown. The conversation on the trip up was an earnest of banalities to come. The Bromide Brothers, Dalton and Procter started on their dread career. "Gosh! there'll be a good view on top," said they. There was. But there was no more trail, and as it was growing late and as the leader remembered with no little anguish the consistency of the upper slopes of Jackson, the expedition turned back. The trip down took less time because:- ⓐ It was down ⓑ The battle of words between Bobby Shaw and George Hall made all hands want to be other places as soon as possible.

Then a duck in the cold waters of the brook. "Gosh! It sets you up," said the Bromide Brothers. Fire was next produced by Jameson. Supper was a formidable meal. Soup, beans, potatoes, bacon, and cocoa made up the bill of fare, and even the nearly criminal travesty on that ambrosial dish, rice pudding, with which it was topped off, could not materially cloud its glory. The meal lasted till long into the evening, and very soon after the wreckage had been cleared away the adventurers belabored the balsam.

Next morning an early rising and a dip. ("Gosh! it sets you up, said Dalton and Procter.) By the time our heroes had finished breakfast a heavy mist had set in, which augured ill for mountaineering. But their dauntless hearts beat true, and soon after eight their sturdy feet on the trail. Soon they were above the fog and looked away to a prospect of peaks emerging from billows of white mists. ("Gosh! there'll be a good view on top," said Dalton and Procter, though they had a tough time breasting even so slightly the tide of Hall's conversation) They left their lunch basket on the first of the upper knobs and marked it by an ingenious striped design of red, white, and black sweaters (which proved quite invisible from fifty feet away). Then they moved on the screes and corries of the highest knob. It was a roughish show, in some places a desperate scramble, but chimneys and couloirs aided the ascent, and cragsmanship which would have made Hannay look sick soon got the climbers to the summit where they sniffed the clear air. So did the black flies — and they didn't stop at sniffing. After fifteen minutes the voyageurs were content enough to leave, pick up the lunch, go down to the tarn, and swim. ("Gosh! It sets you up," said Dalton and Procter) They lunched on (or off) bacon, raisins, and chocolate in the shelter of a boulder and snoozed in among the blueberry bushes.

But their superabundant energy could not long be curbed, and they were soon after to be discerned trekking westward over the further stobs and spurs. They traversed the great chimney, (honest knee-and-back work, that), and soon reached the westernmost promontory. There they stayed a while, their leader soothing his nerves with a camel (adv.), while the others excited theirs by gazing down the precipitous cliffs. Then, there being no more worlds to conquer, they turned back, climbing on the way the summit directly commanding the tarn, in which the Igorot found a likeness to a derby-hatted thing. Bowery Pond, then, was the first name given by the intrepid explorers in this new land.

At three-thirty they were back at their base camp. Tea, in the form of cocoa, was promptly served. Then a swim. ("gosh! it sets you up," said Dalton and Procter). And then once more the great-hearted band lit hot and heavy on the food basket. When the smoke had cleared away it was somewhere after nine —

the times from now on become a bit vague, as the ornate Glo-Ben stopped and was set forward and back by guesswork with bewildering frequency but considerable lack of accuracy. But though the events are lost in the mists of timelessness, certain it is that not long afterwards the sound of snores harmonized with the purling of the brook.

An examination of the meteorological records shows us that August 22, 1928 was a thoroughly nasty, drizzly day. An investigation of the upper geological strata reveals that numerous tin cans were emptied at the morning meal of the pathfinders - and the fact that no remnants of cornmeal or bacon were found would seem to indicate that their appetites were good. It seems probable that soon after this they broke camp, as some time before nine they were observed by a hardy wayfarer just approaching the ruined house on the Byron road. Here they awaited their conveyance, which not long afterwards hove in sight. Then came a swift dash through the little frontier town known to Dalton as Phelps, and to everyone else as Weld, and a halt at the foot of a towering peak, since given the name of Blue, its color when seen from the distant haunts of civilized man.

Two hours later they were back - having made a lightning-like dash to the fog-wreathed summit.

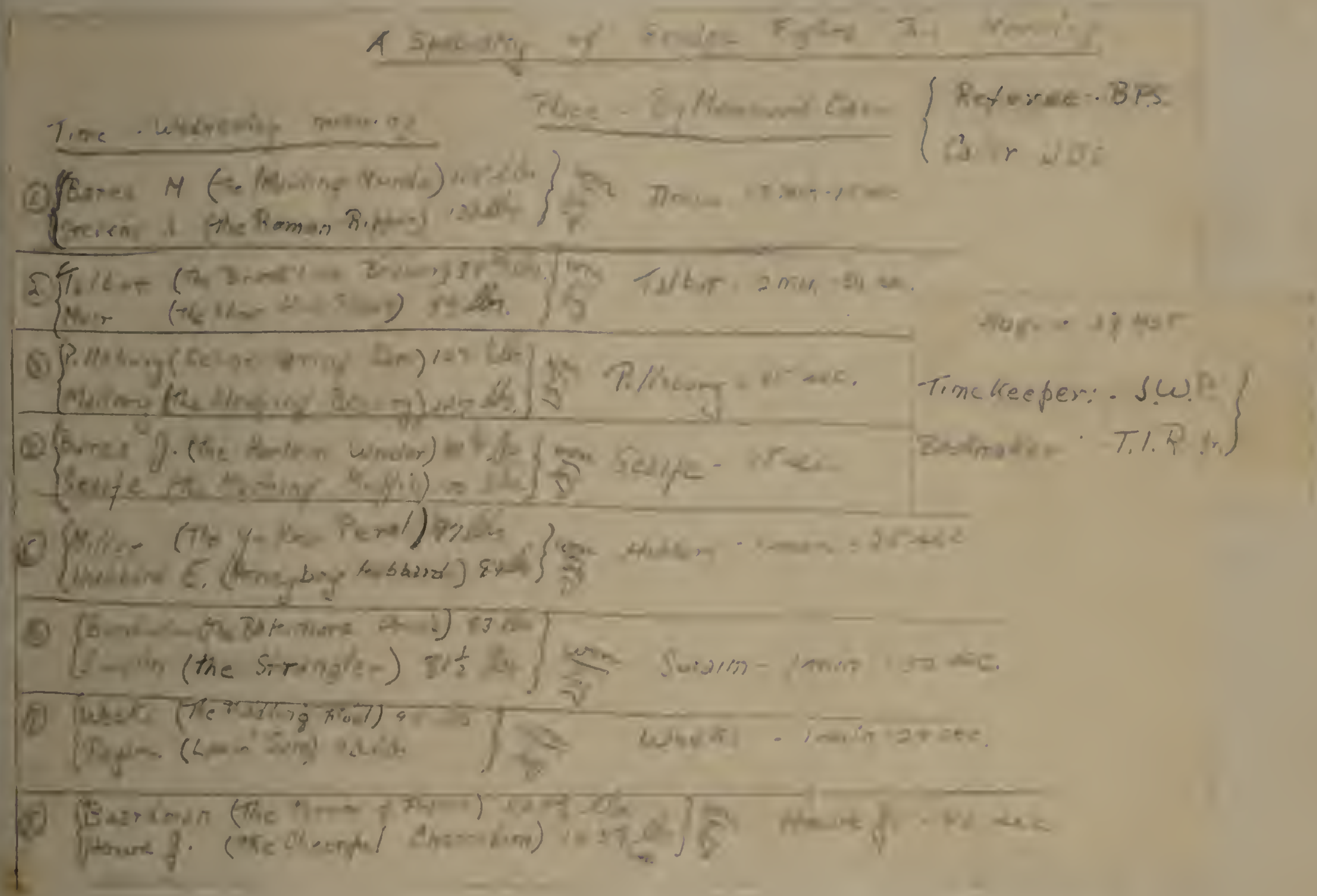
("Gosh, there'd be a good view if it was clear," said Dalton and Procter, while Hall tolet the distances travelled with the monotony if not the accuracy of a speedometer) Then the whirling mists once again swallowed them up. At supper time they were home again. Their movements in the meantime are unknown, but a pale and quivering innkeeper of Farmington bears witness that near half-past two on that Wednesday six husky-voiced and stern-eyed campers strode into his hostelry calling loudly for food, which provided, they faded once more into the driving scud.

Such is the saga of old time which in these later and more degenerate days steels the hearts of the young Merryweathers.

A gray day.

Wednesday
August 22
B. 29.86
T. 66
W. S.W.
Cloudy

Wrestling



A [illegible] of [illegible] Fighting [illegible] Morning

Time – Wednesday [illegible]

Place – [illegible]

Referee – B.P.S.
[illegible] – J.D.C.

Barnes M (the [illegible]) [illegible] lbs.
[illegible] A (the Roman [illegible]) [illegible] lbs.
Draw [illegible]

Talbot (the [illegible]) [illegible] lbs.
Muir (the [illegible]) 94 lbs.
Talbot – 2 min. [illegible] sec.

Pillsbury ([illegible]) 127 lbs.
Mallory (the [illegible]) [illegible] lbs.
Pillsbury – [illegible] sec.

Barnes J. (the [illegible] Wonder) [illegible] lbs.
Scaife (the [illegible]) [illegible] lbs.
Scaife – [illegible] sec.

Miller (The Yankee Peril) 97 lbs.
Hubbard E. ([illegible] Hubbard) 84 lbs.
Hubbard – [illegible] min. [illegible] sec.

[illegible] (the [illegible]) 83 lbs.
[illegible] (the Strangler) 81½ lbs.
Swaim – 1 min. [illegible] sec.

Weeks (the [illegible]) [illegible] lbs.
[illegible] ([illegible]) [illegible] lbs.
Weeks – 1 min. 24 sec.

[illegible] (the [illegible]) [illegible] lbs.
Howard J. (the Cheerful [illegible]) [illegible] lbs.
Howard J. – [illegible] sec.

[illegible]

Timekeeper: – S.W.P.
Bookmaker – T.I.R. Jr.

It was fine to have R.R. come back again, bringing with her Alice G. Davis. R. S. Hepburn J. H. Davis.

Rehearsals for the evening's great Stunt went on after Swim.

In the afternoon there was Soccer, and the Mountaineers returned, reporting a great trip and numerous mountains ascended.

Wednesday
August 22
cont'd

Senior Soccer

Three Castles	Three Kings
P.N.M.	L.T.
J.A.L.	E.T.P.
L.L.S.	T.I.R.
J.D.S.	J.W.P.
Hepburn,R.S.	Cutler
Pillsbury	Burr,F.
Simonds	Wallace
Smith	Howe,J.
Trimingham	Stevens,S.
Muir	Mallory

First Quarter (or Third). Hepburn scored a goal for the Three Castles, a good, clean kick from right in front of the goal. Almost at once the Three Kings literally shoved it through the Castle gate, Burr,F. giving the final push. P.N.M. just missed a try at a goal shortly afterwards.

Second Third. Trimingham did good work in the Castles' goal, but, with L.T. and E.T.P. bearing down upon him, he was unable to prevent the scoring of two more goals. Simonds then scored for the Castles, followed by a goal of J.A.L.'s; this made the score 3-all.

Third Third. Burr,F. scored again for the Three Kings, with a good long kick that eluded the goal-guard and went in neatly.

It being quite late, the last period was not played, and so this goal won the game for the Three Kings, 4-3. All of the Faculty played up to their usual standard, and almost all of the boys were excellent - especially Wallace as a goal guard and Burr as a forward.

Junior Soccer

Harpoons	Typhoons
Ewell(Capt.)	Talbot(Capt.)
Buttfield	Jackson
Bates,J.	Bates,M.
Boardman	Swaim
Alsop	Auchincloss

Devens
Howe,D.
Hubbard,C.
Scaife
Stevens,J.
Hepburn,J.

Goodwin
Hall,D.
Hubbard,E.
Payson
Stanton
Sortwell

Wednesday
August 22
cont'd

In the Typhoon-Harpoon game, neither side was able to cage the canteloupe, due chiefly to the obstinate refusal of both teams to play positions when near the opposing goal - so that shots were few and far between, the redoubtable Auchy being called on for but two stops in the course of the pastime. Failure to buddy up with one's own forwards was the whole story of the game and rendered the spectacle insipid to the small audience. Palms for individual play went to Ewell and Buttfield of the Harpoons and to Talbot, Jackson, and Swaim, of the Typhoons.

It's In The Bag

The no-score games in Junior Soccer,
The fans all say, are in the locker.
An outraged few out loud have thunk
That juvenile strife is in the trunk.
With goals completely lost in shuffle,
The contest must be in the duffle.
It is the populace's u-kase
That every set-to's in the su'-case.
"Forget this smooth-as-silk palaver, Jack!
The bloomin' gime is in the 'aversack!"
"Oi yoi! Gevalt! Vot's dees? Hey, Rachel!
The empire's pecked it in the satchel!"
The public ardor soon must sag;
They say the game is in the bag.

In the evening came J.G.W.'s eagerly awaited play, Erin Go Bragh. It is hard to find words nice enough for the interest and delightfulness of tonight's play. The Authors and playwrights really seem to have a magic touch, for, with only our Shakespeareanly simple Camp scenery (though with wonderfully telling costumes, it is true), there we actually seemed, in the very atmosphere of the Napoleonic Wars.

There were only two settings - a homely inn, in Killarney, and General Junot's headquarters before Corunna - but the "feel" of both was absolutely real.

Dennis the landlord (P.N.M.) and the two young Irish squires, O'Rourke and McConnigan (J.R. and L.T.) made all the bitter suf-

Wednesday August 22 cont'd

ferings of Ireland seem very vivid: her young men drafted unwillingly into the service of a king they hated, or imprisoned or hanged on almost any pretext. The near-quarrel of the two young men over their different solutions of the problem (McConnigan deciding, under the unbearable conditions, to throw in his lot with Napoleon, which O'Rourke, who has just taken out his commission as Lieutenant in the Royal Dragoons, considers treason to the land, no matter what the conditions) was hot and fiery; and their reconciliation, both realising that no difference in politics could offset the friendship of their whole lives, was one of much feeling. They and Dennis, all three standing, sadly drank a farewell toast. The scene was made more vivid by Dennis' and the others' singing of the heartbreaking song of the times, The Wearing of the Green, about the most moving of all patriotic songs.

The scene in the French Camp was almost more vivid. Napoleon's young aide-de-camp (St. John Smith), Captain de Chatillon, very striking in the green and white and gold uniform of a Hussar Captain, was seen sending off despatches by his orderly (J.C.C.), when the tall figure of McConnigan, now one of Napoleon's colonels, came in.

The sounds, from all sides, of an army Camp, were among the best things in the whole play. We heard troops marching past, the drilling of a company just outside, and - best of all - a group of soldiers off duty singing pot-house songs. (N.B. The songs were actual soldier songs, hot off the griddle: songs never written down, but picked up in service in France by J.G.W. and others.)

Just as McConnigan was coming to the startled conclusion that the spy who was the subject of some of de Chatillon's preoccupation - an Irishman, and very clever - was in all probability his old friend O'Rourke, de Chatillon gave an amazed exclamation, and the Emperor, a light blue cavalry cloak over his gold-laced uniform, entered suddenly.

He - J.G.W. - simply was Napoleon. Not only did his looks suggest the part quite extraordinarily, but all his manner and bearing, his alteration of badinage and command, imperious orders and bantering camaraderie, seemed, from what one reads, to bring back the Emperor to the life.

McConnigan's travail of spirit after Napoleon, who never forgot a face, had recognised in him the young Irish volunteer from Killarney and laid on him the task of giving his testimony as to the identity of St. Mazin (whom the Emperor plainly thought to be O'Rourke in disguise) was so well acted as to be very moving. - As "The Wearing of the Green"was heard outside, he burst forth: "Oh Michael - why - why - why - did ye jine up with the bloody British! But it's through no evidence of a McConnigan that a son of Erin will be brought to face a firin' squad -" Then, as the music changed to the "Marseillaise" outside: "But it's war, and how can I go back on my honour! God, 'twill kill me, but I must keep faith -" Finally, his distracted head in his hands: "Oh Lord, oh Lord, what's a chap to do! -"

In the tense scene that followed, when the Emperor, his face set like flint, examined O'Rourke-St. Mazin, McConnigan's divided loyalties were put to a terrible strain; but friendship won - he faced the Emperor's piercing glance without a falter and steadily denied all knowledge of the prisoner, who therefore was set free.

The last scene, in which the tables were turned, was back in Ireland. Dennis was again tidying his little inn, when once again The Wearing of the Green was heard outside, and McConnigan, in rags, his bleeding head bandaged, a fugitive before the Royal troops, burst in. Dennis, almost weeping, in delight at seeing him, and in terror at his danger, set food before his famished young Squire - when the Tipstaves (J.A.L. and T.I.R.) came thundering at the door. Dennis hid his master in the closet; but they soon found and led him out, and summoned the magistrate - no less a person than Sir Michael O'Rourke!

For a while, as the two young hot-heads talked, our hearts were in our mouths; for McConnigan not only would accept no favors, but seemed bent on throwing away all his chances of safety by defying his old friend. Though aghast at McConnigan's predicament, O'Rourke's temper at last took fire, and both came to open defiance and insult. But underneath was the affection of brothers. O'Rourke's angry looks changed suddenly; his eyes softened, then twinkled. He called the astonished Tipstaves to him, gave each a crown, and dismissed them, with the amazing statement that it was only to recognise his services to the crown that he had got them to find McConnigan. The latter, shaken by his friend's generosity, faltered, in his weakened condition, and almost broke down; when O'Rourke called on Dennis for three bumpers of his best ale, and the three friends sang the curtain down to

The Wearing of the Green.

A better Stunt we've seldom, if ever, had.

ERIN GO BRAGH

or

THE SHAMROCKS OF KILLARNEY

Cast

Terence McConnigan	L.T.
Michael O'Rourke	J.R.
Dennis (Landlord)	P.N.M.
Napoleon	J.G.W.
Captain de Chatillon	Smith
Sergeant	J.C.C.
Sergeant Steinmann	B.P.S.
Tipstaves	T.I.R.,J.A.L.

Announcement

The play is based on certain letters and family documents which were, up to his death, in the possession of the late Sir Michael Hennessy O'Rourke, sometime Justice of the Peace in the County of Killarney, Ireland. The family of O'Rourke has been well known in this section since the 9th century, and the McConnigans of Glenconnock date from about the same period.

Typical of the fighting race, the scions of these two houses have figured in most of the wars which have taken place in the world for the past four or five centuries.

A little more than a hundred years ago, when Napoleon's figure seemed to dominate the entire continent of Europe, a certain Terence McConnigan took service with the Emperor, while his closest friend Michael O'Rourke, great-grandfather of the owner of the aforementioned documents, served under Wellington in the Peninsular campaign, and later at Waterloo.

The first scene is in the spring of 1802, at the Inn of the Three Shamrocks, Glenconnock, Killarney.

Seven years elapse before the next scene, which takes place at the Headquarters of Marshal Junot, outside Corunna, Portugal.

The third scene is the same as the second. An hour has elapsed.

The fourth takes us back to Ireland and the Three Shamrocks, late in the year 1815, after Napoleon had been defeated at Waterloo and sent to the island of St. Helena.

Though fantastic, the following scenes are based on facts so melodramatic that they seem to demand some recognition by the Merryweather Stage.

Scene 1

The Inn of the Three Shamrocks, Killarney

Dennis (dusting tables and setting chairs straight, humming "The Wearing of the Green" to himself): It's hard times we're havin' in the Emerald Isle nowadays! What with the dooties and taxes, a poor body don't know which way to turn. And now the 'tater crop has failed again; and the British pressin' a' the young men into the sarvice to get sliced up by Bonyparte an' his Frenchies! Howly Saints be marciful to us -- Whist! there's someone comin'.

(Offstage singing "The Wearing of the Green". Enter Terence McConnigan.)

Terence: The shank o' the evenin' to ye, Dennis, ye ould shpalpeen. (Sits down. Dennis answers.) I've been huntin' others down by Glenconnock all day long an' faith it's tired I am. Bring me a pint o' ale, an' the blessin' of St. Patrick go wid ye.

Dennis (bringing ale): Aye, there it is all cool from the cellar. - Did ye know, Master Terence, that the recruitin' orficer was promenadin' about agin? Ye'd best have a care or they'll press ye, young sir. - Gentry or no, they respect none, and they're fillin' their regiments wi' the sons of Erin, for to be shot down by the Frenchies. Praise God, Boney'll massacre the lot of the bloody redcoats before all of our good boys do be dragged away from poor ould Ireland.

Terence: Why Dennis, I'm thinkin' we're of one mind about that; but rest aisy on one p'int. It's no recruitin' sergeant will ever lay hold on Terence McConnigan, begorry, and 'tis niver I that'll be wearin' a redcoat naythar. Why, if it warnt for the many poor Irish that have been forced into the sarvice, I'd be fightin' for Boney meself, an' so I would.

(Enter Michael O'Rourke.)

Michael: Evenin', Terence, I've news for ye for once. - Dennis, let's have a bottle o' your best, an' a pint o' rum to go wi' it, for I'm feelin' minded to celebrate, afore I go off to the wars.

Terence: What the divil are ye talkin' about, Mike, an' who are ye afther fightin' now?

Michael: Terence, me lad, and Denny, old boy, behold here a lootenant o' Royal Dragoons. Yes sirs, I got my commission today, an' Thursday I'm off to jine up wid the rigiment, an' a month hence, plase God, we'll be across the water an' twistin' Boney's tail for him.

Dennis: Worra, worra, worra, master Michael, an' that's sore news to hear.

Michael: Why so, you old curmudgeon! There's ne'er yet been an O'Rourke who'd be sittin' at home when there was a good fight going on.

Terence: Ay, but this here's different. Dennis is right, to my thinkin'. - I'm cursed if I like the idea o' my oldest pal jinin' forces with the bloody redcoats who are grindin' their heel in the face of ould Ireland an' bleedin' her dry at the same time. - Bad cess to 'em, an' the curse of Cromwell on 'em.

Michael: Hould on, Terence, an' kape aisy. I'm as good an Irisher as you or anyone - but face the facts. If you don't go willin', y'er damn likely to go unwillin' - go as a bloody dragoon when you might go as an orficer an' a gintleman. Ye can do no good, doin' nothing at home, an' even if you could they wouldn't let ye. Boney's makin' Britain sit up an' dance to his own tune.

Terence: Howly Mary! If I can't sit at home 'tis one thing ye may be sure of, Mike, an' that is that I won't be fightin' wi' the oppressors of Ireland but agin 'em!

Michael: Don't be a fool, Terence, ye can't do that. 'Twould make a traitor out o' ye - that is, accordin' to law it would so - and ye'd niver be able to set foot on the Imerald Isle agin, an' 'tis shot for a traitor ye'd be at sight. Wait till this here affair with Boney is over, an' thin maybe ye can have a nice quiet fight with our friends yonder, an' let the Shamrock bloom again as it did when our ancestors were kings in Killarney.

Terence: Nay, nay, 'tis no go, Mike - ye can't sit both sides o' the fence, togither, as the monkey said. - I'm for Boney, an' I don't care who knows it. Faith, there's a plinty o' boys with him already that went along wi' Napper Tandy - God bless him.

Michael: At least, Terence, don't get yourself hung for treason widout ye do anything, an' that's what will be happenin' to you if ye go blabbin' that way. An' take a word from the wise! You think better o' this, an' apply for a commission, for ye are on the list to be conscripted now. I know, for I've seen the list meself - you an' O'Malley an' Kerrigan an' young Mulligan - an' it's a call from His Majesty's sergeant ye'll be havin' afore the week's out.

Terence: Is that God's truth, Mike?

Michael: As true as I'm sittin' here, an' I was on my way to tell ye when I found ye here - but faith, I didn't know ye'd take it so hard.

Terence (springing up): That settles it, then. I'm off for France by Tim's packet this night, an' if ye've got any real Irish in ye ye'll come too, Mike. Ye know our times together there; we're a sight closer to Boneyparte than we can ever be to the house of Hanover. An' they're a good lot. Don't ye call to mind when we were lads at school with the good fathers at Rosoi en Brie?

Michael: Sure an' I do, an' good folk they were, but that was afore the revolution. But you'll no' find Mike O'Rourke fightin' for a godless crew of haythen that they've become since then. Don't be a fool, Terence.

Terence: Fool yourself, an' turncoat, an' I'm altogether ashamed o' ye - an' so good-bye an' bad cess to ye.

Michael: Not that way, Terence! You're a fool an' a headstrong ass, but you're the best frind I ever had, for a' that, an' if we're to part now let it be as frinds, for we'll never meet again but as enemies.

Terence: Good old Mike! Here's to our past frindship, an' here's to ould Ireland! Come, Dennis, fill 'em up!

(They drink.)

Terence: An' now I'm off. - Denny, do ye be a good chap, an' hunt Tim up. Tell him I'll jine him at the turnin' of the tides. An' Mike - hould off yer redcoats till tomorrow - an' good-bye.

(They shake hands. Exit Terence.)

Curtain

Scene 2

Headquarters of General Junot, before Corunna

Captain de Chatillon (writing at table): Ordinance!
Orderly (enters, salutes): Oui, mon capitaine.
De Chatillon: Ces dépêches pour le Colonel Bigot. - Vite, mon brave!
Orderly: Bien entendu! (Exit)
De Chatillon: Alors voilà qui est fini! Il n'y a qu'un quart d'heure avant le papotte. (Stretches and lights a cigar.)
(Outside): Un! Deux! Trois! Quatre! Un! Deux! Trois! Quatre! A droit par quatre droit! Compagnie halte! Rompez vos ranges!
(Enter Terence.)
Terence: Bon jour, mon poteau. Comment ça va?
De Chatillon: Très bien, nos nouveaux canons sont arrivés - but today it is time zat we have anozzer Englis leçon. I have make ze grand progress - n'est-ce-pas?
Terence: Sure, an' that's roight, René, ye're doin' foine. I'll no be havin' ye larn British;'tis the Oirish turn o' spache ye'll be afther havin'. Plase God, there'll be no use for the other, afther we've got our frind Wellesley out o' Corunna.
De Chatillon: Ah! c'est vrai! But you are always so 'opeful an' - what you say - plein d'esprit. Zis grand general of ze Englis, he is very strong and his positions très bien choisis. He is what you call ze hard not to crack!
Terence: Niver mind, Rene! We'll crack him, all right. I've just been attendin' old Junot around the worruks, an' I'm thinkin' we'll give Sir Arthur somethin' to think about.
De Chatillon: Steel, zere are some sings zat look bad. Par exemple, zey seem to have what you say the renseignements of all zat we do. Even before we make a move zey have already take ze precautions. Ils ont un bon système d'espionage, je pense - somezing we do not know. Sacré nom, it is too aggravate.
Terence: Sure, an' it does seem that there's information lakin' out, but it's hard to say just where - so many Spaniards and dagoes in the army, an' what wi' thim sutlers and civilians an' camp-followers an' all -
De Chatillon: C'est ça, it iss somezing of zat sort. I haf hear say of a certain captain zat zey have, veree smart, plus sage même que diable. An by ze way zey say zat he is a Irish.
Terence:The howly saints have mercy! Ye don't tell me that! If it's Oirish he is, he'll be smart an' no mistake. But ye can tell a Britisher a mile away. What else have ye heard of him? Do ye know where he comes from?
De Chatillon: No, zey zay, zough, zat he is Commandant of heavy dragoons.
Terence: The divil ye say! - an' now that sounds as though it might be Mike. 'Tis just the woild sort of thing the auld fool 'ud be after.
De Chatillon: Comment!
Terence: 'Tis naught; I once knew a chap that's now a major o' dragoons. - But there's a plinty of 'em.
De Chatillon: Ah, vraiment?
(Marching outside) Rassemblement à gauche allignement! A vos rangs fixe! (Both officers turn, and De Chatillon, looking out

of window): Sacré nom, c'est l'empereur même.

(Enter Emperor): Bon jour, messieurs, où est le Maréchal Junot?

Terence: Il est tout près d'ici, Majesté. Il va venir tout de suite. (Goes outside. Calls). Ordinance! Allez chercher le Maréchal Junot, c'est avec le sixième qu'il se place. Vite.

Emperor: Un moment, mon capitaine. Voilà longtemps que je ne vous aie vu. Vous êtes un de mes irlandais, n'est-ce pas? Sous-lieutenant à Marengo, hein? Oui. Je m'en souviens très bien. Vous étiez avec Dessay - ah, mon pauvre Dessay! ---

Terence: C'était là que je fus blessé pour la première fois, pour la France!

Emperor: Oui, c'est ça. (To De Chatillon) Eh bien, René, ça va mieux d'etre dans l'Etat Major qu'avec une compagnie, n'est-ce pas? -- Les troupes du Midi, est-ce qu'ils sont arrivés?

De Chatillon: Pas encore, Majesté, mais nous avons de ses nouvelles. Ils arriveront sûrement demain, peut-être même ce soir.

(Enter Sergeant - salutes.)

Emperor: Eh bien, qu'est-ce qu'il y a?

Sergeant: Sergeant Steinmann, Sixième Huzzars. Dépêches très importants pour le Maréchal Junot.

Emperor: Donnez-les-moi.

Sergeant (holding back): Mais ce sont pour le Maréchal lui-même.

Emperor: Mille tonnerres! Donne, imbécile! Je suis l'empereur. (Sergeant hands over despatches and exits.) G.Q.G. de Sixième Huzzars - Brumière le quatre - à Maréchal Junot, Général en Chef de la grande Armée du Peninsule - de: Alphonse Godin, Colonel de Cavalerie. Sujet: Prisonnier suspect d'être espion. - Monsieur: (reads in undertone). (To himself) Ha! c'est possible! - (to Terence) Capitaine McConnigan, d'ou êtes-vous en Irlande?

Terence: Près de Killarney, Majesté.

Emperor: C'est ça. Alors, vous connaissez bien le plupart des habitants ~~de position~~ élevés, n'est-ce pas?

Terence: Mais bien sûr, Majesté.

Emperor: Alors, lisez donc ces dépêches-ci. Ce sont bien intéressants. On dit qu'il semble que l'ennemi reçoit beaucoup de nouvelles et de renseignements de nos mouvements. C'est une question d'espionnage.

De Chatillon: Voila le Maréchal Junot maintenant, Majesté.

Emperor: Ah, bien! (Hurrying to the door, followed by De Chatillon) Ah, Junot, comment ça va?

Terence (solus): Powers above! It sure must be Mike. Now that's the divil to pay. But it serves him right. I'll have to identify him, that I will. - Says he's a merchant, the auld shpalpeen! Nothin' wrong wi' his papers, so far as they can see. Bedad, an' he even seems to have a letter of identification from auld Fouché himself. Gad, what a how de do it is! An' 'tis plain as the nose on yer face that Napoleon is afther me to identify him. - He was plased to be right polite to me - tweaked my ear, bedad. - Oh, what the divil's a chap

to do. Mike, Mike, I can't go back on ye. Ye're the best friend a chap ever had; but why - why - did ye jine up with the bloody British! - But it's no through the evidence of a McConnigan I'm thinkin' that a son o' Erin will be brought to face a firin' squad. -- But it's war - and Howly Mary and the saints above! - how can I go back on my honor as a gentleman and an officer! Gad, 'twill kill me, but I must kape faith. - No, Mike'll have to face the music. 'Tîs yer own fault. Yer a British soldier an' a spy. But begorra! I'm a soldier o' the Emperor! (Marseillaise is played outside) - Oh Lord! Oh Lord! what's a chap to do --

Curtain

Scene 3
Headquarters of General Junot. An hour later.

Emperor (seated at table, writing; looks up at entrance of captain): Eh bien?
Captain: Majesté, le prisonnier que vous avez demandé est la.
Emperor: Ah! je veux l'examiner immédiatement. Vous avez fait venir le Capitaine McConnigan?
Captain: Oui, Majesté.
Emperor: Très bien, amenez ce monsieur.
(Enter Michael O'Rourke.)
Emperor (looking at him fixedly): Monsieur, nous ne sommes pas satisfaits avec vos credentielles. - Votre nom, s'il vous plaît?
Michael: Andre St. Mazin, mon général. Je ne comprends pas mon arrêt. Voila mon passeport et mes credentielles, et même une lettre d'identification de Monsieur Fouché, l'inspecteur général de la police de l'Empire. - Je suis sûr que si l'empereur savait -- Sure!
Emperor: Tais-toi! C'est l'empereur qui te parle! De Châtillon - ici! (They talk in low tones, examining papers.) "Marchand de vivres"- de Lyons - parfaitement - mais pourquoi donc - mais la lettre de Fouché - c'est vrai -
Emperor: Monsieur St. Mazin, vos credentielles sont tout à fait en ordre; mais tout de même, je ne suis pas absolument assuré. Nous avons une suspicion très forte que vous etes un certain espion irlandais. Nous avons heureusement un officier entre nous qui est de votre ville même et qui pourra sûrement vous reconnaitre si vous êtes vraiment cet espion.
De Chatillon: Faites venir le capitaine McConnigan!
(Captain goes to orderly. Voices without. Enter Terence, who salutes, looks questioningly at O'Rourke and then at the others).
Emperor: Est-ce que vous connaissez ce monsieur?
Terence: Non, Majesté.
Emperor: Vous ne l'avez jamais encore vu? Vous êtes bien sûr?
Terence (looks fixedly): C'est la première fois que je l'ai jamais vu.
Emperor: Curieux - Alors, vous êtes bien sur, mon ami.
Terence: Absolument, Majeste.

Emperor: Alors, en ce cas vous êtes libre, monsieur St. Mazin.

Curtain

Scene 4
The Inn of the Three Shamrocks, Killarney

Dennis (solus) (humming "The Wearing of the Green" as he putters about the tables): Whist, who's that (as he hears answering singing) - Saints above!(Enter Terence) 'Tis good master Terence! An' 'tis a sight for sore eyes ye are, my darlin'. - but oh an' they've been a-tratin' av ye hard, an' that they have, bad cess to 'em. An' ye hadn't ought to be here at all, at all. Oh, Master Terence, for why did ye come home? - For yer life is forfeit as a traitor if ever ye be found in Ireland agin! Oh wirra, wirra, wirra, an' ye be the best patriot of the lot!
Terence: There, there, Dinny o' boy - I know all about it. But I had to come. My auld mither to Glenconnock do be a keenin' an' a honin' for to see me agin, an' I aye had take one more look at Erin, if they catch me or no. Onyway, what the hill do I care! - me, whose forefathers were kings o' Killarney. Oi've throwed in me lot as an Oirish patriot had ought! I've sarved in the greatest arrmy under the grandest gineral that ever fought a battle! - But Fate was agin us - and Grouchy, may his laggard soul roast foriver, Grouchy was late! An' the foinest battle iver planned by mortal man was lost! The Imperor is at St. Helena, the Empire lost, an' Erin, our poor ould Erin, is enslaved. What is there left for me! Man dear, what have I left! (sinks down exhausted). - Give me food, Dinny, for love o' the saints! 'Tis perishin' I am, for I've had ne'er a bite these two days.
Dennis: Oh, for the love o' St. Peter! (hurries about gathering food).
(Terence asks for news. Dennis answers, telling him of village happenings, of how one man was hanged for a traitor, and another has departed for America.)
Terence: An' how are things agoin' here, Dinnis? Can ye call yer soul yer own?
Dennis: Oh aye, we're luckier than the rest. 'Tis Sir Michael O'Rourke is the military governor of Killarney now. An', though he's a King's man an' toitled an' all, he's afther all an Oirishman. Faith, 'tis the other way he looks whin he sees a good lad wearin' a sprig o' green in his hat. An', though Glenconnock an' your mither's manor do be his by right o' forfeit, he's lavin' the auld lady in peace, only they say that he sees she don't want for nothin'.
Terence: Well, the saints bless him for that, an' do you be thankin' him for me when I be once clear o' Ireland agin. I can no risk stayin' over long.
Dennis: Ye may say that! Look ye there! (Pulls out a poster.) That's the damn thing they pasted up on my Inn door, and faith there are a hundred others over the town. See there, ye head the list - an' a reward o' fifty pounds sterling to whoever hands ye over to the authorities - aloive or dead.
Terence (smiling): 'Tis foine to be a patriot.

Dennis (suddenly alert): Hey, what's that! Oh, for the love av Hiven! - it's the tipstaves, may they rot in Gehenna! Whist! in there wid ye! Pray to the saints, only be still about it! Into the cupboard ahint the barrils!
(Enter two constables.)
First Constable: Out o' the way Master landlord Farla balla we're afther sarchin' yer house, an' if it's hidin' o' traitors ye are 'tis you'll be havin' a tight hole to squeeze out o'.
Dennis: Ye're mistaken, Constable dear. I've had no customer for the last half hour, but do ye set doon an' have a pint o' porter all round, an' tell me yer story.
First Constable: Na, na, 'tis comin' back we'll be afther we've bagged our man. He's a sly, cunnin' divil, to be sure, an' slippery as a buttered eel. - Did ye no see anybody come down the alley a while back?
Dennis: Oi moight.
Second Constable: Well, how long since?
Dennis: Oi don't roightly know.
First Constable: Was it foive minutes?
Dennis: It might be that - or maybe tin.
First Constable: Oh, the divil take ye - an' what did he look like?
Dennis: Oh 'twasn't a he at all; 'Twas ould mither Calligan afther gittin' her beer.
Second Constable: Bad cess to the ould fool; don't be wastin' yer time wid him.
First Constable: I tell ye agin, he was talkin' to someone just before you boys come round the corner.
Second Constable: Ay, 'tis right ye are - an' there's the vittles he's been a eatin' of. - Into the Inn wid ye, an' sarch it from garret to cellar!
(All go in, Dennis last. Voices from inside) Git away from that door, Dinnis! (Shuffle and noise) Come out of there, my pretty bird, an' let's have a look at ye! Mither o' hivin, if it ain't Terence McConnigan. 'Tis him the governor was so anxious to be seein'. Do ye, Pat, hurry an' catch him - he'll just be passin' o' the corner - He was lavin' the assizes whan we come up the street.
(Second Constable comes out on the run. The others come out, binding Terence's hands.)
(Sound of voices. Enter military governonr, Michael O'Rourke.)
Terence: The top of the mornin' to ye, Mike. 'Tis come up in the world ye are, an' faith I'm glad of it. An' 'tis thankin' ye I am for lookin' afther my auld mither. An' now do ye be stringin' me up quick style an' let's get the damn thing over with.
Michael: Oh Terence, Terence, for why did ye come back?
Terence: For to see the old mither an' Glenconnock wanct again - why else?
Michael: Well, 'tis a visit that'll cost ye yer neck.
Terence: 'Tis much I care, wi' the Grand Army disbanded, an exile from France, the imperor in St. Helena, an' the Imerald Isle a squirmin' under the heel o' British oppression!
Michael: We do things according to law now, Terence, an' 'tis

accordin' to law that ye should hear this warrant read, by which ye are taken in custody and sentenced on identification - Hiven knows, Terence, it goes against the grain - but 'tis no yer old friend Mike O'Rourke, but the British law, that speaks.

Terence: Fire away, Mike, I can stand it.

Michael: Governor General's Office, Dublin, October 14, 1815. To all to whom these presents do come, greetings. Do it be known that whereas Terence McConnigan has borne arms against his Majesty and Great Britain, and served in the armies of her enemies, thereby committing high treason, and forfeiting all rights of a British subject, as well as all property, lands, estates, and life itself - (Dennis breaks in, but is shut up by the tipstaves) - It is the duty of all law-abiding citizens to lay hold on his person and deliver him to the proper authorities, so that the law may run its course. That's the gist of the matter. There's the reward, etc., that we can go on to later. - The proper authorities - that authority is me, Terence, an' practically spakin' I am the mither an' the father o' the law, an' bedad, 'tis loyal I am, always worrukin' for the best intherests of his Majesty, the British Empire, an' our own Imerald Isle.

Terence: (disgustedly): God save the King!

Michael: Shpoken like a loyal subject, Terence, which is what I have always maintained ye was. Now, as regards this here warrant. - 'Tis sartin that ye were in Boney's army, for I seen ye wid my own eyes. But I have yet to find onyone who'll be testifyin' to yer bearin' arms aginst his Majesty (turning to Dennis and tipstaves) - in fact, gintlemin, the one time that I ever heard o' Terence McConnigan in the past tin years was, whin he was on Giniral Junot's staff an' whin facin' himsilf, he did testify that an Oirish spy, well known to himsilf, was no spy at all, but a French potato merchant, thus savin' the loife of a gallant Oirishman, an' an orficer o' his Majesty's army. - Not only that, but in so doing, he allowed information o' the greatest importance to be brought to Sir Arthur - information which, I may say, turned the tide o' the Peninsular campaign, which, as ye all know, was the first step in the final overthrow o' Boneyparte an' the French Empire.

Terence: Say, what the hill are ye talkin' about! Information of importance! - 'Tis important it was the next mornin', whin all the orders an' disposition o' troops was changed! I took care o' that mesilf, bein' on the staff as I was, an' havin' the full confidence o' the Emperor, God bless the dear man! - In fact, I filt that the strongest blow I could strike at Great Britain was in allowin' such a worthless, bunglin' ornery, and thoroughly inefficient officer to return to the service of King George, bad cess to him!

Michael: Me an inefficient orficer, bein' brevetted Colonel at that toime, an' now Governor General. Who won this war, anyway! Where the hill is yer ould imperor now, an' what's happened to that Grand Army we heard so much of, what got its feet froze off in Roosia an' its tail twisted off at Waterloo? - An' who's atop now, Nappy or King George?

Terence: Atop, is it, an' him blabbin' up there in Windsor and crazy as any ould wife in Bedlam. 'Tis a foine Oirishman you look, cheerin' for red coats and wavin' the British flag. God save the King, says you. To Hill wi' him, says I. You talk like a Protestant and act like a fool, and I don't know which is worse. (Sinks down with head on table.)

Dennis: 'Tis altogether crazed he is from hunger and lack of slape. Listen to how he be ravin' on. 'Tis yer own fault too, ye divil spawn (turning to tipstaves) for breakin' in on him the first toime he's had a bite in a fortnight.

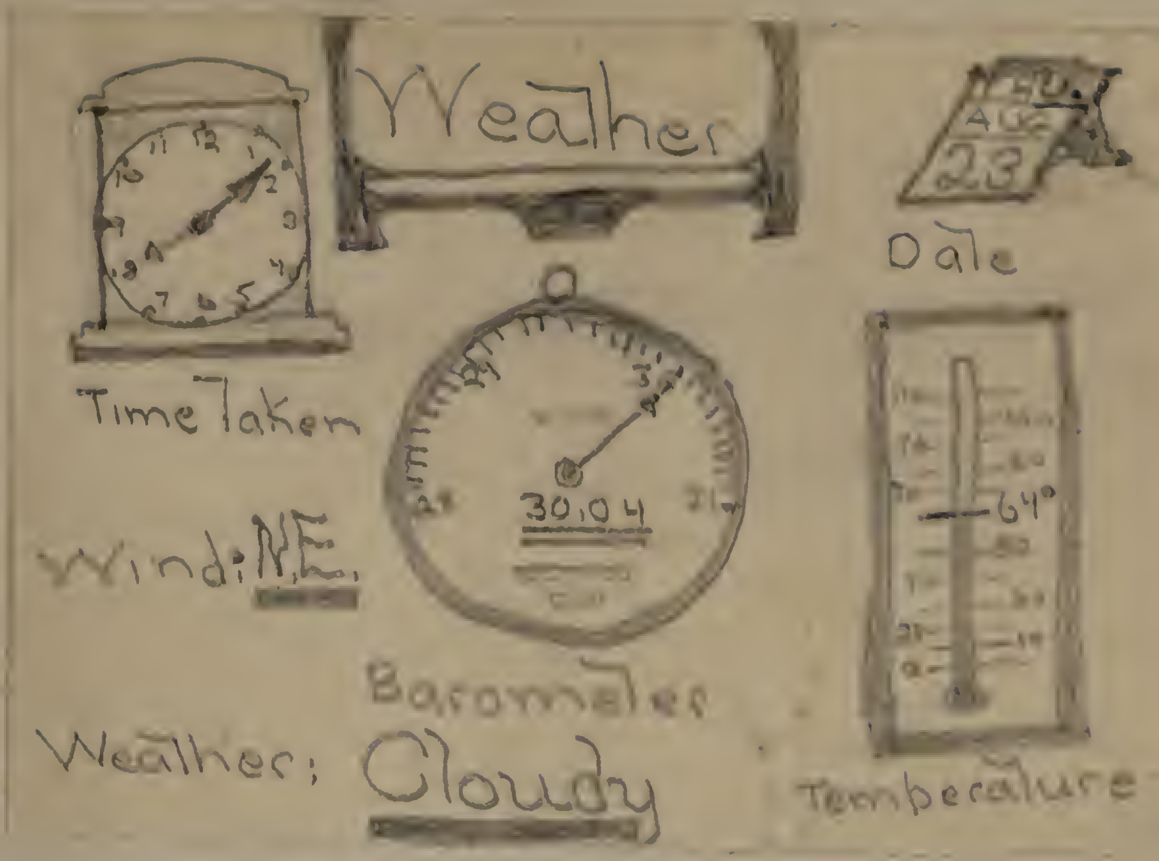
Michael: Aye, an' he was a strong man too, poor divil (putting him on shoulder and untying hands.) (Whispering to Terence) For the love of Hivin, kape still! Let me run this show, an' we'll have ye back to Glenconnock wi' your pension, otherwise the howly saints alone know where you'll ind! (Aloud) An' now, Dinny, do ye be bringin' o' yer best rum, lemons, ginger, and claret, an' we'll make a punch fit to welcome home the best Oirishman that iver trod the soil of Erin.

First Constable: An' what about the arrest, yer Honor!

Michael: Whoiver said anythin' about arrest - Go arrest yer grandmother! It was fer to recognize his iminint sarvice to the Crown that I wanted to get hold of Terence McConnigan. (Tossing them a coin each.) So off wi' the lot o' ye! An' (Exeunt) now, boys, nobody bein' around, I'll sing ye a song which was a favorite among sartin hard-fightin' men in Wellington's army.

("Wearing of the Green")

Curtain



Right after breakfast A. G.D. and Sturgis and Jim had to leave, which we did not like at all.

A Shell Navigation Squad, one which we have not had for several days, went out. There was energetic Forestry. And more Doodlebugs went out to seek knowledge - one of the Faculty was a trifle skeptical of the amount they acquired:

There grows the spruce where was a yew;
Oh kids, what changes trees have borne!
The hemlock in the early morn
Becomes a fir in evening's dew.

The oak and maple look so queer
That we mistook them both for ash,
But dared not utter words of trash
Lest other doodlebugs should jeer.

The larch, which Hiawatha used
(Having no outboard) for canoe,
The doodlebug stared through and through.
"An elm - or poplar p'raps - " he mused.

O white pine with your needles three,
You will not leave us in the lurch?
What all had thought a paper birch
Was but a two-leaved hickory tree.

From root to top our souls it grieves!
The trees, to keep us in the dark,
Uttered one short, contemptuous bark
And then branched out and took their leaves.

Mrs. Jackson and Elizabeth came for dinner and the afternoon.

Thursday
August 23
cont'd

Class B. Chinnings

Ewell	1	Hubbard,E.	0	Talbot	13
Scaife	2	Richard	0	Buttfield	3
Muir	1½	Alsop	4½	Bates,M.	7
Hall,G.	2	Sortwell	2	Auchy	4
Hubbard,C.	1	Weeks	0	Stanton	2
Procter	6	Bates,J.	7	Ladd	0
Hall,D.	0	Jackson	5	Payson	0
Swaim	4	Stevens,J	8	Millet	1
Howe,D.	7				

FINAL TRACK AND FIELD

Class A

Burr
Cutler
Dalton
Jameson
Mallory
Pillsbury
Simonds
Smith
Snelling
Stevens,S.
Trimingham
Wallace
Warren

Class B

Alsop
Bates,M.
Boardman
Howe,J.
Hubbard,C.
Jackson
Muir
Procter
Shaw
Stanton
Talbot
Weeks
Stevens,J.

Class C

Auchincloss
Buttfield
Ewell
Goodwin
Hall,D.
Hall,G.
Howe,D.
Hubbard,E.
Millet
Payson
Richard
Scaife
Sortwell
Swaim

Class A

Hundred Yard Dash

First Heat — Time: 12 3/5

1. Burr
2. Cutler
   Jameson
   Dalton

Burr ran well,to defeat Cutler by a yard; Cutler had about five yards over Jameson, who, in turn, was very closely pressed by Dalton. Every one was working hard.

Second Heat — Time: 13

1. Simonds
2. Pillsbury
   Trimingham
   Mallory

Simonds led the field easily, having four yards on Pillsbury; the gaps between the others were about the same distance.

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August 23
cont'd

Third Heat Time: 12 2/5

1. Warren
2. Smith
   Stevens,S.
   Snelling
   Wallace

The time better than either of the other preliminary heats. Warren won without much difficulty, with a margin of two yards over Smith, who was also working hard. Stevens was third by four feet, and Snelling, with only six inches over Wallace, was two feet behind.

Semi-Final Heat Time: 13

1. Cutler
   Smith
   Pillsbury

The race to eliminate two of the second-place winners was a fine one, Cutler and Smith neck and neck all the way until the very end, when the former managed to gain a little and win by a yard. Pillsbury found the compnay a little too fast for him, and was third by about six yards.

Finals Time: 12 1/5

1. Warren
2. Burr
3. Simonds

A great race, with Warren winning over Burr by two feet, Burr only a foot ahead of Simonds, and Cutler close behind him. The time was the best of the heats, and the same as the winning time last year.

Broad Jump

1. Pillsbury	15' 4 "
2. Warren	15' 1 "
3. Smith	14' 8 3/4"

The jumping was good, although Pillsbury did not equal the mark of 15' 11" which he had made earlier in the month. He led throughout, with Smith and Warren close behind - and all three of them bettered Eshleman's winning jump of last year, 14' 8".

Shot Put

1. Pillsbury	24' 6 1/2"
2. Simonds	22' 10"
3. Stevens,S.	22' 9 1/2"

Pillsbury was, as usual, the outstanding putter, and his final put of 24' 6 1/2" was a feature. Simonds and Stevens,S. had an extremely close battle for second, the former's first put of 22' 10" winning him the honor when Stevens' final put fell half an inch short. Cutler and Smith were

Thursday
August 23
cont'd

close behind.

High Jump

1. Burr
Smith
Pillsbury
Warren
} 4' 5"

At 4' 5", Burr, Smith, and Warren all failed on their first two tries, and it looked as though Pillsbury, who had gone over cleanly on his first, was the winner. On their third tries all three rallied, however, and got over. No one was able to clear 4' 6", and so the contest was tied among the four, at a height of 4'5".

Four-Forty

Time: 1:07

1. Simonds
2. Cutler
3. Stevens,S.
Burr
Warren
{Smith
{Pillsbury
Wallace
Jameson
Snelling
Dalton
Trimingham
Mallory

This was a good race. Simonds took the lead almost from the start and had five yards on Cutler, his nearest rival, at the finish. Cutler was third for a while, then passed Stevens, S. and finished about five yards ahead of him. Stevens had two yards on Burr. Warren, who had looked strong for a while, dropped back on the home stretch, and finished fifth, with Smith and Pillsbury in a dead heat for sixth, and Wallace and Jameson working hard for eighth place, the former nosing out the latter at the end. Snelling, Dalton, Trimingham, and Mallory followed in that order. The time was one second slower than last year's.

Class B

Hundred Yard Dash

First Heat

Time: 13 3/5

1. Jackson
2. Alsop
Procter
Hubbard,C.

This heat was easy for Jackson, who won by ten yards. Alsop, working hard, came in second, with Procter only two feet behind him.

Second Heat Time: 13 3/5

1. Talbot
2. Muir

Bates,M.
Stanton

After a false start, this heat got going, and Talbot, running well, won by five yards. Muir, working hard, was second, and Bates,M. and Stanton, neither one over-exerting himself, trailed.

Third Heat Time: 14 1/5

1. Shaw / Howe,J. / Stevens,J.

Boardman
Weeks

A great race! Shaw, Howe,J., and Stevens,J., the last named showing unexpected speed, were neck and neck the whole way, and the race was a dead heat. Boardman was ten yards behind the speedy trio, and Weeks three yards behind Boardman.

Semi-Final Heat Time: 13 3/5

1. Stevens,J.
2. Muir

Howe,J.
Shaw
Alsop

The second men in the first two heats, and the three winners in the last heat, were sent off together, with two to qualify. Another very good race. Stevens,J. again showed great speed, to win over Muir by three yards. Muir won second place from Howe,J. by a yard; Howe could only get a foot from Shaw, and Alsop followed two feet behind.

Final Heat Time: 13 3/5

1. Stevens,J.
2. Talbot
3. Jackson

Muir

A very good race, cutting 3/5 of a second off of last year's Class B time. Once more Stevens,J. crashed through, winning by a yard. Talbot had five feet over Jackson, and Muir was about fifteen feet behind.

Broad Jump

1.	Shaw	13' 7 1/2"
2.	Jackson	12' 7"
	Talbot	12' 7"

Shaw beat his earlier August jump by 8 1/2", to win the event. Jackson and Talbot tied for second place. All three did

Thursday
August 23
cont'd

better than the winning jump last year, 12'.

Shot Put

1. Shaw	26' 6"
2. Alsop	25' 2"
3. Bates,M.	24' 7"

Starting with a put of 23' 2", Shaw worked up to a next-to-last heave of 26' 6", the winning distance. Alsop and Bates,M. fought it out for second place, with the former gaining that honor by a seven-inch margin. Howe,J., Procter and Boardman were the others who were well up in the ranks.

High Jump

1. Talbot	4' 4"
2. Shaw	4' 3"
3. Boardman	4' 2"

Class B high jumping reached great heights; Talbot went five inches higher than he had before, to clear 4' 4", and Shaw also brought his height up to a new level of 4' 3". Boardman followed close behind with 4' 2". Thus they totally eclipsed last year's height of 3' 10".

Four-Forty

Time 1:10 3/5

1. Talbot
2. Muir
3. Bates,M.
4. Alsop
5. Shaw
6. Procter
7. Hubbard,C.
8. Howe,J.
9. Jackson
10. Stevens,J.
11. Boardman
12. Weeks
13. Stanton

The excitement was very great, and Patsy broken-hearted that he could not join the racers. Talbot had gotten a good lead by the time they reached the backstop, with Bates,M. second and a large gap between him and the third man. The rest were pretty well strung out. Talbot maintained and increased his lead, to win by 10 yards. Muir, Bates,M., Alsop, and Shaw finished in that order, pretty well strung out. After that they were closer, Shaw having only 6 feet on Procter in the contest for fifth place, Hubbard,C. closely pressed by Howe,J., and Jackson only a little behind them. Then came Stevens,J., whose bursts of speed were not good for the longer distance, Boardman, Weeks, and Stanton, in that order. The time was better than last year's by 3 and 1/5 seconds.

Thursday
August 23
cont'd

Class C

Hundred Yard Dash

First Heat Time: 14 2/5

1. Ewell
2. Hall, D.

Sortwell
Goodwin
Millet

Ewell, running in nice form, outclassed the field and won by ten yards. The other three were very close, only a foot or two separating them.

Second Heat Time: 15

1. Scaife
2. Buttfield

Richard
Hubbard, E.
Hall, G.

The time was slower, but everyone was working. Scaife won by two yards, with Buttfield beating Richard out for third place by two feet. Hubbard and Hall were close on his trail.

Third Heat Time: 14 3/5

1. Auchincloss
2. Howe, D.

Swaim
Payson

Very close race between Auchincloss and Howe, D., the latter seeming to have a little the advantage, and just at the end, making a desperate effort which brought him in first by a yard. Howe, D. had to fight hard to keep Swaim from capturing second place, but did so, to the extent of eighteen inches.

Semi-Final Heat Time: 14 4/5

1. Howe, D.
2. Buttfield

Hall, D.

Buttfield did not run a very straight course and got a good deal in the way of his opponents. Howe, D. got by him, however, and won by a foot, with Hall, D. third by three yards.

Finals Time: 14 1/5

1. Ewell
2. Scaife
3. Howe, D.

Auchincloss

A fine race, all working hard and making good time (the

Thursday
August 23
cont'd

same as the Class C winner's last year). Ewell gained his victory by a yard; Scaife had a yard over Howe,D.; and the latter could only beat Auchincloss to the tape by two feet.

Broad Jump

1. Scaife	11' 8"
2. Richard	11' 2"
3. Auchincloss	10' 5"

Swaim, the favorite, seemed unable to locate the take-off board, and did not place. Scaife, after two fouls, proved unbeatable, and bettered Richard's best by 6". A good event!

Shot Put

1. Scaife	23' 1"
2. Auchincloss	22' 2 1/2"
3. Howe,D.	21' 2"

This event was very close. Auchincloss put it 22' 2 1/2" on his first try. This looked good for first place, but Scaife, on his third try, put it 23' 1", for the winning put of the event. Howe,D., showing consistent improvement, finished with a put of 21' 2", which was good for third place. Swaim was the only other one to put it over twenty feet, his best being 20' 3".

High Jump

1. Swaim	4' 1"
2. Howe,D.	4'
3. Hubbard,E.	3' 8"

Everyone beat his own previous record, and the winning jump of 4' 1" was only 3 inches less than the winning height in Class B.

Four-Forty

Time: 1:15 1/5

1. Howe,D.
2. Ewell
3. Scaife

Buttfield
Swaim
Hubbard,E.
Hall,G
Sortwell
Auchincloss
Goodwin
Hall D.
Richard
Payson
Millet

Thursday
August 23
cont'd

This was the best race of the afternoon! The competitors, fourteen strong, set off at great speed, but the procession had lengthened out considerably by the time the backstop was passed. Howe,D., who had taken the lead almost from the start, came in first, going well, and with a margin of about five yards. The race for second place was the terrific one. For a time Scaife had held this position, but Ewell came up gradually, and they were practically even when the last turn was made. Buttfield also came up to join the battle, and it was a heartbreaking struggle all the way down the stretch, with Ewell beating Scaife to the tape by a foot, and Buttfield only an inch or two behind. A fine race.

Point Winners

Class A	100	High	Broad	Shot	440	Total
Pillsbury		2 1/4	5	5		12 1/4
Warren	5	2 1/4	3			10 1/4
Simonds	1			3	5	9
Burr	3	2 1/4				5 1/4
Smith		2 1/4	1			3 1/4
Cutler					3	3
Stevens,S.				1	1	2
Class B						
Talbot	3	5	2		5	15
Shaw		3	5	5		13
Stevens,J.	5					5
Jackson	1		2			3
Muir					3	3
Alsop				3		3
Bates				1	1	2
Boardman		1				1
Class C						
Scaife	3		5	5	1	14
Howe,D.	1	3		1	5	10
Ewell	5				3	8
Swaim		5				5
Auchy			1	3		4
Richard			3			3
Hubbard,E.		1				1

Prefects' Race

Time 1:03 2/5

This, also, was very exciting. J.W.P. took the lead at the start, and held it more than half way around. The others were bunched for a while, but then J.D.S. began to come up, and T.I.R. dropped back. On the stretch, J.D.S. uncorked great speed, passed J.W.P., and won by five yards;

Thursday
August 23
cont'd

J.W.P. was second, five yards ahead of B.P.S.; and T.I.R. last. Patsy, who looked promising at the start, decided that the competition was not worthy of him, so, after pacing the four for a hundred yards or so, dropped out scornfully.

Social Gossip

The audience was large and enthusiastic, and beautifully clothed for the occasion. J.R. gave us an advance view of next winter's styles - a tea-cosy and heavy cape making a striking outfit. Among the other notables present were: J.A.L. in shades of red topped off with a pink high hat; L.L.S., with tall hat and monocle; P.N.M., with a close-fitting brown toque, and a green scarf; and E.T.P., in a many-colored tunic and a white picture-hat tied with a lavender veil. The Crows' Nest contingent was there in full force and assorted raiment: J.D.S. cool and comfortable with an Oriental straw hat and pigtail; B.P.S. in a flowing blue kimono and whiskers; T.I.R., informally clad in red kimono, with a large straw hat and curls; and J.W.P., whose costume was perhaps the most striking of the four, in a red and yellow toga, and stiff straw hat. R.T.F. had a flavor of Ireland about him, with green plumes in his high hat, a green tie about his neck, and one green stocking. Among those who looked as though they might have arrived at the select gathering through a hole in the fence were noted J.G.W., L.T., and J.C.C., whose shirt-sleeves and brown derbies lent a plebeian aspect to the affair.

It was an excellent meet, one of the best that we have ever had. There was practically no loafing, and there were some fine races and contests. Having no handicaps puts it on a much better basis and does not seem to detract at all from the enthusiasm. A very good afternoon.

An efficient Dishwashing Squad - only the second regular one we have had this summer! - worked well in the kitchen after supper. Then there was Digestion Club, followed by Quiet Games. The half-past-niners had more of the Book.

Friday
August 24
B. 30.03
T. 64
W. N.E.
Cloudy

The Squad Man's list was a work of art this morning, with many puzzling titles. Finally everyone was straightened out: El Ouafi (Smith) went for the mail; the Janitor (Devens) swept the parlor; the North Belgrade Laundry - sorting of wash - was assisted by Buttfield; and the Sons of Issachar 'bowed their necks and carried heavy burdens' of wood.

In the afternoon, after hours of working the Faculty's brain and legs, we had the second

Robinson Crusoe

A	B	C	D
Jameson (Capt)	Cutler(Capt)	Simonds(Capt)	Smith (Capt)
Alsop	Auchincloss	Bates,J.	Bates,M.
Boardman	Buttfield	Dalton	Devens
Ewell	Goodwin	Hall,D.	Hall,G.
Hubbard,E.	Howe,D.	Howe,J.	Jackson
Millet	Muir	Payson	Mallory
Pillsbury	Procter	Richard	Scaife
Snelling	Sortwell	Stanton	Stevens,J.
Stevens,S.	Swaim	Talbot	Trimingham
	Warren	Wallace	Weeks

A

Clue 1. "My first is a vehicle nearly extinct,
My second can never be out,
My whole is a structure of logs, neatly linked,
And sturdy, of that there's no doubt."

A few unkind people went to look at Katrinka for the 'vehicle nearly extinct,' but were deservedly disappointed. Then they realised that the Log Cabin was meant and there was

Clue 2. "This neo-Grecian metope
Depicts a dire catastrophe."

Both 'metope' and 'neo-Grecian' proved tough, but the dictionary yielded up the meanings, and the frieze over the front door the clue.

Clue 3. "Here heads are made useful within and ornamental without."

The Tutorium, where Clue 4 was found.

Friday
August 24
cont'd

Clue 4. "The higher the fewer."

This obviously meant the jumping standards.

Clue 5. "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree."

Mr. Lowell's cubicle yielded up the next one -

Clue 6. "A difficult clue - here you are sure to meet your match."

This led them to the jar of matches on the end of the mantelpiece.

Clue 7. "Though of canvas made, and airy,
It is still a monastery."

Mr. Terry's tent was soon reached, and there they found

Clue 8. "That's my last duchess hanging on the wall."

The famous Dutchess trousers advertisement in the Parlor - ten cents a button, fifty cents a rip - was sought. The megaphone yielded

Clue 9. "Find from whence come the bellows - call to mind
That a great shout can spring from little wind."

The next one was a sticker -

Clue 10. "A man with some values unfound,
Jumped up in the air and spun round;
But since his equation
Was based on natation
He hit water instead of the ground."

But finally they found the clue behind the picture of the diving gentleman on the wall near the Tink. This was the end of their work, or almost, for the next clue

Clue 11. "Japan is annexing the Philippines."

took them, after a try at Burr's cubicle, to the tent occupied by Smith and Jameson. The first search proved futile, but on the second try they found the Treasure, a large amount of Fierce Things and Jam, well hidden under the bed.

This team did very well, finishing first, and was delayed very little until the very end, when the Treasure proved elusive.

Two minutes later, the next team finished. This was

Clue 1. "In the shade of the old apple tree
Dwells a large vermiform family."

The worm garden at Cook's seemed to be indicated, where they repaired forthwith, to find the clue after some searching.

Clue 2. "And here a motley crowd of shapes occur
Tenacious of their perch, they seldom stir."
Dig for it.

The caution at the end, plus considerable hinting, set them to playing Buried Cities, and so to the curtain in the Parlor.

Clue 3. "The place where you find the man who gets up early
in order to have more time to loaf."

The early rising suggested J.G.W., but finally the "loaf" turned their thoughts to baking, hence Mr. Hammond, hence the kitchen, where the next clue was found.

Clue 4. "A mesh for fish my second,
A shortened smoke my first,
My whole a missile reckoned
To hit the foe and burst."

After some thought, the Cygnet was searched, and there was

Clue 5. "Although below 'tis Mexico
And grease doth all enfold,
In the house up higher there is no fire,
And all is wondrous cold."

This proved very easy, as the clue, in the ice-house, had already been found by mistake.

Clue 6. "Part of it's very like Cutler,
Part of it fishes will catch,
Part of the load is a split in the road,
The whole is a fisticuff match."

"Cutler" suggested cutlery, and in the eating-tool-box the next clue was found.

Clue 7. "Where perforated portraits have their stamp
(Provided that the background's slightly damp.)"

This led them quickly to the mail-shelf.

Clue 8. "Shall I ask them a fee ere they fetch the quay?"

A dispute over the pronunciation of the last word put the emphasis where it belonged, and the next paper was found under the storeroom key.

Friday
August 24
cont'd

Clue 9. "Watch the busy one choose his favorite log."

The nearest log was the beaver chewing - so they looked there and found the clue.

Clue 10. "Circe's transformed menagerie
Is pictured here for all to see."

All made a bee-line for the blackboard, where the Pigs are drawn, and found what they sought tacked to the back.

Clue 11. "My first is wound in many a way,
My second sulks and will not play;
My whole is a feline that climbs not but swims,
And has claws on its forehead instead of its limbs."

The Hornpout was suggested and refused, but, after considerable search elsewhere, they returned to this solution, the correct one, and the jam was discovered, to be quickly polished off.

D

Clue 1. "Under the wide and starry sky,
Dig the grave and let me lie."

They solved this at once and ran to the boneyard; the clue was not there, but soon E.T.P. came along with it.

Clue 2. "The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."

The sea idea brought them helter-skelter back to camp, but then they were stumped; they tried many places, but not the Infirmary until several hints had been given.

Clue 3. "The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together
As he rode down to Camelot."

The Botticelli warrior above the photograph albums was spotted at once, but a good deal of looking was necessary; the clue was there, though, tacked behind the picture.

Clue 4. "Dry as the remainder biscuit after a dull voyage."

This was easy; the Fierce Thing box gave up the next clue.

Clue 5. "The murmuring pine
Decks Nature's parlor, where are picnics fine."

First the little Pine Parlor was tried, then the big one, where the clue was tacked to a tree.

Clue 6. "The heights by great men reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden flight."

This was hard. The chinning bar, the miz tree, and the

Tutorium, as well as several other high spots, were hit, but no luck. It was tacked to the ceiling above the height-measuring boards.

Clue 7. "A dwelling full of simple folks
Nestling 'neath a pair of oaks."

Since there are several oak trees round these parts, this was confusing, but the back side of the Short Dormitory door yielded up Clue 8.

Clue 8. "Where the remote Bermoothes ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied."

What was or is "Bermoothes"? Trimingham searched his cubicle in vain. Various boats, large and small, were suggested. "Bermoothes" was finally discovered to be the old name for Bermuda; Trimmy's cubicle was searched again and

Clue 9. "Patsy!"

burst from a dozen throats; for all had seen that to Patsy's collar was pinned a clue, and the clue in Trimmy's cubicle read, "Oh, Patsy dear, and did ye hear the news that's going round?" The point was, where was Patsy? He had already covered a good deal of ground and might have been up by the landslide with the belated B outfit; but he was near the boathouse.

Clue 10. "By the burning-ghat
'Neath the towel-rack."

Of course, there were several towel-racks, but what was a burning-ghat? A few Wild Westerners held that it was a gun, but when it was found to be a place for burning things everyone naturally concentrated on the incinerator. The clue could not be found, because it had been put in the incinerator, and so the next clue was verbal.

Clue 11. "She sang the song of the shirt."

It wasn't far to the Nunnery, which was carefully searched - no luck. Then other spots were poked into half-heartedly, the outfit being convinced that the Nunnery was the place. It was. D was the third outfit to finish, not far behind the first two - elapsed time, 1 hr., 20 min.

B

This outfit encountered several snags and so did not finish until last. The first difficulty came with the first clue:

Clue 1. "Beware the pine tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"

They started off gaily enough for the Avalanche, only to reappear some time later, saying there was no clue to be found.

Friday
August 24
cont'd

They were sent off again, however, and this time they went further - having missed the real Landslide the first time - and found the Clue.

Clue 2. "To find this clue's a hope forlorn,
You must look for it Round the Horn."

The Horn yielded this one up, and it proved a hard one.

Clue 3. "To find the next will easy be
For students of Geometry.
Among the uses of a cone,
To hide a clue is surely one."

The Geometry drove them to the Tutorium, but after a futile hunt there, they came back to the Parlor and found the clue in the big cone there.

Clue 4. "A small edition of the proa,
Made famous by its owner, Noah."

This certainly must be the Arklet. But more difficulties were encountered here, as the rope was twisted and the boat could not be pulled in. Cutler, in desperation, waded out, and was rewarded by finding

Clue 5. "The next clue's lair,
A head of hare."

The rabbit's head on the mantelpiece was not hard.

Clue 6. "Some days I squeeze them till they ooze,
Some days to run I do not choose."

This proved to be the wringer out by the bathing-suit boiler, and the clue found there was another hard one.

Clue 7. "Beyond the skies
The next clue lies."

The thought of the star-map in the Parlor was a bit of genius, and there they found

Clue 8. "And they left me dry at the turn of the road,
With a stake in my inside."

The milk-can rack was quickly ransacked. Again a hard one was unearthed.

Clue 9. "Bye, baby bunting."

The baseball fans' enthusiasm immediately took the whole crowd to the ball-field, where they searched diligently in the infield. No luck. Back to the dictionary, where bunting was found to be a kind of bird. Still no luck. At last the clue was found in one of the flags.

Friday
August 24
cont'd

Clue 10. "Timor mortis conturbat me."

They tried the Boneyard, with no success; and then, after several hints, the Infirmary, which yielded up the last clue.

Clue 11. "Ditto."

This, too, was hard. They thought perhaps it meant the same thing as the last clue; but their searches were futile. Upon being advised to think of the meaning of "Ditto," they finally hit upon the Identical, and were at last well rewarded for their efforts.

A pleasant arrival in the afternoon was

Sam Turner

whose family brought him out. Mr. and Mrs. Leon Gleason also came to call.

After supper and Games on the Hill, we had the Observation Game. Four tables, with twenty-five articles on each, and three and thirty second periods.

Scores

3 Seconds

Howe,J.	34	Scaife	17
Wallace	30	Stanton	17
Burr,F.	28	Weeks	17
Dalton	28	Bates,M.	16
Jameson	28	Turner	16
StevensJ	27	Bates,J.	15
Stevens,S	25	Devens	15
Mallory	22	Hall,G.	15
Warren	22	HubbardE	14
Snelling	21	Millet	14
Smith	20	Auchy	13
Boardman	18	Richard	13
Cutler	18	Sortwell	13
Howe,D.	18	Goodwin	11
Alsop	17		
Ewell	17		
Ladd	17		
Pillsbury	17		

30 Seconds

Smith	67	Hall,G.	46
Howe,J.	64	Simonds	46
Wallace	64	Talbot	46
Stevens,S.	63	Richard	45
Dalton	63	Ewell	44
Cutler	60	Warren	44
Mallory	60	Scaife	43
Procter	59	Hubbard	43
Swaim	59	Turner	43
Burr,F.	58	Hall,D.	42
Pillsbury	56	Boardman	40
Alsop	55	Stanton	39
Bates,M.	53	Howe,D.	38
Ladd	49	Bates,J.	37
Snelling	49	Millet	35
Jameson	48	Devens	33
Sortwell	48	StevensJ.	28
Weeks	47	Auchinclo	20
Goodwin	46		

More reading for half-past-niners.

Saturday
August 25
B. 30
T. 64
W. East
Cloudy

Another horrible day. Poor L.E.R., who has been having a bad cold, had to spend another day in the Rest House.

We were very sorry to have the Colonel - Snelling - leave this morning; but schools in the South end very early in the spring, and so they must begin early in the autumn.

The Squad-list was, as usual, full of strange names. Jameson did a Joshua Slocum to see R.H.R.; Tom Longboat went for the mail this morning; Hamadryads carried great quantities of wood; and a large group of Naval Architects fell to yacht designing.

Peter Alsop's father and mother and sister, and Miss Hall, came for dinner.

In afternoon reading, R.R. went over the names of trees, as the time for Doodlebugs is getting short, and we will soon be having the Tree Game.

Senior Soccer

Greenbacks	Mugwumps
F.H.B.	R.B.C.
St.J.S.	S.B.S.
R.E.J.	K.F.T.
S.W.P.	Reese
J.H.M.	G.H.S.
Terry	E.W.D.
Lowell	MacDermot
Flood	Cooley
Wiggins	Putnam,E.
Schoyer	Scaife
Putnam,J.	Shaw,J.

It was a great game. The final score was 4-2 for the Mugwumps, but the playing was evener than the score. The first quarter, in spite of many dangerously close kicks, was scoreless. The first score was made by P.N.M., early in the second period - whereat the ball disappeared over the bank for eight minutes. (To make the write-up match the line-up, I should have said the goal was made by MacDermot.) This was followed by a score by Cooley, but Terry soon started the Greenbacks' scoring with a good kick. The sensational score of the game was MacDermot's, later in this quarter, when he dribbled the ball the entire length of the field and crammed it in unassisted. In the next quarter, Putnam,E. brought the Mugwumps' score up another point; and, although Terry scored again for the Greenbacks in the final period, the Mugwumps were victorious by a 4-2 score. Much headwork, both physical and mental, was in evidence, and there was a great deal of excellent playing.

Junior Soccer

Realtors	Morticians
Procter (Capt.)	Talbot (Capt.)
Jackson	Howe,J.
Stevens,J.	Muir
Ewell	Buttfield
Auchy	Bates,J.
Bates,M.	Boardman
Devens	Goodwin
Hall,G.	Hall,D.
Hubbard,E.	Howe,D.
Payson	Millet
Scaife	Swaim

The four twelve-minute periods produced an exciting game, with some good playing - the positions better kept than sometimes - and a final score of 3-all. Of the Realtors, Procter, Jackson, and Scaife did well, and among the Morticians - who saved themselves from defeat only by a rally in the last two minutes - Talbot and Howe,J. shone.

It was fine to have ---- William R. Driver Jr. arrive with the afternoon mail.

Saturday
August 25
cont'd

Seventh and Last Sing Song

1. Overture - L.L.S.
2. Violin Solo - Payson
3. Two Little Bluebeards - - - - - - - - - - - - E.T.P.,R.T.F.
4. Choruses: Tombigbee River, Gaudeamus, Fishing Song, Chantey
5. Merryweather Quartette
6. March of the Wooden Soldiers - - - - - - - - - - - L.L.S.
7. Stunt - Ladies et al.
8. Camp Song

The overture was a splendid rousing one, the Vagabonds' Song from The Vagabond King.

Then Sam Payson played two delightful violin solos: A Romance, and, as encore, The British Grenadiers.

When "Two Little Bluebeards" were announced as the next number, tumultuous applause began even before the well-known figures of R.T.F. and E.T.P., appropriately garbed, cigar in mouth, derby on head, and mandolin in hand, made their appearance. High expectations were more than realised in O'Hoolihan and the mandolin duet that followed.

The Choruses went better than ever, being sung with a great deal of spirit.

The Quartette gave us what might be termed a galaxy of songs: Two Roses Fair, Day Is Slowly Declining, Sweet Adeline, and Some Folks Say, each one better than the one before it, and all unanimously declared the best the Quartette have sung this year.

The Merryweather Follies

by Neal O'Hara

All of fashionable Belgrade flocked en masse to Joyous Gard, the exquisite little theatre at the back of Mr. Henry Richards' spacious estate on Great Pond, to witness the Merryweather Follies, Miss Shaw's benefit performance for the Jewnior League. The many warm friends of Colonel Snelling were disappointed that the opening of the Baltimore season had called him away, but to make up for this loss a notable coterie of foreign visitors graced the occasion with their presence: Mr. William R. Driver, Jr., of Reno, Nevada, was entrancing in a white shirt and trousers to match, as was Mr. Samuel Turner of St. Paul, Minn.; Doctor MacDermot of Montreal was joyeux in a sober civilian jacket, and the foreign contingent from the Philippines, too well known to need mention here, obliged by wearing his native costume free of charge.

Topical verses to popular songs, made up by Miss Shaw (see end of this account) furnished the vocal part of the entertainment, and those who admire clever rhyming simply must not miss reading them. The costumes were: for the first chorus, white pillow cases with saffron crepe neckties and sashes to match; for the second, dainty dimity-and-lavender pillows tied in front; for the third, turquoise-blue laundry-bags with plain white tassels hanging down the back. (Wheeling, the chorus revealed trim little lists pinned to the bodice); and the last chorus, alternate khaki undershirts and white pants and white undershirts and khaki pants. These, also designed by Miss Shaw, elicited much favorable comment, especially in the recherché finale, when the curtain, mischievously pulled the wrong way, disclosed most of the chorus in charming déshabille.

The mere announcement that Les Mesdemoiselles Auchincloss, Dalton, Ewell, Procter, Scaife, and Warren composed the chorus is a guarantee of its grace and pulchritude. As a supporting cast, there were the Greenburg Glee Boys, with the welcome addition of Mr. St. John Smith from Groton, and personifications of three famous characters: Mother Hubbard (S.M.); Miss Corona Remington (A.S.); and Lady Astor (the well known M.P.).

Bread and Butter Chorus
(Tune "Hallelujah")

Sing Bread and Butter! Bread and
Butter!
And we send the jam away.
When baskets clutter, bread and
butter
Helps the picnic on its way.
Bacon lies forsaken,
And the eggs have boiled away,
But Bread and Butter, Bread and
Butter,
Helps the picnic on its way.

Sing Bread and Butter, Bread and
Butter,
Down with dates, away with cheese,

Saturday
August 25
cont'd

When Prefects mutter, Bread and Butter,
Always suits the hard to please.
Sausage is a loss-age,
And the fishball's on its knees.
But Bread and Butter, Bread and Butter,
Bread and Butter is a wheeze!

Pillow Chorus

(Tune: "'S Wonderful")

A pillow here,
A pillow there,
Are what we try to be.
A pillow neat,
A pillow sweet,
Would be a prod-i-gee.
We lie in postures curious,
Engage in antics furious,
And every day,
In every way,
A lady straightens me!

Laundry Bag Chorus

(Tune: "Funny Face")

I love my laundry-bag,
My lovely laundry-bag,
For I'm a new one,
A bright blue new one.
I've got a lot
Of shirts and socks and ties and pants, oh,
Half of them are yours,
These shirts and running drawers,
And half of them need mending.
Still I don't mean to brag.
I love my laundry-bag.

I love my laundry-list,
My funny laundry-list,
For it's a long one,
A mostly wrong one.
It's got a lot
Of things I never thought to send - three
Shirts instead of two,
Khaki instead of blue.
Though I have left no margin,
I love my laundry-list,
My funny laundry-list.

Saturday
August 25
cont'd

Finale

(Air: "Lucky in Love")

More socks to mend,
Letters to send,
Clothes that someone has lent to their best friend.
We haunt you yet,
And you may bet,
That you won't rest easy until us you forget.
We'll stay with you till you've done every one,
Till the socks are mended and the clothes are sent home.
We'll say we're ghosts of the day.
If you do us, 'twill construe us
Ghosts of your yesterday.

The Sing Song ended, as always, with the Camp Song.

Just after it had ended arrived

Evelyn T. Burr
I. Tucker Burr, Jr —

for the night.

There was reading for half-past-niners; no one can think of a game until this book is finished.

A roar that could have been heard at the Mills went up at Faculty Supper. It was justified, however. J.A.L., J.W.P., T.I.R., J.D.S., and B.P.S. had staked all their chances of Not Being Floatman for the last ten days on a Tink-Spinner Tournament - and Fritz was the unfortunate one!

Sunday
August 26
B. 30.01
T. 65
W. S.E.
Cloudy

Appointments for the Week

Flag - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Wallace
Weather - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - Cutler
Inspectors - - - - Simonds and Hubbard,E.

Another of the impossible days - but L.E.R. did get in for a few minutes, just after dinner, which was fine.

R.H.R. arrived in time for breakfast and spent the day. The Burrs had to go in the morning, much to our grief. It is good news that Tucky is getting along very well indeed and will be able to go home with them on Tuesday.

There were beginnings of Rehearsals for J.G.W.'s Stunt; there was Boat-Building at all hours of the day; and, with the advice and armory of R.H.R., a select group tried its luck at Archery on the Ball-field. The highest possible score, for the fourteen arrows, is 126 - the bull's-eye counts 9, the inner circle 7, the next one 5, the next 3, and the outer corners 1. The scores were:

Shaw	100 (16 arrows instead of 14)
Jameson	94
J.C.C.	63
Boardman	55
T.I.R.	45
Warren	44

J.D.S., Cutler, E.T.P., and J.W.P. made 30 or better; Stevens,S. Wallace, and L.T. were in the 20's; while W.R.D., A.S. and Sam Turner, although they enjoyed themselves greatly, prefer not to have their scores go on record!

Faculty Butlers at dinner, with Speed their Watchword, did a good job. We did not have voting for Desserts then, as it was obvious that we would have a Parlor Picnic, and it was decided that there would be more time then.

Sunday
August 26
cont'd

In the afternoon, there was a pick-up Soccer Game, with Ping Pong in the Parlor, and much Boat-Building everywhere.

Soccer

Dugouts	Job Lots
L.T.	P.N.M.
E.T.P.	J.A.L.
R.T.F.	J.C.C.
J.D.S.	J.W.P.
W.R.D.	L.L.S.
J.G.W.	Jameson
Smith	Mallory
Goodwin	Swaim
Auchincloss	Devens
Richard	Scaife
Jackson	Wallace

In spite of the assorted sizes of players, a very good game resulted. In the first quarter, P.N.M. started the ball rolling with a score for the Job Lots; E.T.P., R.T.F. and Smith followed with a goal apiece, making it 3-1 for the Dugouts. E.T.P. started the second period with another score for the Dugouts, but then the Job Lots came up, J.W.P. and P.N.M. each scoring and bringing it to 4-3. The third quarter brought only one goal - by J.D. S., of the Dugouts. And in the fourth, although J.W.P. got his second goal of the game, the Dugouts made their victory more convincing with three more - W.R.D., E.T.P. (for the third Time), and L.T. all scoring. This brought the final score to 8-4. Occasional showers made the field very slippery by the end, but it was one of the best of Soccer games, with the small players standing up nobly against the rushes of the large ones.

This was followed by a Run. At least, it was meant to be A Run, but became Two Runs - mainly because of an en-

Sunday
August 26
cont'd

counter with a bull. Cutler came in first, Simonds second, and Burr third, in the first division; and the first three toreadors to finish were Ewell, Shaw, and Dalton.

After Swim, there was a very cheerful Parlor Picnic. Voting for desserts went on after this was over. Although there was not as much impassioned oratory as usual, there was a strong undercurrent of propaganda for Rice Pudding, and its Campaign Committee was successful in getting its name on the list, though far down.

Blueberry Pie	49
Gingerbread and Whip	47
Brown Betty	40
Apple Pie	35
Canteloupe	30
Cut Up Fruit	28
Rice Pudding	25

Vanilla Ice Cream, Chocolate Cow	30
Chocolate Ice Cream	22

Numerous Rounds, and Merrie Green Fields of England, went very well afterwards. Hymns, and then Reading. J.R. read us Keats' Ode to Autumn, and then two Kiplings, Namgay Doola and Moti Guj.

Forgot to say that J.R. and T.I.R., wanting to make sure of enough exercise this afternoon, resepctively swam-to-Fourway-and-ran-back and chopped-wood-for-an-hour-and-a-half.

Monday
August 27
B. 30.8
T. 68
W. N.W.
Clearing

A new Flag, the gift of Mr. Rawle, went up this morning.

Knots were begun in Morning Talk time, with E.T.P. in charge.

This might have been called the day of Rags. Everything seemed excessively slippery, and, beginning with Hall,G.'s White Sea of milk, which ebbed and flowed around the feet of H.R. and J.A.L. at breakfast, we seemed to spend each meal in an atmosphere of spillings, rags, and mops.

The day was a very busy one. Most of the Squads got through early, and we had

Shell Races

Juniors

First Heat Time: 3:48

1.	Howe,D.	Osprey
2.	Ewell	N.B.
3.	Hall,D.	Cygnet

Although J.G.W., rowing ahead, tried to keep the contestants from too much wild steering, it seemed impossible, and for a time it seemed as though all would finish near Monkey Point. Finally they were straightened out, and Howe,D., who had taken the lead from the start, won by four lengths. Both Ewell and Hall,D. had difficulty in keeping from catching crabs, but the former put on a good spurt at the end, and finished a length and a half ahead of the latter.

Second Heat Time: 3:39 3/10

1.	Buttfield	Osprey	
1.	Hall,G.	Cygnet	
3.	Scaife	N.B.	
	Swaim	Penguin	disqualified

This was a great race. For quite a while, Hall, rowing the outside course, was the only one to be seen from the Float. But then Buttfield came in sight, close to the Point, with Swaim and Scaife behind him. Buttfield wasted some time looking around, but put on a splendid spurt at the finish, and, in spite of an almost-fatal crab, was even with Hall when they crossed the line. Swaim finished third, about ten lengths behind, but was disqualified, as his course had been most erratic, and

Monday
August 27
cont'd

Scaife, who came in last by about three lengths, rated third place.

Finals Time: 3:42 2/5

1.	Buttfield	Osprey
2.	Hall,G.	Cygnet
3.	Howe,D.	Albatross

This was another fine race. Comparative times mean nothing, as the wind by this time had changed from a very light northwest to the beginnings of a southwester. Buttfield, rowing in very good form, beat Hall,G. by two lengths; Howe,D. was five lengths behind Hall.

Seniors

First Heat Time: 3:15 1/5

1.	Cutler	Osprey
2.	Trimingham	Cygnet
3.	Dalton	Penguin
4.	Boardman	N.B.

In a good race, Cutler beat Trimingham by four lengths. Dalton, who picked up considerably on Boardman near the end, was third by seventh lengths, with Boardman three lengths behind him.

Second Heat Time: 3:23

1.	Jameson	N.B.
2.	Smith	Cygnet
3.	Howe,J.	Osprey
4.	Warren	Albatross

Jameson, rowing well and not wasting time looking at his oars, won convincingly, with a margin of ten lengths over Smith. Smith had four or five over Howe,J., but the race for third place was very close, with Howe,J. defeating Warren by only four feet.

Third Heat Time: 3:20 7/10

1.	Stevens,S.	Albatross
2.	Wallace	N.B.
3.	Burr	Osprey
4.	Jackson	Cygnet

This heat was pretty well strung out, Stevens,S. finishing first by five lengths, while Wallace had ten lengths on Burr. That gentleman had fearful difficulties, rowing himself completely off the seat and losing all headway just before the end, but getting rearranged in time to beat Jackson by three lengths.

Finals Time: 3:22 1/5

1.	Cutler	Osprey
2.	Jameson	N.B.
3.	Trimingham	Cygnet
4.	Stevens,S.	Albatross

Monday
August 27
cont'd

It was suggested that the second-placers in the two fastest heats should compete in the Finals; but Wallace was not interested, and so Trimingham was the only one. It was a splendid race - Cutler, going in excellent form and with a good burst of speed at the finish, deserving his victory. Jameson, also going well, was a length behind. Trimingham placed third, about six lengths behind Jameson, and six inches ahead of Stevens,S. Stevens' course had been wild, and Trimingham had difficulty in passing him, or his margin might have been larger.

These were fine races, with, on the whole, very good rowing. There were no upsets. The wind, as has been mentioned, did queer things, as, after it seemed surely northwest, it swung to the southwest, and by the last race was coming in sufficiently hard to make the comparison of times unimportant. Nor can the times be compared with those of last year, as, aside from different weather conditions, the course was a little shorter this year. Congratulations to all who rowed, and especially Buttfield and Cutler!

The wind stayed light and from the south, and in the afternoon we continued to be nautical, with

FINAL BOAT AND CANOE

Order of Events

Junior Sitting Doubles	Trials
Senior Standing Singles	Trials
Junior Standing Singles	Trials
Senior Standing Doubles	Trials
Junior Sitting Doubles	Finals
Senior Standing Singles	Finals
Junior Standing Singles	Finals
Rangeley Doubles	
Rangeley Singles	
Kayak Races	
Junior Four-Paddlers	
Senior Four-Paddlers	

Junior Sitting Doubles Pickerel and back

First Heat Time:3:12 3/5

1. Muir and Bates,J. - Pink
2. Howe,J. and Weeks - Hecuba

Jackson and Hall,G. - Squannacook
Bates,M. and Buttfield - Grayling

Monday
August 27
cont'd

At the turn all were about even, but the Pink came around its flag very fast and worked out a two and a half length lead on the way in. The Hecuba was half a length ahead of the other two, who were neck and neck.

Second Heat — Time: 3:18 4/5

1. Alsop and Auchincloss - Hecuba
2. Talbot and Swaim - Grayling

Procter and Ewell - Pink
Hubbard,C. and Scaife - Squannacook

The Squannacook was strong for a time on the way out to Pickerel, but the others all passed it, and the Hecuba and Grayling made the turn first and very well. They had a good race in, the Hecuba winning by a length and a half.

Finals — Time: 3:17

1. Alsop and Auchincloss - Hecuba
2. Muir and Bates,J. - Squannacook

Howe,J. and Weeks - Pink
Talbot and Swaim - Grayling

A beautiful start, and a very close race all the way to the turn, which went fast for all. Almost neck and neck for the Hecuba, Squannacook, and Pink all the way in, with the Hecuba winning by three feet over the Squannacook,the Pink third by three-quarters of a length, and the Grayling last.

Senior Standing Singles

First Heat — Time: 3:25

1. Cutler - Grayling
2. Burr - Squannacook

Pillsbury - Pink
Boardman - Hecuba

Cutler got going well at once, with first-rate long strokes, all on one side, and opened up a good lead. Burr steered wildly, losing considerable time; Pillsbury overhauled Boardman for a while, but then dropped back. Cutler made a beautiful turn and had a six-length lead before the next man was around. Burr and Pillsbury wove strangely in and out, which lost them much time. Cutler finished with half the distance between the Float and Pickerel to spare; Burr, who improved steadily in the handling of his boat, was second; Pillsbury, whose steering was very wild, third; and Boardman last.

Second Heat — Time: 3:29 1/2

1. Stevens,S. - Hecuba
2. Dalton - Squannacook

Warren - Pink

Stevens,S., showing good command of his boat, and fair speed, reached the turn first. Here he lost time, and Dalton, picking up steadily on the way in, finished only about two lengths behind him; Warren, who was not very sure of his steering, was third by four lengths.

Monday
August 27
cont'd

Third Heat Time: 3:43
1. Jameson - Grayling
2. Wallace - Squannacook
Mallory - Hecuba
Shaw - Pink

Jameson jumped to the lead at the start, but then Wallace, showing better balance, passed him. They were even at the turn, and neck and neck all the way in, Jameson finally finishing first, but with hardly open water between him and Wallace. Mallory put on a spurt at the end, and was a pretty close third; Shaw was last.

Fourth Heat Time: 3:40
1. Stevens,J. - Squannacook
2. Trimingham - Hecuba
Smith - Grayling
Simonds - Pink

A very close race between Trimingham, Smith, and Stevens,J. The latter had gotten a little lead by the time he reached Pickerel, and quickening his stroke (at some expense of steering) increased this to three lengths by the time he finished. Trimingham had two lengths over Smith, who, in turn, had two over Simonds.

Finals Time: 3:10
1. Cutler - Grayling
2. Stevens,S. - Hecuba
Jameson - Pink
Stevens,J. - Squannacook

Jameson and Stevens,J. steered a little wildly at first. Then Stevens,S. pulled out ahead a little - but all four canoes were almost in line at the turn! Cutler gained here, going around in splendid style; Stevens,S. was close after him. It was a great race all the way in, but Cutler managed to maintain the lead, and won by a length. Jameson, who was a good deal slower, was third by ten lengths; and Stevens,J. was five lengths behind him. A very fine race.

Junior Standing Singles

First Heat Time: 3:40 2/5
1. Howe,J. - Squannacook
2. Alsop - Hecuba
Muir - Pink

This was not a very fast heat. Howe,J. was a length ahead at Pickerel, and increased his lead slightly after this (although he had chosen a paddle a little too long for himself), winning by two lengths. Muir was five lengths behind Alsop.

Second Heat Time: 3:33
1. Bates,M. - Squannacook
2. Procter - Pink

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Talbot - Grayling
Jackson - Hecuba

After one false start, when Jackson broke his paddle, the race was sent off. Bates,M. showed the most strength and was first at the turn, with Talbot second, and Procter close behind him. Bates had a good lead on the home stretch and won by ten lengths; Procter caught up with and passed Talbot, defeating him for second place by two lengths. Jackson was pretty far back.

Finals

Time: 3:30

1. Bates,M. - Pink
2. Procter - Squannacook
Howe,J. - Grayling
Alsop - Hecuba

Bates,M. had two lengths at Pickerel and increased this to five before the finish, paddling strongly and well. Procter had a length on Howe,J., and he two over Alsop, whose balance was not over-good.

Senior Standing Doubles

Time: 3:15

1. Stevens,J. and Burr - Hecuba
2. Trimingham and Boardman - Grayling
Mallory and Pillsbury - Squannacook
Dalton and Wallace - Pink upset

The Hecuba led from the start and finished first by seven lengths. The other three were very close at the turn, but there the Pink lost ground and shortly afterwards upset - the Wallace-Dalton combination providing the only work for the Pickers-Up of the afternoon (except for their cheering, and otherwise, comments, which were a feature of the occasion). The Grayling finished second, and the Squannacook, which lost time by several zigzags, third.

Rangeley Doubles

Time: 1:27 3/5

1. Howe,D., Scaife, and Goodwin (cox) in the Williwaw
2. Bates,J., Ewell, and Millet (cox) in the Terror
3. Hubbard,E., Buttfield, and Hall,D. (cox) in the Identical
4. Richard, Hall,G., and Ladd (cox) in the Yammerschooner
5. Devens, Swaim, and Payson (cox) in the Erebus
6. Stanton, Weeks, and Sortwell (cox) in the Pantasote

A wonderful race! The pace was a fast one all the way in, and the crews were very evenly matched, almost in a line still when the race was three-quarters over. They finished in the above order, but there was not a length between any two!

Rangeley Singles

Time: 1:46

1. Payson - Erebus
2. Hall,D. - Identical

3. Goodwin - Williwaw
4. Millet - Terror
5. Sortwell - Pantasote
6. Ladd - Yammerschooner

A scramble of a race. Payson won, and Hall,D. came in second, passing Goodwin while the latter was involved in a foul; but there was not half a length between any two boats.

Kayak Race

Time: 1:48 2/5

1. Hubbard,E. - Phalarope
2. Stanton - Kittiwake
3. Richard - Avocet
4. Devens - Petrel

A motor-boat, which continued to plug slowly along, directly across the course, in spite of all caustic comments, delayed the start of this race. Hubbard,E. won, with Stanton not far behind. There was some wild steering displayed by Richard and Devens.

Junior Four-Paddlers

Pickerel and back   Time: not taken

1. Alsop, Scaife, Howe,D., and Procter, in the Corker
2. Jackson, Hall,G., Ewell, and Hubbard,C., in the Worry
3. Muir, Weeks, Swaim, and Talbot, in the Abol
4. Bates,M., Buttfield, Bates,J., and Auchy, in the Eben

First the Corker got a little lead; then the Abol; then they were practically in line again. The turns were all about even, but the Corker got her crew together first, got a slight lead and won. The Worry came in second, with the Abol and Eben just behind, even all the way in, but with the Abol finishing a fraction ahead. A fine finish to a fine race.

Senior Four-Paddlers

Pickerel and back twice   Time: 4:56 2/5

1. Cutler, Boardman, Stevens,J., and Mallory in the Worry
2. Smith, Warren, Simonds, and Burr in the Corker
3. Stevens,S., Shaw, Howe,J., and Pillsbury in the Eben
4. Jameson, Wallace, Dalton,and Trimingham in the Abol

This was one of the best four-paddler races in a long time. (There was a little delay at the start, as there was a hurried call for chewing gum, to mend the Worry - gum finally being located in Mammoth Cave.) The Worry pulled quickly to a slight lead, losing a little to the Corker, which rounded its mark in fine form, at the first turn. The Corker rounded the first shore buoy ahead of the Worry; the Abol and Eben were very even and close behind. At the third turn, the Corker was still ahead; but the Worry was still to be reckoned with, and the race in to the Float

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was a terrific one. The Worry sprinted just at the end, putting on a well-timed and tremendous burst of speed, and managed to beat out the Corker by six inches. The Eben was three lengths behind, and the Abol last by three more lengths. This was a beautiful race - the best of the afternoon.

And it was altogether a very good Final Boat and Canoe afternoon.

Sam Turner's family came to call in the afternoon, and when they left they took Sam away with them.

In the evening there were various rehearsals, and some Boats. R.R. and Jameson went over to pay a farewell call on R.H.R., who is leaving tomorrow.

Half-past-niners had their book - finished now; afterwards a short O. Henry story, the Making of a New Yorker.

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B. 29.99
T. 68
Foggy

As the Squad-man headed his list, it was A Misty Mysty Morning, with a regular sea fog.

Again the new Flag was hoisted - almost for ever! It is not wise, o Flag Boy, to haul up very hard on one halyard and let go of the other!

Last Doodlebugs went out; a Bonfire Squad did noble work; Smith today became Chesty Joe; logging went on beyond Fourway; a squad cleaned house at Fourway, in preparation for the Shaws; and J.A.L. did a Sherlock Holmes, inspecting the Inspections of the Inspectors.

E.T.P.'s father,(bringing J.C.C.'s Long Grey Car), arrived in the morning. It was delightful to see him, but he didn't stay nearly long enough, leaving again before dinner.

R.R. and S.M. took a hasty trip in to Gardiner, coming back with a Ford-load of costumes.

Fifth Scouting Afternoon

Absolutely ideal scouting weather, with a good breeze, the temperature just right, and the fog keeping the sun from shining too brightly on the players - and the watchers.

First Game

Both sides were very fast, several Algonquins getting well south of the Boneyard on the first rush, and a large Iroquois party far along on the east side of the ridge. The Algonquins' scouting seemed keener, as one Iroquois brave after another appeared, from the Shore, from the Middle Woods, and especially from that hotly fought territory northeast of the Boneyard. With seven dead Iroquois there before him and the game half over, Simonds, the first Algonquin (who

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had accounted for three of the slain himself) appeared. At the end of ten more minutes, the score stood 9-3 in favor of the Algonquins; the report was that it was amazingly still on the shore, considering the good breeze that blew over the Boneyard. The score continued in the Algonquins' favor, though, just at the end, much slaughter by both sides made it a little more even, 17-8 in favor of the Algonquins. Iroquois hopes were roused by seeing W.R.D., who had been on an advance party, coming from the south; it seemed as though he must have made a run - but it proved instead that three years' absence and the fog had been too much for him, and, after progressing rapidly up the east side of the ridge, he had crossed the path without knowing it, turned south again on the west side of the ridge, and made an almost complete circle! The Algonquins were far ahead in shots, and for a time it seemed as though these were to win the game for them, as, although many had been very close to the line, the Iroquois defence had held. But at the very end of the reporting Shaw appeared, with an Algonquin run, scored on the shore, and so their victory was doubly certain - 1 run to 0, and 18 shots to 8.

The reporting, as it has been in general this year, was good, and there seem to be few players who do not have a pretty thorough understanding of the game (although there was one today who asked whether you had to go through the posts on the ball field to have your run count). Devens, like Simonds, did a good job, killing three Iroquois. E.T.P., J.R., and Smith each got two, while Sortwell was the only Iroquois to get more than one of the enemy.

Algonquins

	I			II			III		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
E.T.P.		●●		X	●		X	●	
J.R.	X	●●		X	●		X		
J.G.W.	X			X	●		X		
L.T.		●			●	1		●●	
J.A.L.	✓			X			X	●●	
L.L.S.	X			X	●			●	
T.I.R.	✓			X	●		✓		
B.P.S,		●		X			X	●	
Alsop		●			●●●		X	●●	
Bullfield		●		X	●		X		
Dalton	✓				●●		✓		
Devens		●●●		✓			X	●	
Cutler	✓				●		X		
Goodwin	X			✓			✓		
Hall, D.P.	✓			✓			X		
Howe, J.	✓			X			✓		
Hubbard, C.W.	✓			✓			✓		
Jackson	X				●		X		
Ladd	✓			✓			X	●●	
Mallory		●			●	1	X	●●	
Payson	✓			✓			X	●	
Richard		●		✓				●	
Shaw			1	X			✓		
Simonds	X	●●●		X				●	
Smith		●●		X	●●		X	●	
Snelling	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Stanton	X			X			X	●	
Stevens, J.	✓			X	●●		X		
Trimingham	X			X	●	1	X		
	8	18	1	15	20	3	18	19	0

Iroquois

	I			II			II		
	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
P.N.M.	X	●		X			X	●	
J.C.C.	✓			X			X	●	
R.T.F.	X	●			●		X		
J.W.P.	X			X			X		
J.D.S.	X			X					
Auchincloss	X			X			X		
Bates, J.		●		X			X		
Bates, M.	X			✓				●	
Boardman	X			X	●		X		
Burr, F.H.	X			✓			X		
Burr, I.T.	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Ewell	✓				●●		X	●	
Hall, G.E.	✓			X	●		X		
Howe, D.	X			X				●●●	
Hubbard, E.B.	X			X			X		
Jameson	X				●		✓		
Millet	X			X	●		X	●	
Muir	✓			✓			X	●	
Pillsbury	X			X				●	1
Procter		●		X				●	
Scaife	X			X			X	●	
Sortwell		●●		X	●●●		X	●●	
Stevens, S.	X			X			X	●	
Swaim	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○	○
Talbot	X			X	●●	1		●●	
Wallace		●		X	●		✓		
Warren	✓			✓			X	●	
Weeks	X	●		X	●		X		
W.R.D.	X			X	●	1	X		
	18	8	0	20	15	2	19	18	1

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Second Game

Much action could be seen from the Boneyard. Some fast Algonquins galloped over the ridge from the south, one getting as far as the birch tree before he dropped. The next few moments were tense, as four or five Iroquois appeared within twenty-five yards of him, but beyond him. For a moment it seemed as though they would escape his fire; but a shot aimed at him missed fire, and instantly afterwards Smith, a little further south on the ridge, slew two of them. Again the Iroquois trailed badly at first, P.N.M. coming up from near the Boneyard very early, and the score 7-2, Algonquins' favor, after fifteen minutes. The next five minutes brought in more dead Algonquins, and, when J.R. and J.G.W. arrived, the score was tied at 8-all. Then came Trimingham with an Algonquin run. And soon afterward, Talbot, with one for the Iroquois, scored down in the east corner of the field. The shot score climbed to 16-12 for the Algonquins, but then, a minute before the All In, W.R.D. again put the Iroquois ahead on runs, with his, also scored down in the east corner. The All In ended a fifteen-minute Bushman's party - participants unknown - which had been going on round and round an unfortunate small bush between the Boneyard and the backstop! The Algonquin shots totalled 20 to the Iroquois' 15, and once again they won on runs also, Mallory and L.T. getting through together via the Underground, making the run score 3-2.

Alsop killed three Iroquois, and Dalton, Smith, and Stevens, J. two apiece. Sortwell again did well, with three Algonquins to his credit; Talbot killed two, besides getting his run, and Ewell also got two.

Third Game

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With the Algonquins two up, the Iroquois had to win this game. It was a good one throughout, with the score see-sawing back and forth all the way through. The Iroquois put a tremendous advance party on the Underground (the foremost man stumbled and fell, but picked himself up before he checked the others). The Algonquins showed the greater speed at the first rush; three or four, J.R. and J.G.W. among them, overran and were killed at the first shock, as were J.C.C. and W.R.D. of the Iroquois. Smith got very far south, crossing the Boneyard at great speed, and, though fired at, did not fall, owing to the strong rustle of leaves and grass. Two more big chiefs fell - E.T.P. and P.N.M. - and from this time on the killing on both sides was very heavy. In especial, the main Underground parties of both sides met with a crash, and six dead came up nearly together. The score kept amazingly even all the time, and it looked as though it would be a Tie Game; but just at the end, Pillsbury brought in an Iroquois run, made near the Aspinwall Tree while Stevens,S., a sacrifice, attracted the guard's attention. The Iroquois all but made two more scores: Burr getting just short of the Algonquin guard, in the Swamp, when L.T. killed him; and R.T.F., who, almost at the line, thought he could slip by in the fracas and stood up to run, only to be pursued and killed by L.T. just before his foot touched the line!

There was too heavy killing, and too much good shooting all around, for much brilliant forward play. A hard-fought, dogged game, going to the Iroquois on the run-score of 1-0 (the shots stood 19-18 in the Algonquins' favor), and leaving

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the score just as it should be, with the Cup still either side's for the last afternoon.

After supper we had the Tree Game - thirty-one trees this year:

1. White Pine
2. White Oak
3. Hornbeam
4. Larch
5. Beech
6. White Spruce
7. Paper Birch
8. Willow
9. Red Pine
10. Red Maple
11. Red Oak
12. Striped Maple
13. Hemlock
14. Gray Birch
15. White Cedar
16. Apple
17. Large-toothed Poplar
18. Juniper
19. Shad Bush
20. Witch Hazel
21. Red Spruce
22. Red Cherry
23. Sumach
24. Balsam Fir
25. Ash
26. Elm
27. Alder
28. Maple-Leaved Viburnum
29. Sugar (Rock) Maple
30. Huckleberry
31. Quaking Aspen

Scores:

B.P.S.	29	Mallory	19	Wallace	11½
Muir	29	Hall,G.	18½	Buttfield	10½
Shaw	28½	Hubbard,C.	18	Howe,D.	10½
Jameson	27	Hubbard,E.	17	Ladd	10½
J.R.	26	Procter	17	Goodwin	10
Howe,J.	26	Sortwell	16	Stevens,S.	8½
Ewell	25	Boardman	15½	Bates,M.	8
Burr,F.	24	Scaife	14½	Warren	7
Simonds	22	Weeks	14½	Pillsbury	4
Smith	22	Alsop	14	Auchy	4
Millet	21	Dalton	14	Trimmy	3½
Stevens,J.	21	Hall,D.	13	Bates,J.	3
Cutler	19	Richard	12	Payson	3
Devens	19	Talbot	12	Stanton	3

We began In The Fog, by Richard Harding Davis, in half-past-nine reading. After being so obliging all day, the weather had become rather warm by then, and the temperature of the parlor was not improved by the fact that the cleaners-up, after the Tree Game, had burned up all the debris, making a roaring fire!

J.G.W. and L.T. caught 16 perch.

Total fish for season:

763 perch
49 bass

Wednesday
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B. 29.76
T. 70
W. Light north

Today W.R.D. left.

Squads worked hard. The Lamp Squad is being very painstaking, and, after some extra large ponds of kerosene on the front porch, the following notice appeared: "Will Anybody Finding anything at all wrong with any of the small lanterns, please report same to T.I.R. during the week of August 26th-September 1st? A comprehensive study of lanterns and their peculiarities is being made by this week's lamp squad, and any comments are welcome." J.R. was in charge of the North Belgrade Sawmill, and a new squad, under J. A.L., did great work as longshoremen, building up the bank where it is caving in.

E.T.P. retired to the Infirmary with an infected foot. It was pretty uncomfortable all day, but by evening he began to feel better, and Dr. Risley, who came over about supper time, said it would not be more than a day or two before he could get up.

There was a great deal of Shell Navigation, and several people went around Oak on time. Jameson did it in 18:11, about 30 seconds faster than he has done before. Cutler's time was 17:55, which is very good, but still not equal to Wheeler's, last year (17:47). J.G.W. did 17:04 and L.T. 16:33.

J.R., P.N.M., and R.T.F. went in to Waterville in the afternoon. The rest of the Camp built Boats, tried them out - it looks as though we were going to have a very large and handsome fleet - studied parts, and generally did as it pleased, until four o'clock, when there were

Rubber Water Sports

Tilting

1. Cutler and Dalton (T) in the Squannacook
upset - Jameson and Burr (T) in the Pink

This was very short. On the first encounter, Burr seemed slightly steadier, but on the next Dalton found his mark and upset the Pink.

1. Stevens,J. and Warren (T) in the Pink
upset - Simonds and Trimingham (T) in the Squannacook

A very long encounter, the contestants getting halfway to the Point and having to be recalled and restarted. The audience became worked up to a high pitch of excitement: "Those blows on the ambient air are no good!" "Warren's unsteady! Warren's unsteady!" and "Push, don't shove!"were helpful. At long last, Warren was successful and Trimingham took a header.

1. Howe,J. and Stevens,S. (T) in the Squannacook
upset - Pillsbury and Smith (T) in the Pink

A fierce meeting; Smith was downed but got up again. He then lay in ambush behind the Pie Plant, but was not successful nevertheless, as the Squannacook succeeded in ramming the Pink, Smith went overboard, and Pillsbury shortly afterwards upset.

1. Bates,M. and Procter (T) in the Pink
sank - Alsop and Auchincloss (T) in the Squannacook

Each got in some good blows, but, though his steersman left him in awkward positions, Auchincloss was like a rock. The Squannacook took in a good deal of water, however, and the Pink was victorious when the Squanny was rammed amidships and sunk.

1. Boardman and Ewell (T) in the Pink
Mallory and Buttfield (T) in the Squannacook

This was a long, hard struggle; but, after the Pink had climbed part way on to the Float and been removed again, her crew took a new lease on life, and Ewell knocked Buttfield overboard.

1. Jackson and Hall,G. (T) in the Pink
1. Hubbard,E. and Shaw (T) in the Squannacook

These crews were too even, and, after a long battle, it was called a draw.

1. Howe,D. and Talbot (T) in the Squannacook
Wallace and Scaife (T) in the Pink

First Scaife was knocked down and then he was knocked over-

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board, by the onslaught of the foe.

1. Stanton and Hubbard,C.(T) in the Squannacook
   Richard and Muir (T) in the Pink

This was another long match, Hubbard,C. finally succeeding in disposing of Muir.

Moab Races

1. Devens
2. Goodwin

This was very close, Devens winning by only a fraction of a Moab. The new boathook was of great assistance in hauling the contestants and their crafts ashore.

1. Ladd
   Millet - sank

This, too was close at first. But Ladd, paddling a higher stroke, had gotten a lead of a diameter and a quarter when he reached the finish and Millet sank.

1. Bates,J.
   Payson - sank

Bates,J. won decisively, Payson sinking in a dignified manner, when five Moabs from the finish.

1. Weeks
   Swaim - sank

Very close for a while, but Weeks' higher stroke helped him. Swaim was a bit down by the bow, and finally ran himself under water.

1. Hall,D.
   Sortwell - sank

Hall,D. did a Hagen at the start, but won, in spite of Sortwell's unkind method of paddling as much water as he could into his rival's craft.

Hand-Paddled Rangeleys

1.Identical		2.Pantasote		3.Williwaw	4.Yammerschooner
Cutler		Smith		Stevens,S.	Jameson
Mallory		Burr		Pillsbury	Dalton
Warren		Boardman		Stevens,J.	Simonds
Bates,M.		Auchincloss		Trimingham	Alsop
Procter		Shaw		Jackson	Wallace
Ewell	Millet	Buttfield		Hall,G.	Bates,J.
Howe,J.		Muir	Ladd	Hubbard,C.	Talbot
Howe,D.		Richard		Hall,D.	Hubbard,E.
Payson		Goodwin		Scaife	Devens
Stanton		Sortwell		Swaim	Weeks

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The Yammer and the Identical were ahead for a while, going fast, and very even. Then the Yammer began to steer wildly, heading alternately for Oak Island and Sunshine Alley, and dropping back eventually to last place. The Identical won by ten lengths. The Pantasote and Williwaw fouled a good deal, but the former managed to beat the latter - perhaps because of the throwing overboard of some of the smaller and heavier members of the crew! After the finish there was a wild scene, with paddlers going overboard in all directions and most of the boats sinking.

Tug of War

The crews of the Identical and Williwaw, combined, proved too much for those of the Pantasote and Yammerschooner, and hauled them across the line in short order.

Call to Matins

This was a wild affair, as always. The starting line was between the corner of South and a gray birch near the Light. At the jangle of the bell, there was a wild rush for the Boathouse, and, in amazingly short time, Jackson, Warren, Simonds, and Cutler appeared, in that order, running down the Slip, followed by the rest of the hordes. Jackson was still first coming out of the water, but Cutler had gained second place, with Warren, Simonds, and Trimingham close behind. A surprising peace reigned over the Boathouse, while each one struggled to get dressed and neat again. But not for long. Soon, in the excellent time of 3:27 (58 seconds better than the best July time), Jackson appeared. The others followed closely.

1. Jackson	3:27
2. Cutler	3:33
3. Mallory	3:50
4. Wallace	3:53
5. Procter	3:55

Then Smith, Trimingham, Stevens,S., Warren, Boardman, Dalton, Ewell, Pillsbury, Jameson, Weeks, Shaw, Howe,D., Howe,J., Burr, and Stevens,J. The twenty-first to appear was Swaim; then Bates,M., Auchincloss, Simonds, Hall,G., Sortwell, Devens, Hubbard,C., Scaife, Buttfield, Goodwin, Stanton, Richard, Payson, Muir, Hubbard,E., Millet, Bates,J., Ladd, Talbot, and, just before the lists closed at the end of ten minutes, Hall, D., in 9 minutes and 45 seconds. Alsop, it appears, was even later, but the timer had called it a day by that time.

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The great Patsy-tackle, when three gentlemen bit the dust and Patsy escaped to chase autos in his accustomed way, was a feature of the afternoon.

Near the end of the afternoon's program arrived

Julia W. Shaw Carleton A. Shaw

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back from their Western trip, to stay here for a few days.

And in the evening came Henry W. Putnam

We had been beginning to wonder whether he would get here at all, as he had telegraphed with great care the time his train arrived - and there was no train anywhere within miles at that hour. However, he did arrive at last, via Waterville.

Last Charade Evening

1. J.C.C. "Frankincense"

Scene 1. "Franc in cents." A most dramatic scene, portraying the difficulties of American travellers in France. J. A.L., the grasping Gallic cabman, endeavors to make his passengers pay large amounts of francs, which the tourist fares are unable to change to American money. Fortunately, three very impressive gendarmes standing near at hand come to the tourists' assistance, and, in the midst of a rapidly collecting, vociferous crowd, beat down the cabman and reassure the travellers in voluble French mixed with hesitating English.

Scene 2. "Frankincense." The distinct solemnity of this scene was in striking contrast to its more cheerful predecessor. Cutler, an unwinking idol, sat cross-legged on a table, while the procession of worship, headed by L.L.S., entered, singing slow chants, and knelt before their idol. A very impressive scene.

2. J.R. "Lorelei"

Scene 1. "Law." The majesty of the law seen in all its grandeur. Dalton, a criminal caught red-handed with six un-

Wednesday August 29 cont'd

dersized bass in his possession, was brought before the silk-hatted judge (Burr); his case was pleaded with fiery oratory pro and con by the two attorneys (J.R. and T.I.R.); the gentlemen of the jury retired and reappeared; and, amid a horror-struck silence, broken only by the sobs of the prisoner's wife (Stanton) and children (Procter and Millet), the culprit was pronounced guilty and sentenced to a year's hard labor at Leavenworth. Most of the audience was so deeply impressed by the gravity of the proceeding that they were reduced to hysterical laughter afterwards, brought on by the strain on their feelings.

Scene 2. "Rely." A large group of tourists, visiting Quebec, are desirous of seeing the Falls of Montmorency and wish a good reliable guide. A fairly respectable looking character in a felt hat approaches them, guarantees satisfaction and trustworthiness, and goes off to get cars in which to transport the party. In a few minutes he returns, with his hat set at a more jaunty angle and his hand clasping a bottle. He greets the party most jovially and announces between hiccups, "Montmorency Falls are dry! - but I'm not!"

Scene 3. "Lorelei." Before the curtains were opened, the audience heard the strains of the Lorelei, and when the stage was disclosed Warren was revealed, clad in white, waving a bare foot, seated on a rock, and combing his long, fair tresses, mirror in hand. As the song proceeded, the tragic drama was enacted. The ill-fated mariner (Payson) appeared in his boat, only to be lured to destruction by the song of the Lorelei. A touching scene indeed.

3. J.G.W. "Corsair"

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August 29
cont'd

Scene 1. "Coarse Air." We are transported to the rehearsal for a new Musical Comedy. First on the scene appear the Pianist, the Manager, and the Dancing Master - L.L.S., J.G.W., and B.P.S. - all very Jewish. Then the "ladies of the ensemble," together with the gentlemen. The rehearsal was all that the most ardent admirer of song and dance could have wished. For the benefit of the chorus, the manager sang the songs while they danced. The numbers consisted of "Any Little Girl," "When a Feller's on the Level and a Girl is on the Square," and "Just a Personal Friend of Mine". These were rendered with great dramatic feeling and the perfect Musical Comedy accent, to the huge delight of chorus and audience.

Scene 2. "Corsair." This scene was laid on board a French Corsair and consisted mainly of a rebuttal (in song) by Captain MacDermot, of the Ballad of the Constitution and the Guerriere, sung a few Sing Songs ago by J.G.W. The song was extremely effective, and when it was finished the attack was opened with a burst of shot from the cannon, for which the audience scrambled madly. Candy made an extremely valuable ammunition, and a hilarious end to the best Charade evening of the year.

Half-past-niners had more reading. Candy - fudge (made by M.P.), butterscotch (made by Mrs. Hammond), combined (by S.M.) - was voted very smooth.

A little - very little - noise on the Float, very late, showed that someone was embarking for somewhere - but who and where and why?

This Is The Song That Was Sung To Comfort Our Northern Neighbors

In 1812 the Yankees said, "We've licked old Engerland!"
And the thought makes them feel happy, so we'll let the
matter stand.
But from Canada to Washington, my grandfather does tell,
That we trounced the whole of Yankee land and trounced them
mighty well;
We burned their silly Capitol and their president had to run,
We trounced them all together, and we trounced them one by
one.
So we'll let them holler all they want and say just what
they please,
But the fact remains that England is the mistress of the seas.
The thing they can't get over is the fight at New Orleans,
When they won their only battle using cotton bales as screens -
But the funny thing about it is that when this fight was done,
Peace had been signed at Paris, and the bloody war was done.

Thursday
August 30
B. 29.69
T. 67
W. S.
Hazy, hot

J.A.L. and J.C.C. - for it was they who were so enterprising last night - got back from Round the Itchfield long before the Camp was awake. The Itchfield by night has been done only once before - by J.G.W. and J.R.A. The times:

Left Camp	10:45
Ellis Pond	11:20
Start of Carry	12:20
East Pond	1:20
Smithfield Stream	1:45
North Pond (15 min. rest)	2:35
Source of Brook	3:15
Great Pond	4:50
Float	5:30

They did nobly, staying awake all day, and still able to wisecrack and to enjoy apple pie à la mode at Faculty Supper.

R.R. set off after breakfast for North Deer Isle, to see the estate of the C.W.2nd's.

H.W.P. took on the Knot-tieing, and splices were begun; E.T.P. is still in the Infirmary, but much better, and will probably be let out tomorrow.

A very large boat-building squad worked in the shop; the Bargees have gotten started, and several boat-loads of logs were brought down today, making an impressive pile near the Merryweather Light.

Afternoon Reading was omitted, so as to give everyone time to finish his boat. The fleet was collected on the Point, the starters and pickers-up ready, the owners anxiously awaiting the beginning of the race, and the tension was great - when, for the second time in two hours, the wind died down and the races had to be postponed!

Thursday
August 30
cont'd

Go As You Please, more work on Boats, and Senior Ball were substituted.

Senior Ball

Live Wires		Somnambulists
H.W.P.	p.	P.N.M.
J.W.P.	c.	J.A.L.
L.T.	1.	J.D.S.
T.I.R.	2.	B.P.S.
Procter	3.	Burr
R.T.F.	ss.	Smith
Dalton	lf.	Jackson
Warren	cf.	J.C.C.
Mallory	rf.	Boardman

Unlike certain prominent folk of Boston and Cambridge, the Live Wires made their investments yield returns. Thirteen of them made hits, and ten of them returned to the plate unfleeced and having increased their score. The shining lights were R.T.F., H.W.P., L.T., and J.W.P., a classy quartette of crackers who collected nine clouts and seven counts. H.W.P., who for the past few years has been working out with signal brilliance in other leagues (h - m - m!), featured as Enoch Arden with his smooth twirling, but P.N.M. equalled him in strikeouts, both of them making Dr. Watsons out of eight of their opponents.

Lights started to twinkle in session one, when three of the Live Wires made the short circuit; the Sleepwalkers got back two when J.C.C. "saw double," J.A.L. walked in his sleep, and both hit the pillow on P.N.M.'s sunset gun to the left parade ground. Then the lighting system went on the blink, except for a one-run glow in the fourth tenement. For a time the Somnambulists snoozed sonorously, but in the last of the sixth they tied the turn. J.A.L. and P.N.M. stayed awake long enough to reach the third and second squares

SENIOR BALL

Live Wires vs. ______ of ______ at ______ 19__

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
•			1	Procter	5	0 K	0 K			0 FC		0 K						4	0	0		
•	•		2	R.T.F.	6	2 3 2 ⊥		0 1-3		2 2 FC		2 2 2 ⊥						4	2	2		
	•		3	H.W.P.	1	2 3 2 ⊥		0 2-3		⊥		2 2 2 E6						4	2	2		
••••••		•	4	L.T.	3	2 2 2 ⊥		0 K		0 6-3		P 3 2 ⊥						4	2	2		
••••••••••			5	J.W.P.	2	3 ⊥			0 F8		3 3 ⊥	2 3 E2 ⊥						4	1	3		
••	••••		6	T.I.R.	4	0 .3			2 3 ⊥		0 K	2 3 3 ::						3	2	1		
			7	Mallory	9	0 K			0 4-3		0 4-3	0 K						4	0	0		
•			8	Dalton	7		0 .3		0 1-3		0 F8	3 3 0 ::						3	0	1		
			9	Warren	8		0 K			0 6-4 ⊥		3 4 ⊥						3	1	2		
			10																			
			11																			
			TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....		Runs total.	3/3	0/3	0/3	1/4	0/4	0/4	6/10	/	/	/	/	/	33	10	13		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	4	0	0	1	2	1	4						Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				1	8	1-b. on errors.														(3)			
Muffed f'l fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	Fl'd'g errors.													Lefton bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																	

Umpire Round Robin of ______ Scorer A. S.

× Warren pinch hit for TIR in 7th.

Somnambulists vs. ______ of Thursday, Aug. 30th at ______ 19__

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.		Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
•	••		1	B.P.S.	4	0 4-3	0 K			0 F4		0 F6						4	0	0		
•••			2	J.C.C.	8	5 2 ⊥		0 F3		0 F7		3 2 ⊥						4	2	2		
••••••••	•	•	3	J.A.L.	2	2 2 2 ::		6-5 3 0 ⊥			2 2 4 ⊥	5 ⊥						3	2	3		
	••		4	F.N.M.	1	5 3 ⊥		FC			3 8 4 E3	0 1-3						4	1	1		
•••••••••			5	J.D.S.	3	0 K		0 K			0 K							3	0	0		
•	••	•	6	Smith	6	⊥			0 K		0 SH 3-3							2	0	1	1	
			7	Burr	5	0 .3			0 4-3		⊥							3	0	1		
			8	Jackson	7		0 K		0 K		0 F4							3	0	0		
			9	Boardman	9		0 K			0 4-3		0 4-3						3	0	0		
			10																			
			11																			
			TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....		Runs total.	2/2	0/2	0/2	0/2	0/2	2/4	1/5	/	/	/	/	/	29	5	8		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	3	0	1	0	0	2	2						Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				2	8	1-b. on errors.														(3)			
ed	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	Fl'd'g errors.													Lefton bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																	

re. ______ of ______ Scorer ______

Thursday
August 30
cont'd

without blocking the traffic. J.A.L. got scored on Smith's beautiful boa-constrictor bunt, and P.N.M. on Burr's bouncing bonny bingle.

Then the electric light plant started to work on double time. Always willing to meet the public utilities halfway, the Dormouses discarded everything that came into their hands. The plant's dynamo made six revolutions, and might have revolved till dawn had not Dalton been bitten by the tse-tse fly. J.C.C. caught him off second, and, by contrast, Epimenides and Rip Van Winkle looked like alarm clocks. The Pullman Cheaters turned over once when J.C.C. and J.A.L. both turned in for a two-nostril snore, but after that they all slept the sleep of the unjust, and their foes were content to let dormant canines remain dormant.

After Supper, there were games on the hill, rehearsals, dishwashing, and Earth, Air, and Water. Half-past-niners had reading - In The Fog is now finished.

R.R. got back just in time for Faculty Supper, having had a wonderful trip, and (in spite of gloomy forebodings by nearly everyone) a good two hours to spend with the Wiggins. There was excitement on the ferry coming back from North Deer Isle to the mainland, when the driver of the front truck suddenly jumped off, the truck started to go, and went rolling off the front of the ferry boat and down to the bottom of the sea.

13 fish were caught

Total for season: 776 perch
49 bass

Friday
August 31
B. 29.72
T. 63
W. N.W.
Clear

At last, it did clear off northwest - the wind coming in with a roar very early in the morning.

E.T.P. was up and about again today, which was fine.

The weather was perfect for Boat Races; so the day was arranged accordingly. Morning Reading was omitted, and Squads were short and few. Finishing touches were put on boats, and at ten o'clock the fleet and the gallery again gathered on the Point.

BOAT RACES

Boats and Owners

Artichoke	Alsop
Fierce Thing	Boardman
Fiercest Thing	
Golden Eagle	Burr and Simonds
Dickey	Buttfield
Mickey	
Bluefish	Cutler
Beppo	Ewell
Nameless	
Wildfire	Goodwin
Flying Moab	Hall,D.
Sideline	Hall,G.
Entry	Howe,D.
ΤΑΧΙΣΤΟΣ	Howe,J.
Hopalong I	Mallory
Flying Dutchman	Millet
Otter	Muir
Rotten Egg	Payson and Jackson
Holey One	Pillsbury
Unholey One	
Go Getter	Procter
Total Failure	Scaife
Rummage Sail	Shaw
Whiskey and Soda	
Brandy and Water	
Thomas Yowney	Shaw and Wallace
Al Smith	Smith and Wallace
Mint Julep	Snelling
Firefly	Stanton
Navis Longa	Stevens,S.
Whiz Fish	Talbot
Barracuda	Trimingham
Blue Heron	Weeks

Friday August 31 cont'd	Weak-nees	Weeks and Mallory
	Chesterfield	E.T.P., H.W.P., and L.T.
	Hennessey 3-Star	P.N.M.
	Fandango	J.D.S.
	Friedrich der Grosse	B.P.S.

A total of thirty-eight, one more than last year.

Preliminary Round

First Heat

1. Blue Heron
Artichoke
Weak-nees
Navis Longa

There was a heavy sea, and, although the wind was good, there were many upsets. The Blue Heron was the only one to stay upright at first, and it upset halfway in. After that it went well, however, and was making good speed when it crossed the line. None of the others finished.

Second Heat

1. Al Smith
Firefly
Flying Dutchman
Whiz Fish

Again there was a good deal of upsetting. The foaming beer mug was soon visible from the Point, however, and, after heading straight for the Point and then at the last minute turning and just getting past, Al Smith was victorious. No others finished.

Third Heat

1. Go Getter
2. Mickey
3. Nameless

This was a good heat. All three went well, the Go Getter winning handily. The Nameless upset just before running into the Point, was restarted and finished just a few feet behind the Mickey.

Fourth Heat

1. Sideline
2. Wildfire
3. Rotten Egg
Howe,D.'s entry

The Sideline and Wildfire both went very well, the former defeating the latter by about ten yards. The Rotten Egg, which was finished since yesterday, did sensational things, upsetting once, and somersaulting itself upright again before the surprised pickers-up could do anything about it!It upset again about two-thirds of the way in, but, when again set up, finished in nice style.

First Round

First Heat

1. Fierce Thing
2. Whiskey and Soda
3. Nameless
4. Blue Heron

Although the Nameless had finished third in its heat, it had been a very close decision, and so it was allowed to race again. The Fierce Thing, making its first appearance of the year (although this is the third year it has raced), went well throughout the race and crossed the line first. The Whiskey and Soda came in second, capsizing just as it reached the line. The Nameless went over early in the race, but then staged a comeback and beat the Blue Heron out for third place when the latter upset.

(The Whiskey and Soda, which had been set up again, eluded the pickers-up, and a chase started - H.W.P. and crew rowing desperately.)

Second Heat

1. Total Failure
2. Flying Moab
3. Bluefish

Thomas Yowney

The Thomas Yowney was a bit fickled (see Huntingtower) before the start, so did nothing. The Bluefish upset. The Total Failure, in spite of an extraordinarily crooked set of spars, came fast and won, with the Flying Moab, looking nice, very close. The Bluefish was set up and sneaked past the Point to get third place; she was under-rigged for the wind, as her stu'nsails had been taken off, and the mainsail was not big enough to make her go fast. (The Chase still going on.)

Third Heat

1. Holey One
2. Beppo
3. Hopalong I
4. Rummage Sail

This was a great race! All four stayed right side up and came fast. The Holey One, going beautifully, won, with the Beppo just nosing out the Hopalong for second place, and the Rummage Sail only ten yards behind that. A good heat. (The Whisky (I have been spelling it wrong) and Soda was finally captured, far down toward Gleason's, during this heat.)

Fourth Heat

1. Barracuda
2. Al Smith
3. Fandango
4. Go Getter

A good race was expected, with two winners of preliminary heats, and two boats reputed to be very fast. And so it turned out to be, nearly resulting in dead heats for both first and third places. The Barracuda led throughout, but the Al Smith was close behind. The Fandango finished third, and would have

Friday
August 31
cont'd

done better if it had not been fouled by the Barracuda at the start. The Go Getter was fourth.

Fifth Heat

1. Mickey
2. Unholey One

Thomas Yowney
ΤΑΧΙΣΤΟΣ

This heat was slower. All upset at least once, but finally the Mickey got going well and won from the Unholey One by fifty feet. The one with the Greek name never finished, and it seemed as though poor Thomas really must be fickled after all, as he could do nothing either.

Sixth Heat

1. Fandango
2. Dickey

Brandy and Water
Rotten Egg

The Rotten Egg was given another chance, but could finish; nor could the Brandy and Water. The Fandango, on its second try also, did well, and won, defeating the Mickey by five yards.

Seventh Heat

1. Golden Eagle
2. Fiercest Thing

Otter
Friedrich der Grosse

There was nothing to this but the Golden Eagle, which went very well and finished alone. The Fiercest Thing came in second, a long time afterwards. The Otter could not finish, nor could the Friedrich der Grosse manage its enormous sail.

Eighth Heat

1. Mint Julep
2. Wildfire

Chesterfield
Bluefish

The wind had come up by this time and was very strong. A good race, all staying up until nearly the end. The Mint Julep, although a little wild in appearance, did credit to its absent owner, the Colonel, and won handsomely. The Chesterfield, which had been almost even with the winner, upset just before the end. The Wildfire came in second; and the Bluefish - now rerigged, with the stu'nsails set - again had the wrong amount of sail for the wind.

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After this, there was an intermission, for Swim, dinner, and Reading. Afterwards, everyone assembled once more. The wind had swung, and was nearly due west, and, again, the sea was very heavy for the amount of wind.

Friday
August 31
cont'd

Ninth Heat of First Round

1. Fiercest Thing
2. Sideline
3. Hennessey 3-Star
4. Chesterfield

This was a special heat, only the winner to qualify. It was very good at first, but then the Hennessey and the Chesterfield upset. The Fiercest Thing won by a lot, the Sideline eventually coming in second. The Hennessey crossed the line third, and the Chesterfield, which went very fast when it was going, but kept hitting its spar, fourth.

Second Round

First Heat

1. Flying Moab
2. Fierce Thing
3. Whiskey and Soda

Total Failure

The Flying Moab flew beautifully and won with no trouble. The Fierce Thing upset when it was nearly across the line, but was set up in time to finish second. The Whiskey and Soda got third place, and the Total Failure totally failed to put in an appearance.

Second Heat

1. Barracuda
2. Holey One
3. Beppo

Al Smith

One of the best heats. The Barracuda was victorious, but by a small margin. Al Smith did nobly for a while, and, when he dropped back, did his best to blanket the Holey One. The Holey One, undeterred, came in second, however, with the Beppo a very close third. Al, who had sprung an outrigger, did not finish. (Error! It was the Beppo that Al tried to blanket, and he did it quite effectively -)

Third Heat

1. Mickey
2. Dickey
3. Unholey One
4. Fandango.

This was Buttfield's party, his Mickey winning, with the Dickey only a few yards behind. A great race for third place, with the Unholey One just getting by the Fandango. The Mickey - or Dickey - got by the pickers-up, who had difficulties, as all the boats were so close , but fortunately upset before it had gone very far.

Fourth Heat

1. Golden Eagle
2. Fiercest Thing
3. Wildfire

Mint Julep

A very pretty race, although not awfully close. The Golden Eagle, one of the best-made of all the boats, won, going very fast. The Fiercest Thing was a good second, and the Wildfire

Friday
August 31
cont'd

third. The Mint Julep did not finish.

Semi-Finals

First Heat

1. Fierce Thing
2. Holey One
3. Flying Moab
4. Barracuda

The Barracuda had great difficulties at the start and finished far back - it was decided that it should be given another chance. The race was a splendid one among the other three. The Fierce Thing, going finely, won by ten feet over the Holey One, which was also making great speed. The Flying Moab was a very close third. A nice race.

Second Heat

1. Fiercest Thing
2. Mickey
3. Golden Eagle
Dickey

Another fine race. The Dickey did not succeed in finishing, but the other three were even all the way, the Fiercest Thing defeating the Mickey by only five feet, while the Golden Eagle was third by only three.

Special Race

1. Fierce Thing
2. Barracuda
3. Holey One
4.(Fiercest Thing)

There was much confusion about the race. The purpose of it was to give the Barracuda, which had not had a fair chance in its heat, another try at the Fierce Thing and Holey One, who had placed first and second, respectively. Unfortunately, the Fiercest Thing was started too, which was not intended. Apparently knowing that this race was unnecessary, the Fiercest Thing did not go its fastest, and came in last of the four! - which caused great wrath to some, when they saw it start in the Finals.

It was an awfully good race. The wind had swung even more to the west, and all four finished against the Point, very even. The Fierce Thing was again victorious, but this time the Barracuda was able to defeat the Holey One and earn the right to go into the Finals.

Finals

1. Fiercest Thing
2. Barracuda
3. Fierce Thing
Mickey

The wind had dropped a little, but came up finely for this race. The excitement was high, especially Boardman's, with his Fierce Thing and his Fiercest Thing both racing. First the Mickey went over; then the Barracuda; then the Fierce Thing! The Fiercest Thing, with its small sail, was coming along. It did not capsize, and crossed the line, go-

Boat Races

August 31, 1928

Artichoke
Blue Heron
Navis Longa
Week Nees

Al Smith
Firefly
Whiz Fish
Flying Dutchmen
Go Getter
Mickey
Nameless

Wildfire
Sideline
Rotten Egg
Howe, D.'s entry

1. Blue Heron
Whiskey and Soda
Fierce Thing
Nameless (2nd try)
Total Failure
Flying Moab
Thomas Yowney
Bluefish
Holey One
Beppo
Hopalong I
Rummage Sail
1. Al Smith
Fandango
Barracuda
1. Go Getter
2. Mickey
TAXIΣTOΣ
Thomas Yowney (2nd try)
Unholey One
Brandy and Water
Fandango
Rotten Egg (2nd try)
Dickey
Fiercest Thing
Golden Eagle
Friedrich der Grosse
Otter
Bluefish (2nd try)
Chesterfield
Mint Julep
2. Wildfire
1. Sideline
Chesterfield (2nd try)
Hennessey 3-Star
Fiercest Thing (2nd try)

1. Fierce Thing
2. Whiskey + Soda
1. Total Failure
2. Flying Moab
1. Holey One
2. Beppo
1. Barracuda
2. Al Smith
1. Mickey
2. Unholey One
1. Fandango
2. Dickey
1. Golden Eagle
1. Mint Julep
2. Wildfire
1. Fiercest Thing

1. Flying Moab
2. Fierce Thing
1. Barracuda
2. Holey One
1. Mickey
2. Dickey
1. Golden Eagle
2. Fiercest Thing

First Heat
1. Fierce Thing
2. Holey One

Special Deciding Heat
1. Fierce Thing
2. Barracuda (2nd try)

1. Fiercest Thing
2. Mickey

1. Fiercest Thing
2. Barracuda
3. Fierce Thing
Mickey

Friday
August 31
cont'd

ing very well, to win the Cup. The Barracuda was set up again and came like lightning, to finish second. The Fierce Thing got across the line before upsetting again, and finished third. The Mickey did not finish.

After the confusion in the Semi-Finals, Boardman welcomed Pillsbury's challenge, and the Fiercest Thing and Holey One tried their luck once more. Again the Fiercest Thing was victorious, leading the Holey One, in their special race, by 30 feet.

And so the Fiercest Thing goes on the rafters, having beaten some excellent boats, and competed in some very good races. A great deal of work was done on the Boats this year, and it showed. Many were beautifully made, and there were very few poor ones.

Rehearsals and, after supper, the Smelling Game for half-past-niners, and - to go backward a little - Going to Jerusalem for half-past-eighters kept us very busy. Simonds and Burr got the best scores in the Smelling Game, the former having 21 and the latter 19.

Saturday
September 1
B. 29.9
T. 53
W. N.W.
Clear, cool

Another beautiful day - but there could be no doubt of its being a September one!

After Knots and Reading, there were assorted Squads. An unusual one, called Body By Fisher, did some Coach-building for the evening. Another went north, to cut branches for decoration of the Parlor. And there were many Final Rehearsals.

Swim was rather brief, owing to the chilliness of the wind and the number of things to be done.

In the afternoon there was a large Decoration Squad, under the direction of J.R., J.A.L., H.W.P., and J.C.C. The whole job - bringing the branches down from the north and getting them all in place, making the room delightfully green and fragrant - was done inside of two hours.

Afterwards tnere was time for a spirited game of

Senior Soccer

Max Beerbohms	Beerbohm Trees
P.N.M.	L.T.
J.A.L.	H.W.P.
R.T.F.	J.C.C.
J.G.W.	T.I.R.
L.L.S.	J.D.S.
B.P.S.	J.W.P.
Smith	Cutler
Mallory	Pillsbury
Dalton	Burr
Simonds	Trimingham
Jameson	Shaw

Although the weather was unusual for Soccer, clear and bright and dry, the game was a fine one. The playing was very fast and good throughout, and, although the score ended 2-all, it was only by desperate defence on the part of the

Saturday
September 1
cont'd

backs and goal-keepers that it was kept from being much greater, as the goals were bombarded furiously. The prefects were particularly busy during the first period, B.P.S. scoring for the Max Beerbohms, only to have the count evened by J.W.P.'s goal for the Beerbohm Trees. J.W.P. put his team ahead with another score in the second quarter, and it remained 2-1 until the first of the last period, when P.N.M. again evened things up. Although the game was run so close to supper-time that Swim was very hasty, no one could score again, and the game ended in a tie.

In time to appear in Oriental costume in the Grand March arrived Richard Rush -
and later in the evening, in time for a few of the Stunts,
Robert MacKeen

The usual tremendous hour of preparation, after supper: last stitches; twinkling lights of the Lantern Squad; pouring down Sunshine Alley of a half-dressed motley throng -

"Is my Toga right?" "Can you please fix my skirt?" "My hair seems to be coming off!" Safety-pins lost; found again; arranging of golden tresses, concealing of well-known shirts and Trous, adjusting of swords and crowns -

It was really a wonderful array that formed up in the South Dormitory. It is always a thrilling moment, as the last Witches, Monarchs, etc., come hurrying in. At last all were in line, the Grand March broke out in the Big Room, and the procession came in, a truly brilliant one, thronging the room and marching round and round again, to L.L.S.'s very spirited and stirring playing.

FANCY DRESS BALL

Julius Caesar

Caesar	Cutler
Brutus	Smith
Soothsayer	Boardman
Artemidorus	Ewell
Cassius	Auchincloss
Decius Brutus	Simonds
Metellus Cimber	Stanton
Casca	Richard
Statue of Pompey	H.W.P.

The Pied Piper

Piper	J.C.C.
Mayor	J.W.P.
Corporation	Stevens, J. Goodwin Payson Ladd Bates, J.
Rats (and Children)	Millet Howe, D. Hall, D. Devens Sortwell

The Three Bears

Little Silverhair	E.S.
Big Bear	T.I.R.
Middle-sized Bear	Cutler
Little Bear	Ewell

Good King Arthur

King Arthur	H.W.P.
Queen Guinevere	Smith
Miller (and Guest)	Procter
Guests	Auchincloss Stevens, J. Howe, J. Weeks

Macbeth

Macbeth	L.L.S.
Witch	Shaw
Witch	Dalton
Witch	Muir

Saturday September 1 cont'd	Apparition	Alsop
	Apparition	Swaim
	Apparition	Talbot

Aladdin

Aladdin	E.T.P.
Magician	J.R.
Princess	R.T.F.
Sultan	Burr,F.
Vizier	Dalton
Slaves	Hubbard,E. Hubbard,C. Hall,G.
Courtiers	Alsop Scaife Warren
Genii	T.I.R. J.D.S.

The Curse of the Gods of Oorag

Iphrisostus	L.T.
Shrag	J.G.W.
Wombo	P.N.M.
Volmodor	J.A.L.
Bozad	B.P.S.
Dorialder	Wallace
Elim	Burr
Elim's Attendant	Jackson
Clever Bargainer	Mallory
Emir of Kosh	Pillsbury
Sut of Bala	Jameson
Dorialder's Attendant	Buttfield
First Messenger	Trimingham
Wounded Soldier	Mallory
Man from Palace	Jackson
Second Messenger	Buttfield
Old Man	Jameson
Dancing Girls	Bates,M. Stevens,S.
Attendants	Alsop Dalton Scaife Warren.

Julius Caesar

The Death of Caesar has been acted several times before in Camp, but never better done. All the cast, in the usual simple togas, white, blue, or green, looked their parts well: Caesar, Brutus, and the Statue of Pompey especially so. The acting was very spirited, and we perhaps have never had it done with so much dignity and force throughout. To distinguish, when all the parts were so well taken: Brutus was very well and simply acted, with fine bearing; Artemidorus acted with an earnestness that was - to use the stock phrase - completely "convincing". Cassius' lines were given with real eloquence and power. Caesar himself lost his lines once or twice for a moment, but his acting of the part was so really fine and understanding, the slight natural arrogance of the young ruler, the command, the consciousness of power and dignity, were so well done, that the acting "carried through" completely. The whole scene was finely done.

The Pied Piper

Next came a truly enchanting performance of the Pied Piper. The scene opened with the Mayor and dignified corporation of Hamelin Town, protesting against the demand of the Pied Piper for a thousand guilders, for ridding the town of rats. The portrayal of the grudging Mayor was good, and the Piper (in motley of scarlet and yellow, with tall peaked cap and reed pipe) protested with spirit. The dance of the five little Rats, following the magic piping, was delightfully done, as was that of the Children; the Piper was light on his feet as a sprite; and the whole scene was altogether charming.

The Three Bears

The Three Bears, a familiar friend, showed certain novel features never before presented. Usually the bears

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have been dressed in brown canton flannel, and we thought they were very respectable bears - but these transformed monsters came prancing in in real furs, black and heavy (fortunately the evening was cold!), with truly astonishing heads, such as were never seen before on any bear! The impersonation of Little Silverhair by E.S. was a tremendous revelation: we had thought her a young woman grown - we had heard she was a student at Smith College - but either they take students very young indeed at Smith College or - we don't know exactly what! - in any case, it was a very charming performance and much enjoyed by everybody.

Good King Arthur

"When good King Arthur ruled this land,
He was a goodly king."

He was, indeed! He couldn't even take a walk without his crown on, and was royal even in his thieving. The Miller slept, and the King "took" the barley-meal, which was no more than his right. His lovely Queen received him and it with warmth; the Pudding was made, the guests were assembled. All enjoyed their Pudding to the utmost - we can only hope that sovereign and subjects enjoyed it themselves as much as the audience enjoyed watching them eat it! A very spirited and merry rendering of an ancient theme.

Macbeth

The Witches' Scene in Macbeth is another old and familiar friend, and, without making any invidious comparisons, we may say that it has never been better given than this time. The witches were weird and grisly as heart could desire. The apparitions were impressive, if not terrifying. Macbeth was a gallant figure, worthy of a better character - for he did not look the villain that we know he was! Lastly, a word of praise must be given to the caldron, which bubbled and boiled and blazed, now red, now green, with a truly astonishing effect. Altogether a very successful scene.

Aladdin

Aladdin was a first performance - never before has it appeared on any boards - and we congratulate the cast which performed it with such spirit and verve. J.R. as the Magician was truly terrifying! To adapt slightly his own words: "O hankery pankery slinkery sloz, We never did know how demonic he was!" Aladdin appeared to enjoy all his adventures, first as a poor boy seeking great wealth, then as the gallant prince wooing the princess. A couple of days ago, he was stretched on a bed of pain; love and the spirit of adventure transformed him into a being of fire! And who would not be fired by such a princess! Her golden hair, her dark eyes, her pink cheeks! - what if she did have poison ivy on her arms! No one would ever know it - she waved them about as gracefully as if nothing was the matter! The Sultan was dignified and stately, as a Sultan should be; the slaves efficient and obliging. As for the Genii - our experience is limited among beings of this class, but they were certainly the finest Genii we have ever seen! Altogether we may well hope to see Aladdin again some day!

The Curse of the Gods of Oorag

Once again, as in J.G.W.'s Oriental fantasies of other summers, we were carried into the very middle of the Arabian

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Nights. Two merchants of the Eastern city of Waf, Dorialder (Burr) and Elim (Wallace) were seen in talk on the highway, almost surrounded and overgrown by tall trees, while above them sat the amazing figures of the ancient Gods of Oorag - Shrag (P.N.M.), Iphrisostus (L.T.), and Wombo (J.G.W.). They were perfectly portentous: three extraordinary, grotesque figures, Iphrisostus with immense ears and stiff, high headdress (no one could have recognised a megaphone, inverted and painted green), and all with dreadful, protruding, white eye-balls. (Again, no one would have recognised these latter as cut-in-two Ping Pong balls!)

There they sat, grim and archaic; and after the merchants had gone on to the city of Waf, and after the young prince of Waf (B.P.S.) and his vizier (J.A.L.) had come in and discoursed about the three Gods and their ancient power, and in their turn gone towards Waf - then the Gods spoke, in strange, dry, far-off sounding voices - just what the voices of such figures ought to be! A pervading sound, like the low note of temple bells, resounded softly as they spoke. It was very eerie, and when, after deciding to lay strange curses on the city, which had deserted them and provided no sacrifices for over a hundred years, they rose stiffly, and stiffly moved across the stage and away towards the city, it was positively terrifying!

The Bazaar might have been in Samarkand, with the silk and jewel merchants displaying their rich wares. Then the strange figures of the ancient Gods rose up from behind the wall, and we heard their strange voices again, as, carefully considering, they lay the curse of truth on the two mer-

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chants; Dorialder struggled hard against the curse - his words, crying down his own wares, saying that his rich silks were really cheap, poor stuff, with cheap dyes, seemed to be torn from him; but Elim joyfully heaped diamond and ruby necklaces on the travelling jewel merchant, in joyful exchange for a common Merryweather pebble! Later, both acted very well their despair, on coming to their senses, and realising their self-wrought ruin.

In the final scene, when the Prince of Waf, a lordly young exquisite, and the visiting Emir of Kosh (Pillsbury) were borne in from opposite sides, one in a palanquin, the other in another form of vehicle (a wheelbarrow, draped and gilded!), the effect was wonderful. As each strove to outshine the other in extolling his own city, the Gods above devised the ingenious curse of changing the beauty of the dancing girls brought in by the Emir of Kosh to ugliness. The two dancers (Stevens,S. and Bates,M.) came in, in really lovely floating dresses, with scarfs and plumes of rich colors, and danced very well, but their faces had been painted to make them ugly - red noses, and blotches painted on - and the Emir of Kosh withdrew with them in anger.

In the last scene of all, terrifying thunder and lightning - the most realistic ever produced! we can't see how it was managed! - and the reports of destruction of the city's wealth brought in by different messengers brought the proud citizens to their knees, and, despairing, they flung themselves down before the ancient Gods of Oorag.

This wonderful Stunt ended the performances; certainly among the very best we've ever had in Camp.

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The sherbert was delicious; so was the cake; and a somewhat dishevelled but very happy company went shortly to bed.

Sunshine Alley had a fairly lengthy day of it; swimming by the merry moonlight at 5 A.M., then seeing S.M. off - for alas, she had to leave today (J.C.C. and P.N.M. also arose early and took her over to Waterville for the train) - and finally off to bed, after table-setting, at 12 midnight!

The Curse of the Gods of Oorag

Scene 1

(On the ancient highway to Waf, on the Sacred Mountain of Oorag. In the background the carved figures of the patron deities of Waf - Shrag, Iphrisostus, and Wombo. In the foreground is the highway.)

(Enter two merchants, Dorialder and Elim.)

Dorialder: That was very hot; now let us rest here awhile in the breeze, before we go down to the city.

Elim: Yea, let us sit just here, where we can see the minarets and towers of Waf. Waf is the richest and finest city I have ever been to, and I have visited many fine cities - Oogander, and Blom, and Goolaira, and the Seven Cities of the Eastern Isles.

Dorialder: There is no city like it in the world. I am very proud of being a citizen of Waf. The citizens of Waf are more intelligent and cultured than any other people in the world.

Elim: Very true, and our merchants are much cleverer than any other traders. This has indeed been a prosperous journey for us. I compute that in the space of three moons I have increased my profits sevenfold.

Dorialder: I too have done well. I sold red cloth in great quantities to the Queen of Bala. She holds it to be silk, whereas it was an inferior grade of rafti; so that my gain was enormous. - The dyes run out very quickly.

Elim: Yes, we should thank the gods, as men said in the old days, when our forefathers were still superstitious.

Dorialder: That is so, we know better now. If you have rested, let us go on.

Elim: Good! I am eager to be in Waf again.

(Exeunt Merchants. Enter Bozad and Volomodor - Bozad is Prince of Waf; Volomodor, governor of the Palace.)

Volomodor: This is the place I spoke of, most august Eminence. From here, as you see, one can get a most fair prospect, looking down not only upon the great and enlightened city of Waf, but also upon strange peoples. Yonder (pointing) one may see queer races, who think (he laughs) that they are civilized and advanced even as we, and yonder again are folk perfectly satisfied to live under a government, ridiculous in fact, but which they claim is very fine indeed.

Bozad: Ay, this is a fine prospect, (turning to the images) and these are ancient gods of Waf - the Sacred Divinities of the Mount of Oorag.

Volomodor: None other, Majesty - in ancient times they were greatly venerated. This is Shrag, the divinity of the hearth and of the small things about the house. It was he who - the Vedas say - made the smoke go up chimneys and water roll down hill.

Bozad: Very interesting! - I like not the expression on his face.

Volomodor: Very archaic; our craftsmen do far better nowadays. They are said to have been carved by a certain Priest of Waf, Gombo by name. He was considered a very holy man. The Kings of Waf made sacrifice here thrice yearly.

Bozad: That must have been a fine sight - the procession of priests and courtiers. We have no such colorful customs *now*. (Sighs.)

Volomodor: Ah, we are far beyond that now, and we do not waste good time and money on superstitious rites. Waf is the wisest and richest city in three seas.

Bozad: Who is this queer great god?

Volomodor: That is Iphrisostus, the divinity of Trade, and cities, and national prosperity. - A strange conception, surely.

Bozad: I can almost see why the people reverenced these gods.

Volomodor (smiling): It pleases your Eminence to be whimsical. This is the last of the trio - Wombo, god of wars and calamities, and also the special patron of physicians.

Bozad: Very interesting! I have been taught very little of the gods. I must see the priests in the great temple of Waf.

Volomodor (laughing): They know less about them than antiquaries like myself. Their sacred position is indeed popular, as the temple is richly endowed by the state. Nay, none revere the Gods now, save a few of the ignorant country folk.

Bozad: Yet our fathers did in ancient times.

Volomodor: Ah, but see how the field of knowledge has widened. They knew nothing of sanitation and social philosophy.

Bozad: True - true! And yet - and yet - was there not some old prophecy or song of the Gods I heard when a boy?

Volomodor: Oh, I know - the nursery song.

If thou wouldst wish to live and laugh,
Do honor to the Gods of Waf!
Give to them from a ready purse,
Or fear the Gods of Oorag's curse!

(The carved images seem to move a little.)

Bozad: Come, let us be going. These strange images do bring a boding upon me, and I seem to hear the voices of far-off things.

Volomodor: Ah, 'tis the heat! and mayhap the pomegranates were not quite ripe.

(Exeunt.)

(Very slowly Wombo turns his head.)

Wombo: I am very hungry.

Iphrisostus: I too, and I miss the odor of incense.

Shrag: I am all covered with moss and feel uncomfortable. No one has cleaned off my moss for a long time.

Iphrisostus: No one has offered sacrifice for a long time.

Wombo: For a century at least, the priests of Waf have brought us neither drink nor meat.

Shrag: Then they waken us with idle prattle about social philosophy.

Iphrisostus: The city of Waf should be punished.

Wombo: And we should have food and wine and sacrifice and incense.

Shrag: Who will bring it? They reverence us no more - I seemed to hear someone say so just before I awoke.

Iphrisostus: That was so, Shrag.

Wombo: How long has our blessing rested on the city of Waf?

Shrag: This moss is at least a century old.

Iphrisostus: It is more than a century that our blessing has rested on Waf, without their bringing sacrifice.

Wombo: Let us take away our protection.

Shrag: Let us bless them no more.

Iphrisostus: Let us curse them.

Wombo: How?

Shrag: Ay, just how?

Iphrisostus: They are very clever - Waf is made rich by trade, and politically strong by alliances. Trade, politics, and social philosophy.

Wombo: That is true - How shall we curse them?

Shrag: I am in a great mood for cursing!

Iphrisostus: There are curses of all kinds.

Wombo: Some are much better than others.

Shrag: Let us make our cursing a very strong cursing.

Iphrisostus: We could take the power of deceit from them.

Wombo: What a curse that would be for courtiers, merchants, and physicians.

Shrag: Good! But let us make more cursings - strong, withering, misery-bearing cursings.

Iphrisostus: Oh, we will make innumerable cursings!

Wombo: I have an immense hunger.

Shrag: I want oil and wine.

Iphrisostus: The priests bring us no food; we will get it! And thou, proud city of Waf, beware our cursings!

(Very slowly they all descend from their pedestals and exeunt in single file.)

Curtain

Scene 2

(Emporium in the Agora of the City of Waf)

(In the rear is the city wall flanked by towers. Booths are set up, and merchants and vendors are crying their wares. Dorialder and Elim, each with an attendant, are on the stage.)

Elim's Attendant: Come buy! Come buy! Silks of the East, soft as gossamer! Mantles of Kashmere, garbins from Orook, and walbees of Gandore. Come buy! Come buy!

(Enter traveller from Bala - Sut.)

Sut: This is the bazaar of Elim the cloth merchant?

Attendant: None other. What would you?

Sut: I come to purchase silks for the court of Bala. I wish the best silks and most expensive.

Elim: Such silks are indeed expensive. We have only the rarest and finest. They are most difficult to come by - first by junks and river caracks from Ouda, then by caravan o'er the deserts of Wabi, where the heaviest duties are imposed by the Calif, thence again through the Gura Pass, and so to Waf.

(While he is speaking, the heads of the Gods of Oorag rise above the city wall.)

Sut: That I understand, but Bala is rich, and the Queen must have silks in plenty, she and her handmaids. Let me see these silks. Already there are some at court, and the royal Bishkoo demands that these be of the same quality.

Elim: What think you of this?

Shrag: This is a proud merchant.

Wombo: Let us humble him.

Iphrisostus: We will make him speak truth!

Shrag: The charm then!

(All three raise their right hands.)

All: Obanda quam banda mombanda!

Sut (having examined the silk carefully): This, I think, is just the quality. I know something of silks. This must be of the finest, and surely is from very far east. Is not that so?

Elim (gulping and writhing): Indeed, it is not so. This is a poor quality of rafti, cunningly devised to represent Eastern silk, made by my own slaves here in Waf. The dyes fade within the year, and when exposed to moisture it rots at once, there being much grammock in the woof.

Sut (angrily): And yet this is the same quality as thou didst sell to the Court of Bala not a month since. Is not that so?

Elim: It is - in very truth it is the same. It cost me about a tenth part of the price I received for it.

Sut: Name of ten thousand devils! Thou art an impostor and a fraud.

Elim: More than that - I am utterly dishonest and unscrupulous.

Sut: Out of thine own mouth dost thou stand condemned. (Flinging the cloth in his face.) Now I go to Prince Bozad to lay complaint against thee!

(Exit Sut very angrily.)

Elim: Alas, alas, what have I done! My tongue cannot be controlled - Some curse is on me. Ah! woe is me!

Shrag: That was a good cursing.

Iphrisostus: That was a cursing which made Elim very miserable.

Wombo: Let the curse continue till he doth reverence the Gods of Oorag.

Shrag: I like not that smug Dorialder.

Iphrisostus: He is most objectionable.

Wombo: He is utterly without reverence.

Shrag: I would enjoy his discomfiture.

Iphrisostus: Let us curse him also.

Wombo: Very strongly.

Shrag: Let us take his cunning from him.

Iphrisostus: Let a clever bargainer come to deal with him.

Wombo: Some clever bargainer from the East.

Shrag: From beyond Tyra.

Iphrisostus: Even from Oog.

Wombo: So be it; let him come.

(Enter clever bargainer from Oog.)

Clever Bargainer: I have precious stones to trade.

Dorialder (slyly, to Attendant): Go bring the trader from Oog that we may fleece him.

Attendant (to Clever Bargainer): My master, the famous jewel merchant Dorialder would have speech with thee, o man from Oog beyond Tyra!

Clever Bargainer: Ah, that is good! I have many rare stones to exchange for carbuncles, amethysts, rubies, and pearls.

Dorialder: Welcome, man of Oog - let us trade.

Clever Bargainer: What think you of this? (holding out a pebble).

Dorialder: That is very fine and rare. I would give much for such a stone.

Attendant: Master, it is very like a common pebble.

Dorialder: Silence, guinea pig! Am I not the jewel merchant Dorialder!

Attendant: Still, it does look like a pebble.

Clever Bargainer: It is yours, o Dorialder, for a price.

Dorialder: I will give thee this necklace of rare amber. It is a fine necklace.

Clever Bargainer: It will not buy my stone.

Dorialder: I will give these as well.

Attendant: My master is mad - ah woe!

Clever Bargainer:For all those stones I will part with my stone, but I would not do so wert thou not the great jewel merchant Dorialder. For know that this stone is no common stone. This is the only stone just like this stone.

Attendant: Wherein lies its merit, o man of Oog?

Clever Bargainer: Ah, that is a great secret - Besides, thou art only an attendant and wouldst not understand.

Dorialder: That is true. It requires years of training to recognize the value of stone. Give it me and all my wares are thine!

Clever Bargainer: I only do it as a favor. My own father and many princes have desired this stone for a much greater price - but I would not sell.

(Exit with Dorialder's stones.)

Shrag: Now Dorialder is ruined.

Iphrisostus: That was great fun.

Wombo: Let us bring back this little man's mind.

(All raise their left hands.)

All: Mundo, cummundo, dummundo.

Dorialder: (suddenly shrieks): Alas, I am ruined - where are my jewels! - what is this? Ah, woe, woe, and gloom!

Voices offstage: Make, way, make way, for Prince Bozad of Waf and the Emir of Kosh.

(Enter Bozad, Volomodor, and Attendants. Enter Emir of Kosh and his Attendants.)

Volomodor: This, o most noble Emir, is the famous Agora of Waf, to which comes the trade of all the world. Only the great city of Kosh is to be compared to Waf.

Emir: It is pleasant to think that the alliance between Waf and Kosh has stood firm through seventeen years. Both cities prosper more than ever, and all the nations of the seven hemispheres cannot prevail against them. We should thank the gods of Oorag and the deities of Kosh for their beneficent protection.

Volomodor: Ha ha! We of Waf trouble ourselves little about the Gods. Our educational system precludes the necessity of sacrifices and humbug.

Emir: That is blasphemous and dangerous to say.

Bozad: I have had fear when Volomodor speaks thus, but he assures me that there is no ground for fear.

Volomodor: Merely an atavistic heritage. Fear of the Gods has been proven by our soothsayers to be merely a subconscious reflex. The gods are powerless - if there be gods.

Shrag: I have taken an intense dislike to Volomodor.

Iphrisostus: It is such as these who have brought mankind to forget the Gods of Oorag.

Wombo: It is such as these who have brought on me my immense hunger.

Shrag: I shall take unbounded delight in punishing every one of the citizens of Waf.

Iphrisostus: Elim and Dorialder are both miserable.

Wombo: We can make them more miserable.

Shrag: But what cursing shall we make for Volomodor and this foolish Prince Bozad?

Iphrisostus: Let us wait till we think of a very perfect and thorough cursing.

Wombo: That is wise, o Iphrisostus. Our cursings should be the very best cursings.

Emir of Kosh: Many are the wonders of Waf,, to be sure, but there are wonders in Kosh too. Nowhere else do they have such dancing girls as in Kosh. I have brought thee a present of dancing girls, o Bozad!

Volomodor: Let us see these dancing girls as soon as may be. Are they beautiful?

Emir: They are like roseleaves in the morning sunlight!

Bozad: Ah! I like dancing girls of that sort.

Emir (to Attendant): Bring the dancing girls to the Agora at once!

(Exit Attendant.)

Shrag: The Emir of Kosh is both wise and pious. He should not be a friend of Waf.

Iphrisostus: Let us break this alliance between Kosh and Waf.

Wombo: How shall this be done?

Shrag: Let us start discord between the rulers of Kosh and Waf.

Iphrisostus: Beauteous dancing girls will but strengthen their friendship.

Wombo: Very ugly repulsive dancing girls would not.

Shrag: Yes, that is true.

Iphrisostus: Let us take away the beauty of the dancing girls of Kosh, and in its place put repulsive ugliness.

Wombo: You have a great mind, Iphrisostus.

Iphrisostus: I have.

Shrag: Oh, this will be great fun! Let us make them very foully ugly.

Wombo: We know a powerful charm for ugliness.

Iphrisostus: Aye, let it be the most powerful.

(All raise both hands.)

All: Wabi, wabi, wabi, boomfit wabi.

Shrag: Let us blind the Emir to the ugliness of his dancing girls!

Iphrisostus: So be it. We will it.

(Enter dancing girls.)

Emir: Saw you ever such grace and such charms!

Volomodor: I certainly never have.

Bozad: This is very funny! First you call the repulsive dancing girls, so that the beauteous ones may shine by contrast.

Emir I know not what you mean. These are the fairest damsels of Kosh.

Volomodor: By the seven towers of Balook! Then I would not boast of it.

Emir (angrily): Sir, you are insulting!

Bozad: He is, but he speaks truth. Never saw I such hags!

Emir: This is too much! Kosh is not to be insulted. I hereby break off the alliance with Waf and declare war!

Bozad: Nay, not so.

Emir: Yea, but it is so!

(Exeunt folks of Kosh.)

Volomodor: Now, this is very bad diplomacy. Instead of a strong alliance, we have a great war.

Bozad: I am all bewildered.

Shrag This is fun! Let us think of lots of different cursings.

Iphrisostus: And ruin Waf entirely.

Wombo: Till they bring us honor and much food.

Shrag: Now let us send many different cursings.

(Enter breathless messenger.)

Messenger: Oh highness, I am a man of the sea! I come from the great war fleet of Waf. All the ships have been sunk, in a great storm in the straits of Bandadar, or broken on the rock-girt coast of Ubboz.

Volomodor: Ah, woe is me! This is a great loss!

Bozad: What a calamity! What has happened to the crews?

Messenger: All drowned, or taken prisoners by the wild tribes of Ooldarak.

Bozad and Volomodor: Ah, woe! Oh, gloom!

Shrag: That was my cursing.

Iphrisostus: See now mine is coming!

(Enter wounded soldier.)

Soldier: Most noble Bozad! The Balgundians and Waks have attacked the eastern borders of Waf. The akhound has routed our armies, and Bokash, Wakuka, and Zoob are in the hands of the Gaikwar.

Volomodor: Alack and woe! We must put the city of Waf in condition to stand siege and man all fortifications.

Boaad: We are undone. We must flee with all our treasures.

Wombo: See, my cursing is coming.

(Enter from Palace a man.)

Man: Robbers, ruffians, and brigands. They have broken into the Royal Treasury and robbed Waf of all its wealth.

(Enter Second Messenger.)

Second Messenger: To arms! To arms! the combined armies of Bala and Kosh are even now before the gates. Help. help! To arms!

(All shout Help, Help, To Arms!)

Shrag: We are doing this cursing very well.

Iphrisostus: Yes, this seems effective.

Wombo: I am not yet satisfied.

Shrag: We can keep on with our cursings.

Iphrisostus: Let us loose the winds.

Wombo: The storms and whirlwinds.

Iphrisostus: The lightnings and the thunders.

Shrag: Wind and storm.

Wombo: Thunderbolts and earthquakes.

All: Storm, thunder, hail, wind, lightnings, and cloudbursts, and earthquakes, hither!

(The Storm! All run about hither and thither, crying, "Woe," "Beware." "Robbers." "The enemy.")

(An old man hobbles through.)

Old Man: It is the gods who are angry. Pray to the gods, Bozad! Ay, it is the curse of the gods of Oorag.

All Others: Ah, woe, the curse of the gods of Oorag!

(They all grovel on the floor, and in the darkness the gods pass and exeunt.)

Volomodor: We are undone! Waf is humbled in the dust. Proud Waf is no more. Let us sacrifice to the gods of Oorag.

Finis

Sunday
September 2
B. 29.9
T.54
W. S.
Clear

The wind did funny things before breakfast this morning - but it had more time than usual, as that was not until half-past-eight! First it blew south, then northwest for a little while, and finally from the south again (strong and cold, much more like a northwest wind, but with the sky clear and the sun warm).

With no Laundries to send out and no letters to write home, the morning was leisurely until Service, although some of the most careful have begun their packing.

After Service, there was the usual rush and hustle to get back into costumes, and picture-taking went on nearly all morning, north of the Boathouse. It was an even more motley gathering when seen by daylight, but a most impressive one, and the photographs should be excellent.

Last Weighings at Swim-time.

The afternoon was one of Divers Diversions. A strong Ouani, under the direction of J.G.W., went out.

Ouananiche

J.G.W.
R.McK. R.R.
L.L.S. Stevens,S.
Jameson Wallace
M.P. E.S.
Simonds Warren
R.R.

They journeyed far south and back again. The high wind made the paddle down hard, but the crew was a brawny one; coming home was easy, and the Ouani went splendidly.

More than half the Camp played Skowhegan on the Scouting Ridge, with J.R. scoring. Pillsbury's Dakotahs seemed to have a slight edge, defeating Hubbard,C.'s Navahos by

Sunday
September 2
cont'd

five runs to four in the first game, and by the same score in the second. In the third, they were even more convincing, winning by twelve runs to four; but in the last one the Navahos were victorious, by a run-score of nine to nothing.

Senior Ball

Ouaf Townies		Gods of Oorag
E.T.P.	p.	J.A.L.
H.W.P.	c.	J.W.P.
L.T.	1.	J.D.S.
T.I.R.	2.	B.P.S.
Cutler	3.	Smith
J.C.C.	ss.	P.N.M.
Burr	lf.	Procter
Swaim	cf.	Talbot
Jackson	rf.	Dalton

The Sunday championship of the east was collected by the Townies in a rough-and-ready, r'arin'-tearin', razz row that recalled grim football battles in gray November. No question about it, both teams were out for blood. Smith and Cutler were beaned in the back by viciously slung apples, and there was a deal of crustacean chatter from both batteries. The feeling spread to the stands, and in the sixth Chief Umpire Richard T. - "Dauntless Dick" - Flood was forced to halt the game while a leather-lunged participant was shown the out trail.

Neither side quirted the equine epidermis in the first two frames, although Smith did work his way around the alleys when the town fielders went Democratic. In the third, the gods loosed a double-barreled thunderbolt on two complimentary coupons and a few sceptre-strokes, even though Smith was denied access to the hearth when H.W.P. squeezed the berry up against his ribs, on Jackson's sweet chuck from the western suburb. Then the town boys quit worship and began to scoff.

Burr, who showed a shocking lack of reverence all afternoon for the service of his master, pickled the first precept for one base; then the Mayor and Corporation held a special session and rapped the table three times, balancing the scales. So it went, ding for dong, until episode eight, by which time the gods were on the rarefied end of a 6-5 score. But when the gods would destroy themselves, they first go cuckoo. Burr got a special dispensation from Providence (R.I.); Jackson scaled the first hillock on a trail-blazer through the heavenly nine's quartet; then the Putnam pair and Townie Terry sent the celestial pitcher to the well with three cracks, two of them of the crevasse variety.

Having sub-let the top floor of Olympus, the gods then tried to open the apartment latch before the lease had expired. With one ejected, the German Ganymede rang the bell once; Dalton forced him off, but Talbot was passed; and J.G.W., pinch-hitting after being out of the game for several years with acute disinclination, was safe on first when Terry was out of town. Smitty then burglarized the keys of the city by rolling one down the eastern slope, and two divines dusted the doormat; but E.T.P. bore down and smoked the last deity for his seventeenth windmill of the contest.

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After Swim, the Picnic was in the Pine Parlor - a very nice one, to which cocoa and Faculty-tea, and a fire, added warmth. Several Rounds, and John Brown's Body, went well; and, after we came home, Hymns went very well.

L.E.R recited - she could not sing, owing to her cold -

SENIOR BALL

Ours Vampires vs. of at Sunday Sept. 2 1928

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
	•		1 Jackson, rf	9	0 2⌉		0 Γ4	0 Γ2		F2		3 3 4 ⊥					5	1	1		
•••	•	••	2 J.C.C., ss	6	2·5 2 0 E4		2 2 3 ⊥		0 Γ4		0 Γ4	0 Γ7					5	1	1		
•	••	•	3 E.T.F. p.	1	0 K		2 2 ⊥		2 2 ⊥		0 2⌉	2 3 ⊥					5	3	3		
•••••••••••••••••	•		4 H.W.F. c	2		0 2·3	2 ⊥		6·5 0 ⊥		2 3 ⊥	2 S 2 ⊥					5	2	4		
••••		•	5 L.T. 1b	3		0 1·6 E5	0 Γ3		0 2·6 FC		WP ⊥	⊥					5	0	2		
	•	••	6 T.J.R., 2b.	4		FC		0 Γ8		0 4·3	E3	0 1·3					5	0	0		
•		••	7 Cutler, 3b.	5		0 ·3		0 K		0 6·5 2 HP	0 K						3	0	0		
			8 Burr, lf	7			5 4 5 ⊥	2 ⊥		2 ⊥		3 3 4 ::					3	2	3		
			9 Swaim, cf	8			0 K	::		0 K		0 K					3	0	0		
			10																		
			11																		
			TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	0/0	0/0	3/3	0/3	1/4	0/4	1/5	4/9	/	/	/	/	39	9	14		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	0	0	4	1	2	1	2	4					Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				8	17	1-b. on errors.														(7)	0	0	
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.													Lefton bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																	

Gods of Ouras vs. of at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
•••		•	1 Smith, 3b.	5	WP 1 E5 E1		3 ↑ 7·2 ::	0 K		0 K		6·5 S 0 ⊥	⊥				5	1	2		
••••••••••	•••		2 J.W.P., c.	2	0 K		2 2 3 ::	S ::		0 K		S 2 F	0 K				4	1	0		
	••		3 J.A.L., p.	1	0 Γ1		2 S 2 ⊥	0 4·3			2 2 E	0 1·3					5	2	1		
••	••		4 P.H.M., ss	6	0 K		2 ⊥		WP 2 ⊥		2 2 ⊥	0 3·6 ::					4	1	3		
•••••		•	5 J.D.S., 1b.	3		S S E4	⊥		WP ::		WP 2 FC		0 K				4	0	1		
••••	•	•	6 B.P.S., 2b	4		0 K	0 K		0 Γ6		E6 ⊥		0 ·6 ⊥				5	0	2		
			7 Dalton, rf	9		0 K	0 K		0 K		0 K		3 WP 4 FC				5	1	0		
•			8 Procter, lf	7		S ::		0 K	0 1·3		0 K		3 2 3 ::				3	1	0		
•			9 Talbot, cf	8		0 K		S S E5 ::		0 ·3	0 K						3	1	0		
			10 J.G.W.										2 E3				1	0	0		
			11																		
			TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	1/1	0/1	2/3	1/4	0/4	0/4	2/6	0/6	2/8	/	/	/	39	8	9		

Balks.	Hit by pito. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	0	0	3	0	1	0	2	1	2				Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
	1			2	6	1-b. on errors.														(2)	0	0	
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'l'd'g errors.													Lefton bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																	

Umpire Round Robin, R.T.F., *of* *Scorer* A.S.

the Merryweather Light, as always on the last Sunday night.

Sunday
September 2
cont'd

For half-past-niners, J.R. read Kipling's Long Trail and Bread Upon The Waters.

J.W.S. and C.A.S. left this morning, to spend a few days at North Deer Isle, with the C.W.2's.

Monday
September 3
B. 29.88
T. 58
W. S.E.
Cloudy

"A hurry of hoofs in the village street." Truly! It wasn't for nothing that yesterday's fine bright "Northwester" was blowing from the the South . The night trains, sounding ominously loudly, told us that the wind had swung to the East, and this morning was grey and menacing, with falling glass.

The prospect of a cold rain looking surer and surer, the earth-shaking decision was made of transferring - putting off Tutoring and Squad work till afternoon and putting through Last Scouting in the morning!

LAST SCOUTING

First Game

The electric atmosphere of Last Scouting, and the excitement of playing in the morning, resulted in a comet-like start on both sides. A flying file of Algonquins, from the south, got as far as the Boneyard, along the Underground; and P.N.M., from the north, ran like a streak of lightning to the first Red Pine of the four Red Pines.

We have had such good breeze for Scouting almost all summer that people have grown incautious and forgotten how sound carries on a still day. A number of the younger Iroquois came along the North path shouting directions: "Go over there!" "No, this way!" etc., as if they were coaching at Baseball. The first to come up killed from the first shock were Putnam and Putnam - H.W.P. and E.T.P. P.N.M. came in a few minutes later, having circled from the Middle Woods to the Underground. A few more came straggling in, killed, but very few, the almost complete stillness requiring close and cautious playing. At the end of the first half hour, the score was tied.

Algonquins

	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
E.T.P.	X				●		X		
J.R.	✓			✓			X		
J.G.W.		●		X			X		
L.T.	✓			X			X		
J.A.L.	X			✓			X		
L.L.S.	✓					/	X	●	
T.I.R.	✓			✓			X	●●	
B.P.S.		●		X			X	●	/
H.W.P.	X			X				●●	/
Alsop		●		X	●		X		
Buttfield	X	●		X	●●		X	●	
Dalton	✓			X			X	●	/
Devens	✓			X			X	●	
Cutler	X			X			X		
Goodwin	✓				●		X	●	
Hall, D.P.	✓			✓			X		
Howe	✓			X			X		
Hubbard, C.W.		●		✓			X		/
Jackson	✓			X	●		X		
Ladd	✓			✓			X	●	
Mallory	✓			✓			X		
Payson	✓			X			X	●	
Richard	✓			X			X		
Shaw	X				●		X		
Simonds	✓			✓			X	●●	
Smith	X	●	/	X	●●		X		
Stanton		●		✓			X		
Stevens, J.		●		X			X	●	/
Trimmingham	X			X	●		X	●●	
	8	8	1	16	10	1	28	17	5

Iroquois

	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs	Killed	Shots	Runs
P.N.M.	X				●		X	●●	/
J.C.C.		●●●		✓			X	●●	
R.T.F.	✓			✓				●	/
J.W.P.	✓			X	●			●	
J.D.S.	✓			X	●		X	●	/
Auchincloss	✓			✓			X		
Bates, J.		●		✓				●●	/
Bates, M.	X			✓			X		
Boardman.	X			X				●●	/
Burr, F.H.	✓			✓			X		
Ewell	✓			X			X		
Hall, G.E.	X			X			X		
Howe, D.	X	●		X	●		X		
Hubbard, E.B.	X			X	●		X		
Jameson		●		X	●		X	●●	
Millet	✓			✓			X		
Muir	X	●		✓	●●			●●●	//
Pillsbury	✓			✓			X	●	
Procter	✓			✓					/
Scaife	✓			✓			X	●	/
Sortwell	✓			X	●		X		
Stevens, S.			/		●●		X	●●	
Swaim	✓			X	●●●●		X	●●●●●	/
Talbot	✓			✓				●●●	/
Wallace	X				●		X		
Warren		●		✓					/
Weeks	✓						X		
	8	8	1	10	16	0	19	28	12

Monday
September 3
cont'd

Trimingham came up from the North end, in doubt as to whether he had made a run or not, and asked if someone in authority could come down to pronounce on it; so E.T.P. went down with him, but found he had been shot fifteen yards short of the line.

Score untied, tied, untied again, men coming in singly a long way apart, keeping our hearts in our mouths.

Almost at the very last, Smith came in from the north, having killed a Rover and scored a run through the Swamp, past the Guard - running on past the Boundary over two hundred yards, to make sure! He crossed the Ridge, and made a good try at killing the Shore Guard, but was shot.

This seemed to give the game to the Algonquins; but later still Sam Stevens appeared with an Iroquois run, made through the birches by Home Plate!

The suspense was heartless, as the long files of straggling ranks came in; but the score stayed tied, with the very low number of eight killed for both sides! - An ideal result, with the Cup still to win, for either side!

Second Game

A faint stirring of breeze, but everything still so quiet that even the panting of the running men sounded appallingly loud.

Not quite such rapid starts, by either side; practically no first crash, in either Woods or Sweet Fern.

H.W.P. did some lynx-eyed observing from the Boneyard, keeping himself wonderfully well hidden, as in old times.

Again a cautious game, but the few men that came in almost all Algonquins, till the score was 5-1 in the Iroquois' favor, at the end of the first half hour.

Monday
September 3
cont'd

The funniest tussle ever seen in Camp took place in the Sweet Fern, just below the Boneyard; the long khaki-clad figures of H.W.P. and J.D.S., with the smaller Hubbard,E., crawling rapidly round and round and round each other, wiggling about with faces hidden, actually shoving each other with their shoulders! Round and round and in and out the ridiculous scramble proceeded, the whole Boneyard shouting with laughter; when at last H.W.P. - who had shot at J.D.S. as Procter by mistake - was pierced by J.D.S.'s bullet.

Slowly mounting score, still strongly in favor of the Iroquois, till the Three-minute Call (just before which the two volunteer Mail-Carriers, Dr. MacKeen and Mr. Rush, whose canoe we had watched crossing the Bay both ways, came up to the Boneyard).

The result seemed certain; the Iroquois had outshot the Algonquins by six, 16 to 10 - when, at the very last, L.L.S. came in with the one run of the game, made along the middle of the woods, and over by the Shore, past the Shore Guard, who, as last year's Captain remarked, was 'up a tree in every sense of the word!'

Game and Season went thus to the Algonquins; tying the 24-year-old score of the Game of Games, 11 to 11.

Third Game

As always, once the fate of the Cup is decided, the last game was rather a wild one; but Captains and Teams did fine work in keeping up the season's high standard of play, and only one example of letting down to silly play

Monday
September 3
cont'd

was seen.

The starts from both sides were naturally a little eased off in speed. There was considerable wild and excited shooting - blunderbuss roars from all sides, at first, and, among some of the smaller braves, a notable lack of concealment. (A good-sized band on both sides crawled along the path on all fours, in plain view, like an outfit of young elephants!)

As the Cup was no longer in question, both Captains put in younger and more or less inexperienced Guards, for the training; and the last part of the game was perfectly headlong, caution thrown to the winds, and runs piling and piling up.

For the Algonquins, B.P.S., a lone hunter, scored a run through the Swamp, getting past the Swamp Guard. Dalton and Hubbard,C., for the Algonquins, came along the Ridge together, going north; Dalton killed the Swamp Guard, and both scored runs (but, coming back, at the south end, they mistook the murderous Swaim group for fellow Gonks, or the score might have been different!)

Stevens,J., coming right along the Ridge a good bit after them, scored, through the gap left by Dalton's killing of the guard. He ran a hazardous course, for the whole group of victorious Iroquois saw him, but, mistaking him for a fellow tribesman, all halloed to him and waved and shouted to him to get up and run, that all the course was clear. Thus, coached by the enemy to victory, he made his score!

Monday
September 3
cont'd

H.W.P. also scored a run, and coming back, killed Swaim, just after the latter's wondrous onslaught on the Algonquins' guards, and would have killed Muir and prevented his double score of runs, but did not know his name. This accounts for the five runs of the Algonquins.

The holocaust of the Iroquois runs was helped by as remarkable Scouting feat, on the part of Loring Swaim, as we have often had in Camp. He slid down among the hardhack and Sweet Fern to the southeast corner, by the Backstop, and into the fringe of birhces; shot the Backstop Guard, scored his run, crossed the field, and killed first the Cave Guard, then the Shore Guard, before he fell, brought down by H.W.P., with the remarkable score of six shots and one run. A chip of the old block!

This swept away the entire Algonquin defense, save for one Rover, whom Bates,J. killed by the Backstop (and was so elated by his own prowess that he shouted it out to P.N.M. (who fortunately had scored his run) - hailing him by name and thus murdering his own Captain!)

Scaife was right with Swaim and scored his run easily, as did Boardman, coming close after along the Underground.

P.N.M., Procter, Warren, Talbot, and Muir came down the shore just after Swaim had killed the Algonquin Shore Guard, and all scored. P.N.M., as has been said, was at once killed by Bates, a fellow-Iroquois; but Muir, though encountered by H.W.P., escaped him, as has been explained, through his not knowing what name to call, and put through the momentous feat of scoring two runs in one game.

Monday
September 3
cont'd

Thus ends a very memorable game, day, and season.

After Reading, we had Morning Squads and Tutoring in the afternoon. The squads were mostly small ones, doing various pickings-up around Camp; much packing was done; and J.R. took a Blanket Census, to find out if there are enough blankets in the Camp to keep everyone warm after the trunks have gone tomorrow.

There was still plenty of energy left in the Camp for a game of

Senior Soccer

Havethelifes	Rightintheres
R.R.	R.MacK.
P.N.M.	L.T.
J.A.L.	H.W.P.
J.C.C.	E.T.P.
J.D.S.	J.G.W.
J.W.P.	Jameson
Smith	Simonds
Pillsbury	Cutler
Dalton	Shaw
Trimingham	Wallace
Procter	Burr

Once again, glory cannot be given to all those to whom it is due - the weather was a little damp for would-be spectators (for the rain, which had held off until the very end of the last scouting game, came down briskly all afternoon), and the game was well along before the gallery arrived. It was a most exciting and hard fought one, however, with the score close throughout, and P.N.M. playing his last soccer game of the season in excellent style - his final kick, just before time was called, bringing his team up even with the other, and the score to 5-all.

In the evening, there was Digestion Club in the Infirmary,

Monday
September 3
cont'd

and after that Singing in the Big Room. It went very well, with much spirit - we had time for several of the Camp songs, and the Levee Song, and Rio.

A caller during the afternoon was George Eggleston, a Camper in 1917.

Half-past-niners had Foot and Mouth - there were so many that there had to be three sides, but even so eyes were well mixed up - the best score was only half right, and the worst had only one out of nine right. The Faculty did much better, however, when it came to a select round of Half-past-nine Noses, getting all fourteen correct.

And today there was still one more European traveler to be welcomed back - for, during the Soccer Game, who should arrive, with the faithful Lotus, but

Clarence H. Cumming.

Tuesday
September 4
B. 29.69
T. 60
W. S.E.
Clearing

The day started cold and gray, but by the middle of the morning had cleared off beautifully.

There were many - far too many - departures. First went P.N.M. and R.McK., in the latter's automobile, headed for Canada. And a little later, H.W.P. - we hated to part with any of them. Mr. Rush also left, late last night, or early this morning - it was hard to tell which.

More packing was done at intervals all morning; a Squad put the finishing touches on the Bonfire, a splendid pile; the Boats were emptied; and in the University there was great activity, with the final examinations going on.

Jack Millet, father of Bradford, and an old Merryweather, came with his wife and daughter for the day - it was delightful to have them here.

In the afternoon, the last game of

Senior Ball

Dobbs Ferry's		Miss Winsor's
J.A.L.	p.	E.T.P.
J.W.P.	c.	J.D.S.
J.R.	1.	Burr
B.P.S.	2.	Muir.
Jackson	3.	Procter
Smith	ss.	J.C.C.
Warren	lf.	Swaim
Dalton	cf.	Wallace
Pillsbury	rf.	J.A.P.M.

A large (no offence meant) and lustrous lot of lovely ladies were thrown into a "female franzie" at the local garden show when the Ferry girls from the Hudson pushed Miss Winsor's outing class into the harbor for a 7-4 victory.

J.D.S. and J.C.C. were the leading speakers at the commencement; for they smote the table with sharp raps and sat down again in their seats with a prize apiece when E.T.P. as chaperone escorted them safely home with a blazer to the left outskirts. Nothing daunted, the Poughkeepsie Peaches tied the contest up in granny knots when J.R. drove home J.W.P. and J.A.L. on a one-horse sleigh to the west slope, and would have gotten the yarn all balled up then and there - but Pillsbury proved himself a withered flour by taking three ineffectual jabs with his needle when all the pillows were embroidered. In the second soiree they unravelled the knot, for J.W.P. got home without the help of the Travellers' Aid. In the fifth they snubbed the Winsor Women twice again; two of them swung their lipsticks for a pair of chaste salutes and tallied when Miss Winsor's flower girl first-sacker from the Orient dropped a stitch or two.

All this while the Hubtown harridans were threatening, and in the sixth recitation E.T.P. slapped the teacher right in the face and ran home on a marathon dance with J.D.S. as pacemaker when he dropped the vanity case into the Dismal Swamp. But Old Man River kept right on rolling along, and two more ferries got into the home port with all trucks on board on a pair of bloomers by the Cultivated Queens.

During the rest of the sewing circle the batters were a series of Maud Muller's might-have-beens, and the scoress' task was as easy as that of traffic cop at a leap year dance, for both pitchers powder-puffed the opposition.

(May it also be said that the cheers after the game were appropriate to the teams of the two select seminaries represented -)

Tuesday
September 4
cont'd

At the end of supper we had the usual last-Evening ceremonies. First the presentation of the Scouting Cup by J.C.C. of the Iroquois (since P.N.M. was not here) to E.T.P. of the Algonquins. Then the giving of prizes:

First Dormitory Prize: Fenton Trimingham
Second Dormitory Prize: Samuel Pillsbury
Third Dormitory Prize: John Ewell
Honorable Mention: Howe,J., Cutler, Stevens,J.
Track and Field - Class A - : Pillsbury
Class B - : Talbot
Class C - : Scaife
Merryweather Sculling Prize - Senior - : Cutler
Junior - : Buttfield
Yacht Cup: Boardman (Fiercest Thing)

Afterwards came the Toasts, given in the Liquor of the Aristocracy. J.A.L. gave the one to H.R. and L.E.R., which we drank standing; and J.R. the toast to the Merryweathers who died in the War, and to A.M.R.

Soon after supper, the first boys left: Trimingham, Muir, and Goodwin going off together to take the New York train.

Right along we had heard that the Belgrade University would hold no Graduating Exercises this year; and nobody saw how it could possibly be managed, with all the Herculean work of this last month. But joyful word went forth; and at 7:30 we were all assembled in the big room, in time to see the Commencement Procession march in: President Wiggins and Dean Terry, in cap and gown; Dr. Scaife, the Oldest Living Graduate (a touching figure, a little bent with age, but shining with animation, proudly bearing the banner of his Class, 1828!); then the Graduates and Graduating Class, in full array, with their banners.

President Wiggins gave his preliminary address on a virile and manly note, which yet could only partly veil his deep emotion. Dean Terry's words, in giving out the prizes, were marked, as ever, by a distinguished aptness. The frail figure of the Oldest Living Graduate vibrated with touching enthusiasm as he paid his glowing tribute to the graduates, and especially, again and again, to the illustrious name of Bates!

The address of the distinguished Speaker of the Day, President Corning, just back from a visiting tour of the Universities of France, was of vital moment, bringing as it did the all-embracing message entrusted to him by the Pupils of France:

"Ah, que j'aime les Elèves des Etats-Unis!" (His voice and manner - by one of the coincidences that are unexplainable - recalled the address of the speaker of one of the former Belgrade Graduations, President of a large university, who as his message gave the moving picture of the Graduates' likeness to little Postage Stamps, postmarked with the mark of Belgrade University and carrying their message to all the world!)

The form of the certificates given was slightly changed this year, as Belgrade University is well in touch with all the modern methods of education. The form ran:

This is to certify that:

--- ------

Has received the following grades
in the following fields of endeavor

Ambition ---
Density ---

Tuesday
September 4
cont'd

Thought Sequence	----
Appreciation of Birds	----
Momentum	----
Resistance	----
Inertia	----

from which basic data the following tabulation is arrived at:

The fraction Ambition/Thought Sequence gives a social coefficient of -----
Appreciation of Birds minus Inertia gives an I.Q. of -----
Density plus Momentum gives a power of original thought subtrahend of -----

The new type of diploma is most interesting and revealing, and some of the tabulations arrived at were astounding in their searchingness.

Prizes were awarded generously.

Swaim received a Book - for Ground Work in Skowhegan. Sortwell was awarded a Spade - the Engineering Prize - for making Mountains out of Molehills. Howe,D. received a fine hammer - a reward for his Accuracy, in hitting the nail on the head without seeing the Point. Dalton's strong point was Public Speaking, for which he received a fine parrot in a cage.

Devens, the Best Dressed man of the group, was honored with a jazz bow tie, in the department of Social Economics and Sartorics. Stevens,S. was awarded one of our prizes that are new this year - the Terpsichory Prize (a needle work outfit) for his Dancing. Warren's well-deserved testimonial was a cake of Palmolive Soap - of which, as Dean Terry so cleverly put it: "If you can't preserve your school-boy rating - preserve that school-girl complexion." Jackson bore away a globe - filled with water, and little white specks floating about - thought by the Committee on

Awards to be symbolic of the gentleman's brain; this award is made by the Hydraulic Engineering Water Works.

Tuesday
September 4
cont'd

Special honors were conferred on notable graduates. Wallace, famed for his work in Higher Mathematics, received blocks, with the sentiment, The Higher the Fewer. Pillsbury was loudly applauded when he bore away the beautiful pink Botany Prize named for him - the Pillsbury Flower. Smith - who has now left the University - received the Icthiology Prize, a Soap Fish. Scaife's gimlet, for Destructive Criticism - it can make a hole in anything, and so can he - was well deserved. Talbot's Perseverance, Punctuality, and Progress received their reward - a watch without a tick. And the Prize of the year - the always eagerly awaited honor of the Wrench of the Master Plumber - went to Mandon Bates.

The exercises were closed with a few final words by President Wiggins. It was all a grand occasion! -

And very soon afterwards the glow of the Bonfire arose behind the Ice House, everyone adjourned to the Ball field, and there was a pleasant time of sitting about in groups as the flames roared up, lighting up the Ball field and Scouting Hill as bright as day. (The Pantasote created a little diversion by slipping her mooring and nosing gently ashore, but J.C.C. and J.W.P. quickly rescued her.)

There was Bonfire Scouting, among the usual half-past-eighters.

It was good indeed to have the Millets with us; and George Eggleston came over from Belgrade to watch the bonfire.

Tuesday
September 4
cont'd

We sang Auld Lang Syne, as is the custom, all holding hands round the Bonfire in a huge circle; and then a second time, as the circle broke into a run, still holding hands (a nice sight - the firelight lighting up the running figures - M.P., A.S., E.S., all of them! -).

A huge Taps - the singing filled the Big Room with a great roar.

"And so to bed."

Junior Batting Averages

August

	Games	At Bat	Hits	Average
J.D.S.	2	7	4	.571
J.W.P.	2	9	5	.556
Burr	2	10	4	.400
Cutler	1	5	2	.400
B.P.S.	2	11	4	.364
Smith	1	6	2	.333
Dalton	1	7	2	.286
Procter	1	4	1	.250
Mallory	2	10	2	.200
Pillsbury	1	5	1	.200
Warren	2	11	2	.182
Talbot	2	12	2	.167
Jackson	2	11	1	.091
Howe,J.	1	8	0	.000
Muir	1	5	0	.000
Simonds	1	5	0	.000
Hubbard,C.	1	5	0	.000
Swaim	1	4	0	.000
Scaife	1	2	0	.000

Season

	Games	At Bat	Hits	Average
J.D.S.	3	10	7	.700
J.W.P.	4	18	12	.667
B.P.S.	4	21	9	.429
Cutler	3	12	5	.417
Procter	3	11	4	.364
Talbot	4	17	3	.176
Mallory	3	13	2	.154
Pillsbury	3	13	2	.154
Swaim	3	9	1	.111
Scaife	3	10	1	.100
Howe,J.	3	16	0	.000
Muir	3	12	0	.000

Senior Batting Averages

August

	Games	At Bat	Hits	Average
E.T.P.	7	32	18	.567
L.T.	6	27	15	.556
J.A.L.	6	26	14	.538
R.T.F.	6	28	15	.536
J.R.	1	4	2	.500
J.W.P.	8	31	13	.419
P.N.M.	7	31	12	.387
J.C.C.	8	29	10	.345
Burr	7	24	8	.333
Smith	7	28	9	.321
Dalton	7	27	7	.259
Shaw	2	8	2	.250
J.D.S.	7	29	7	.241
T.I.R.	7	29	7	.241
Auchincloss	1	5	1	.200
Warren	6	21	4	.190
Mallory	6	23	4	.174
Jackson	7	29	5	.173
B.P.S.	7	31	5	.161
Wallace	2	8	1	.125
Cutler	5	18	2	.111
Swaim	3	9	1	.111
Procter	7	29	1	.034
Talbot	3	10	0	.000
Howe, J.	2	7	0	.000
Muir	2	4	0	.000
Pillsbury	1	4	0	.000
Boardman	1	3	0	.000
Simonds	1	3	0	.000
Hubbard, C.	1	2	0	.000
J.G.W.	1	1	0	.000

August Visitors

	Games	At Bat	Hits	Average
H.W.P.	2	9	6	.667
G.E.A.	1	3	2	.667
J.A.P.M.	1	4	1	.250
Henderson	1	3	0	.000
R.R.	1	1	0	.000

SENIOR BALL

Miss Winsor's vs. of Tuesday at September 4th 1923

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
••			1 Procter	5	0 6.3		0 5.3		0 K		0		E5				5	0	0		
•••••••••	•	••	2 J.D.S.	2	2 2 3		0 2			2 3			0 K				5	2	3		
•	••	•	3 J.C.C	6	2 2		0 K			0 .5 1.3	0 1.3						3	1	1	1	
••••	•••••		4 E.T.P.	1	7.5.6 0			0 3				3 5					4	1	3		
			5 J.A.P.M.	9	0 6.3			5 E3		E4		0 K					4	0	1		
••••		••	6 Burr	3		0 1.3		0 K		FC		0 6.3					4	0	0		
•		•	7 Muir	4				0 3.1		0 K		0 6					3	0	0		
			8 Wallace	8		0 2			0 4	0 6			0 6.3				4	0	0		
•			9 Swaim	7		0 1.3			0 K		0 K		0 4.3				4	0	0		
			10																		
			11																		
			TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	2/2	0/2	0/2	0/2	0/2	2/4	0/4	0/4	/	/	/	/	36	4	8		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..
				1	8
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1-base hits.	3	0	0	0	0	3	1	1				
1-b. on errors.												
F'l'd'g errors.												
Batt'y errors.												

Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
	(3)	(0)	(1)	
Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.

Umpire Round Robin *of* *Scorer* A. S.

Dobb's Ferry's vs. of at 19

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
•••	••••		1 Smith	6	0 6.4 E2	2 2 E2		0 K		2 2 E2		E6					5	1	2		
•••••••••			2 J.W.P.	2	2 2 3 FC	2 3		0 2.6		5 WP		0 1.3					5	3	3		
••	••••		3 J.A.L	1	2 3	8 FC			2 5 2	0 7							4	2	2		
•••••••••	•	•	4 J.R.	3	1.5 2 0	0 1.3			2 3	0 K							4	1	2		
•	•	•	5 B.P.S.	4	3 2 E3		0 1.3		0 .3		0 .1						4	0	0		
	••		6 Jackson	5	E4 FC		0 5		3 E3		0 1						4	0	0		
•		•	7 Dalton	8	FC				0 K		0 1.3						4	0	1		
			8 Pillsbury	9	0 K		0 K		0 K			0 K					4	0	0		
	•		9 Warren	7		0 K		0 K		0 K		0 1					4	0	0		
			10																		
			11																		
			TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	2/2	1/3	0/3	0/3	2/5	2/7	0/7	0/7	/	/	/	/	35	7	10		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..
				0	10
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
1-base hits.	2	2	1	1	2	2	0	0				
1-b. on errors.												
F'l'd'g errors.												
Batt'y errors.												

Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
	(4)			
Left on bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.

Umpire *of* *Scorer*

Senior Batting Averages

Season

	Games	At Bat	Hits	Average
E.T.P.	11	47	28	.595
L.T.	10	47	25	.532
R.T.F.	10	47	22	.468
P.N.M.	10	46	20	.435
J.C.C.	12	49	20	.408
J.W.P.	12	49	19	.388
T.I.R.	10	43	13	.302
J.D.S.	11	47	14	.298
Mallory	10	41	12	.293
Muir	3	7	2	.286
J.R.	3	12	3	.250
Pillsbury	4	15	3	.200
B.P.S.	11	48	8	.167
Shaw	6	26	4	.154
Cutler	9	33	4	.121
Wallace	6	25	3	.120
Howe, J.	6	23	2	.087
Talbot	4	14	1	.071
Procter	11	45	3	.067

Wednesday
September 5
B. 29.71
T. 62
W. N.W.
Clear

Perfect weather. No hasty fishing out of slickers needed, as on one or two bad occasions.

Hurrying feet behind Sunshine Alley, a little early, out to last Soap at the Point, with a good big fire to dress by.

Last packings, Bill Sortwell off for Wiscasset via Waterville, a grand Sing round the Piano, over half an hour (the best last Singing we have ever had). Then the Trucks - rather smaller than usual, so that the last-comers were stuffed in, arms and legs anyhow, by the Faculty, over the heads of those already ensconced (like stuffing a Christmas stocking). Then a wild whizzing of extra cars, to take Faculty and Ladies to the Station; and the dear Brethren - never have been finer, in all the years of Camp - were off.

L.L.S. left with them; J.C.C. also went down, to catch a returning train fifteen minutes after he got to Boston, and reappear at Faculty Supper time. There were no grave catastrophes, the worst being Jameson's leaving his trunk check here, and Richard's leaving his toothbrush on the train.

The rest of us spent rather a lazy day; with some cleanings-up, long swims, much reading - No Other Tiger, a new thriller and a fine one! - and Tea in the afternoon, in approved after-Camp style.

After supper arrived the first of the North Deer Isle contingent

Rosalind Wiggins
C. Wiggins IV
Laura Elizabeth Wiggins

Wednesday
September 5
cont'd

reporting the others, with Mrs. Lincoln, broken down in Newport. We kept thinking we heard them arriving; but the next to appear were the North Andover trio

Abbot Stevens John R Abbot Geo. E. Abbot

who had left at four and got here in time for Faculty Supper.

A rescue party went out to telephone to Newport and see what had become of the belated ones; word was received that they had started, in a hired car; and finally, about midnight (for the hired car had broken too) came

Laura Wiggins
Charles Wiggins 27

Thursday
September 6
cont'd

H.R., R.R., and M.P. had been on a real exploring trip: forty miles, more or less, to the Andover region. Save for the little narrow Intervale of the Swift River Valley, through which the narrow gauge railroad to Rangeley runs, it was practically all through forest; up and then down tremendous grades; miles together down hill, then miles up again. - The few tiny hamlets (except along the one intervale) were lumber stations, not farming nuclei: Byron, Roxbury, etc. - three or four small houses, a forge, a tiny school, set right in the forest.

The Andover region is a very wonderful one, a replica of that of Weld, a lake ringed with mountains. The tallest of the Andover mountains looks a little higher than Blue and Tumbledown, but not as irregular as the latter; the lake shore much wilder, only one or two sets of Camps. A wonderful Beach, nearly half a mile long, white as a sea beach, and two little wooded islands, in the middle of the lake, with tall pines. A county to explore through and through.

Remarkable views of the steep face of Tumbledown on the way back; absolute precipice, like a small Matterhorn, for about a thousand feet.

Friday
September 7
T. 62

Breakfast at eight!

Afterwards, to our sorrow, T.I.R. departed.

In the morning, there was Reading, and piling of wood, and ferrying of dogs - Patsy and Bones each in a kayak, and too occupied with keeping right side up to pay any attention to each other! - and a long Swim.

From Gardiner arrived Alice G. Davis.
John Wiggins

the latter resplendent in green shirt and green necktie - such are the effects of a house-party!

J.R. and C.W. went to Newport, to bring the Lincoln back.

C.H.C. and R.R. went to Waterville to do errands.

For the rest, there was a game of

WORLD SERIES BALL

North Andover		Greenberg High
J.R.	p.	C.W.2
J.R.A.	c.	J.A.L.
E.T.P.	1.	L.T.
J.C.C.	2.	J.W.P.
Mr.A.S.	3.	J.W.
G.E.A.	ss.	R.T.F.
B.P.S.	f.	C.Wiggins
C.H.C.	Of.	J.G.W.
M.P.	Of.	Miss A.S.

In the first and only game of the world's series, the Greenberg High boys scoured the Woolen Merchants by eleven tallies to nine. Although both teams were complete on the score cards, M.P. and Miss A.S. decided to stick to their knitting, J.G.W. fell victim to his chronic disinclination, C.H.C. was sent to Waterville to scout the Dodge Brothers-Packard contest, and C.W.'s Lincoln was in Newport, being set up by

Friday
September 7
cont'd

slaves. This meant that the fielding nine had to borrow the neighbors' gardeners, but it is a great tribute to our national game that not once were said gardeners guilty of spraying the berry on the lawn, to the advancement of their own cause.

Almost before J.R. could trade his first-baseman's mitt for a plain glove, a cold blast from Greenberg's icy mountains blew the Andover architects somewhat further south than India's atoll avenue, and six Dedhamites dented the dish. Then Lefty "Chuck" Wiggins congealed the foe for two periods, even though three black sheep did squeeze under the bars. In the third, however, L.T., who had concocted a bad brew-se on his forkside flipper, outdid Mary and was bothered by half a dozen little lams, the sum total being three counters. From here on the contest was decidedly evens-Stevens, each team puncturing the rubber once or twice in each frame before it was re-tired, but the Greenberg boys eventually froze out the grass-eaters and unfrocked the Abbots.

Throughout, Umpire R.R. was kept busy silencing the bromidic bleating of the sheep and the ponderous crackings of the glacier. On the whole, the play was as white as snow, except when Mr. A.S. tried to shear a runaway into third base by spiking him down. G.E.A. was the leading pasture coverer, with several plays of the golden fleece variety, his best being a recovery of a carom shot from Mr. A.S.'s knees for a force out at the middle pocket. R.I.F. was the leading larruper, with two singles and two doubles in five frolics to the fireside.

World Series Ball

North Andover ~~vs.~~ ~~of~~ ~~at~~ Fri., Sept 7th 19-8

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2	3	4 3	5 4	6 5	7 6	8 7	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1 Mr. A.S.	5	0 3	0 2	0		0 .3		0 2.3						5	0	0		
			2 E.T.R.	3	2 2 3 E2	⊥	5 2 ⊥	(c)		2 2 3	0 6.3						4	1	2		
			3 J.C.C.	4	0 .4 ⊥	0	3 ⊥			0 6.3		0 6.3					5	0	2		
			4 G.E.A.	6	5 5 E2 FC		5 2 ⊥	0 4.3		0 6.3		2 E6 ⊥					5	3	2		
			5 J.R.A.	2	0 6		3 2 P ⊥		2 S E2 ⊥		3 2 3 ⊥	0 6.3					5	3	3		
			6 J.R.	1		0 K	4 2 5 ⊥		0 1.3		3.6 0 E6	E2 FC					5	1	1		
			7 B.P.S.	7 8 9		2 2 2	0 5.4		0 4		2 FC	0 6.3					3	1	0		
			8 (C.H.C)																		
			9 (M.P.)																		
			10																		
			11																		
			TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	2/2	1/3	/	3/6	1/7	0/7	1/8	1/9	/	/	/	/	32	9	10		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.	1	1		5	1	0	1	1					Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				3	1	1-b. on errors.														(3)	0	0	
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'ld'g errors.													Lefton bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																	

Greenberg High ~~vs.~~ ~~of~~ ~~at~~ ~~19~~

PUT OUT.	Assist.	Errors.	Batting No.	Pos'n & No.	1	2 1	3 2	4 3	5 4	6 5	7 6	8 7	9	10	11	12	AT BAT	RUNS.	1-base hits.	Sacr. hits.	Stolen bases.
			1 J.W.P (J.W.III)	2	2 2 4 ⊥	2 2 3 E5	0 6		0 (5)	S S 2		2 S 3 ⊥					5	4	2		
			2 J.A.L.	1 4	3 3 ⊥	2 2 ⊥		2 2 4.2 ⊥	2 2 ⊥	0 6.3		6.5 S 0 E6					6	3	4		
			3 R.T.F.	6	2 2 4	5 ⊥		2 3 ⊥	0 6.4 ⊥	0 8		2 S 3 ⊥					5	3	4		
			4 L.T. (JWP, III)	3	3 4 ⊥	0 K		0 6.4 FC	⊥	(JAL)	0 8 (JAL)	0 6.3					6	1	2		
			5 J.W. (L.T., III)	1	0 6.4		6.4 S 2	S FC	0 6.3		0 1.3	0 2.4 ⊥					4	0	1		
			6 C.W.2		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0					0	0	0		
			7 C.W.3	5	0 6.4 ⊥		0 K	0 6.3		0 K	0 1.3						5	0	1		
			8 (J.G.W.)		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0					0	0	0		
			9 (Miss A.S.)		0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0					0	0	0		
			10																		
			11																		
			TIME OF GAME. Hours...... Mins.....	Runs total.	/	6/6	0/6	1/7	1/8	1/9	0/9	2/11	/	/	/	/	31	11	14		

Balks.	Hit by pitc. b.	Missed 3d strk	Wild pitch.	Base on b'ls.	Struck out..	1-base hits.		6	0	2	3	0	0	3					Earn'd runs.	2-base hits.	3-base hits.	Home runs.	Total bases.
				5	3	1-b. on errors.														(5)	(1)	(0)	
Muffed fl fly.	Missed gr'd'rs.	Muffed thrn.b.	Muffed fly b.	Wild thr'ws.	Passed ball.	F'ld'g errors.													Lefton bases.	Games played	Games won.	Games lost.	Per cent.
						Batt'y errors.																	

Umpire Round Robin *of* *Scorer* A.S.

Friday
September 7
cont'd

After Swim and Supper, we had more of the book. Late in the evening, G.E.A. had to go - it has been wonderful to have him here.

Glorious Northern Lights - one extraordinary one, like a great searchlight, stretching all across the sky from the west - and green ones to the north, very lovely (although one of our gentlemen did say: "Irish festival!")

Saturday
September 8
T. 64
Fair

Another of these perfect days - cold enough so that the morning swim is a good waker-up, and the fire is very comforting; yet warming up so that by lunch time the sun on the Float is hard to leave, and after-luncheon reading on the porch is most pleasantly sleepy.

The last of our prefects left today - B.P.S. and J.W.P. going off together after breakfast. There was one more arrival, to cheer us up R.G.Henderson

Reading; then great energy. Much wood was sawed up and brought down from the north by boat, and then piled out by the Light, by a sort of Clothespin Relay.

L.T. and J.G.W. rowed around Oak on time - and the former once more set a new record - 16:06 2/5!

The cookies left this morning; so a noble Ladies' Squad washed the breakfast dishes; and then set out to find a dishwasher. All North Belgrade - two varieties of Gleasons, Cooks, Bickfords - seem either to have influenza, to be shy, or to be too busy to come. But finally a noble lady, Mrs. Page, was discovered, and our dishes are now being well taken care of.

Afternoon reading was even more peaceful and sleepy than yesterday, and when the gentlemen of the party announced that they were going to break the Ouani record round Oak, they were greeted with some gibes. They did it, though! - two records smashed in one day! Although a good breeze from the west came up just as they were starting. they made splendid time, disappearing around the end of Oak in seven minutes, coming

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cont'd

round the Mouse Trap in eleven minutes, and finishing twenty seconds under the old time - in 19:23 2/5.

The crew:

L.T.
J.G.W. J.C.C.
J.W. R.T.F.
J.A.L. C.H.C.
Mr.A.S. J.R.A.
E.T.P. C.W.2

This was a day!

Swim, and then Tea - followed (rather closely!) by supper. Then more of the book - there are few (though always some) who can sleep while the Tiger roams.

Forgot an arrival today! Just before lunch arrived Elizabeth S Sherburne in the blue Dodge. We were very glad to see her (and it). May it be remarked that of the eight cars in Camp now, three are Dodges - adv.!

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